

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

"A SELF-MADE MAN"

By M. G. MCCLELLAND, author of "Oblivion" and "Princess"

COMPLETE

FEBRUARY, 1887

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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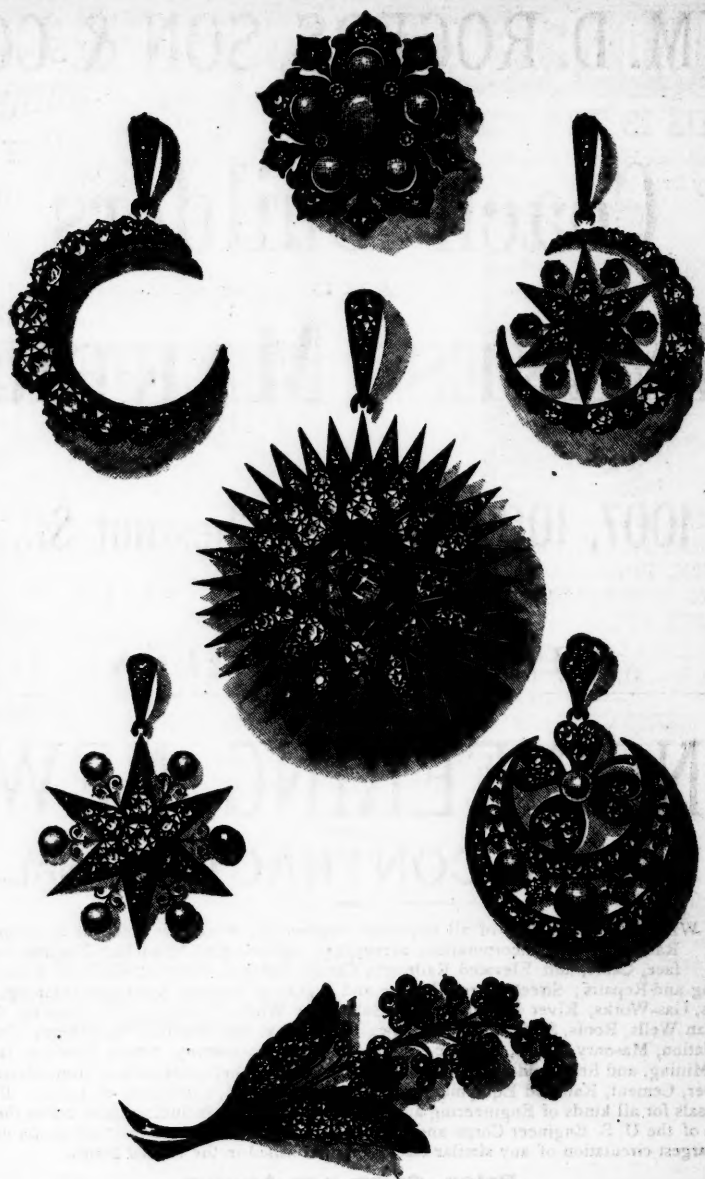
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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1887.

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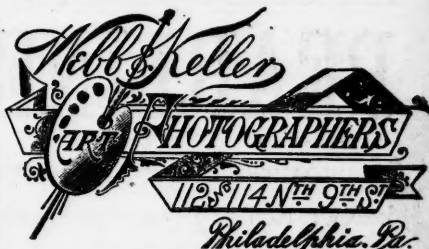
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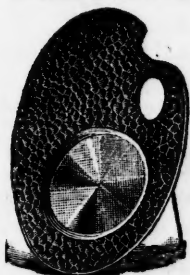


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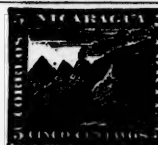


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A SELF-MADE MAN.

CHAPTER I.

"EH? what? Who did you say the big fellow was?"
"Ned Anthony, the millionaire."

The questioner, a thick-set man with a snub nose, rose hastily and opened the window of the hotel smoking-room and leaned far out, eager to inspect the broad shoulders and the brown slouch hat of the money king. For blood, or beauty, or breeding, he would not have turned upon his heel; but for gold, no exertion could be troublesome.

When the brown hat and the broad shoulders had been swallowed up in the sea of other hats and shoulders, similar in outward aspect if not in intrinsic value, the snub-nosed man returned to his chair and his pipe, bubbling over with the inquiry and speculation which the contemplation of financial success is potent to inspire.

"This must be a new lay-out. I seem to have heard the name somewhere before. Not here: I never heard of him here until I came up this time. I've been ranching down in Texas, you know, and am sorter behind the times in city items. It's all 'cow' down there. He ain't 'cow,' I reckon."

He addressed himself to no one in particular, being, as he said, a stranger to most of them, but he had no fear of the result. Money is a text on which the learned discourse eloquently and even the unlearned feel that they have a few remarks to make. One of a group of miners who were enjoying a holiday in the city laid down his cards and turned himself in his chair. The game was "California Jack" with a twenty-dollar pot, and was admirable *pour passer le temps*, but paltry in interest when compared with the discussion of millions.

"No, sir-ee. I believe you!" the miner observed, contemptuously, for the recent losses among the cattle-men had put "cow" at a discount in his estimation. "You don't catch none of Ned Anthony's stock roaming around on four legs, locking horns with a Norther. The cold wave ain't left the pole yet that'll rush *his* property up into the corner of a corral and go over it. Ned'll take risks with any man alive, but he ain't fooling with cattle this season."

The Texan slipped away from the subject. He had lost considerably on cattle himself, and discussion of the topic was still painful. He changed his ground from suggestion to direct inquiry.

"How'd he make his pile?"

"Same way we all do,—or try to," responded the miner: "mines, an' stocks, an' sheers. We a'll take to the water pretty much the same way, sink or swim. Most of us sink, a few swim; and Anthony is one of the few."

"Good swimmer, eh?"

"First-rate; strong in the lung, clear in the head, good action, fine muscle, and a big will. He'll make what landing he aims for, you can bet your bottom dollar, even with the current dead ag'inst him. It will take a pretty heavy freshet to drown out Anthony. His belief in himself is something wonderful: he holds it for a dead sure thing that it ain't in the power of man to git *his* head under water."

"It may be in the power of woman, though," remarked a slender, gentlemanly-looking man who was leaning on the back of a chair, listening to the conversation, and whose accent proclaimed him to be a Virginian. "Such things have happened before now. The biggest Samson of us all meets his Delilah sooner or later and comes under the sheers. It's a fate few escape."

"That's so!" acquiesced the miner, regretfully. "They're mortal hands with scissors, women are, and they'll snip-snap around a man so bright and fast his strength is done up in a bundle ready for stuffin' pincushions, an' such, before he gits a notion of what they're up to. It's always a look for a keepsake, and down a fellow's head goes into their aprons, to come up again as clean as a billiard-ball. Lord! Lord! what a world it would be without women!"

The Virginian laughed. "A world I'd rather be excused from living in, my friend," he said. "Angels, or devils, or whatever they are, life would be a tame affair without them. What's that that Western poet-fellow said?—'Whether a man be hell-bent or heaven-bent, somewhar in his tracks thar will be found the print of a woman's feet.' That's it, isn't it? And your poet had brought the matter down to bed-rock."

The talk had drifted far away from Ned Anthony and his money: the Texan brought it back with the resolute jerk of another downright question. He was a man who stuck to his point and was impatient of frivolous digression. He liked reverting to primal cause, and considered exhaustive investigation of the career of successful competitors in the race of Mammon likely to be rich in hints for the guidance of those less well placed in the running.

"Oh, dog women!" he said. "They're well enough; but don't let's bother about 'em now. I want some of you fellows just to tell me how this man Anthony got his start."

The miner picked up his cards and looked them over deliberately. Then he winked across at his partner, to call his wandering attention to the fact that "Jack" was on top to be played for. When this matter had been settled to his satisfaction, he turned back to the Texan and gave the desired information in two words:

"Prairie-dogs."

A deep abstraction fell upon the man of kine, and his pipe went out unnoticed. He had been hearing of the wonderful Prairie-Dog Mine for the last four years. Even down in the cattle-country the mine was known and talked about. Its phenomenal richness, the queer story of its discovery, the unprecedented luck of everything and everybody connected with it, had made exciting variety in the "cow" conversation around the root fire in many a ranchman's hut, and "Tony Ned," the hero of the find, was regarded with the respectful admiration which is a concomitant of success.

"Was there any truth in the leper story?" he roused himself to inquire; "or was it just a newspaper *canard*?"

"Well," deliberated the miner, craftily saving his partner's ten and "low" for himself at the same stroke, "I guess there *was* a grain or two of truth in the dirt the papers panned at so damnation hard some years back. Nobody ain't intimate with that story, nor got the run of the back door on details, except one man, and that's 'Tony Ned,' as he was called before he made his lump. Ned ain't likely to gratify the morbid hankering after sensation that agitates the journalistic breast any more than suits him, neither."—He paused to murmur to his companions, "Hear *that*? good words, them,—able-bodied fellows," and then proceeded: "No, Ned don't give himself away much. Most of them stories were written up in the offices by the men that know all about it, as usual. Still, they couldn't miss getting a grain or so of metal out of all that grit."

"And those were——" suggested the Texan, eagerly.

"That Tony Ned (high to me, if *you* please) went prospecting in the Sierra Madre country five or six years back, and chanced on the biggest find any fellow has made since I've been digging: a thundering find, as good as the Comstock any day. The way the story runs, as the miners tell it, is just this; and I reckon it's as true a bill as any, because Ned never contradicts it." The miner, having secured the pot, laid aside his hand, and turned to face the room. "Ned was prospecting down there-away, and he had a run of bad luck at first, black enough to set the devil

swearing. After digging around for a month or so, and getting nothing for it but pain in the back, Ned saddled up his broncho and came down out of the hills, swearing he was going to quit sending his bucket down a dry well. He pulled right and he pulled left for a while before he could get himself to agree all round to quitting; for Tony Ned has as good a grip in the jaw as most bull-dogs going, and he mortally hates to leave hold of a thing he's once set his teeth in. He had a sorter feeling, too, that there was ore about, if only he could strike it. However, he quit, and took out across the plains into Arizona, and the more he went forward the more he hankered after going back, and the more sure he was that the Madres had a secret they were hiding from him. At last he left the thing to chance, as they say miners and sailors are fond of doing.

"It was the morning of the second day, and a good square sixty miles lay behind him. He was cooking his rasher and coffee, and cursing his luck, and his broncho, having eaten up all the grass in his lariat-circle, was looking on and listening. Two little prairie-dogs sat on a mound close by, enjoying the early sunshine; but the rest of the village were asleep. Presently the little beggars fell out about something, and set to for a regular rough-and-tumble. One was bigger than the other, and a queer notion struck Ned as he sat and watched 'em. He named the big dog 'sense,' and the little one he called 'instinct.' 'If "sense" whips,' he said to himself, 'I'll push on and try my luck in Arizona. But if "instinct" wins, I'm going back to the Madres.' He eyed 'em close, and presently he got up and walked over to his saddle: the little dog had got the big dog down, and fairly rolled him down the mound."

The Virginian removed his arms from the back of the chair, and seated himself in it. The story probably interested him as much as it did the other men. The initial steps of success are always interesting when success has been achieved: it is only the chronicle of failure that is tedious.

"When he got back to the hills," proceeded the narrator, "he went on a good bit farther north before striking into them again. He nosed around for all he was worth; but for about a week bad luck held on like a burr: then the tide turned. He was driving the broncho up a steep, ugly-looking spur, on a track that a cat could hardly scramble over, when all at once the beast put his blamed little hoof on a rolling stone, and, before Ned could make a decent grab for his tail, turned heels over head and rolled like a log down into the cañon. It wasn't a healthy-looking place to try the 'follow-my-leader' dodge, so Ned nosed about for a better. After a little he came upon what looked to be an old trail, and he followed it down into the cañon, where he found

the broncho, with his baggage smashed up, but otherwise all right. Tough little beasts, bronchos.

"Half-way of the cañon there was an open space, with trees like a little park, pines and red-woods, and near the centre was a deep snow-fed pool. Against the wall of the cliff at one side was a rough cabin built of red-wood slabs, and inside of it, at the back, was the mouth of the Prairie-Dog Mine."

The speaker paused and filled his pipe, as though he had nothing more to say on the subject. A silence fell, during which the sounds of the street stole into the room, the roll of vehicles, the stir and bustle of traffic, and the voices of the street-gamins quarrelling in the gutter.

"What became of the leper?" It was the Texan's voice that put the question.

"There the story grows misty. Nobody knew anything about the leper until after the find, except a few trappers and Indians. Some said he was an Apache, and others that he was a Mexican priest. Nobody knows for certain what he was, except perhaps Ned Anthony, and he won't talk about it. The leper was dead, he told them all, and buried under a red-wood-tree close by the pool. He'd made the grave himself, and put the poor wretch in it: uncommon kind of Ned, I say, for whether leprosy is catching or not, it's a damned unpleasant thing to handle. Some fellows that wanted to upset Ned's claim to the find started the cry of foul play, in hopes that the boys would take it up and lynch him. But Ned soon snuffed that out. He just marched the whole gang out to the grave, and laid his hand on it, and swore by the Lord that made him that the leper had had nothing but kindness from his hands, and then he told the fellows that if they doubted his word they could open the grave and satisfy themselves."

"Did they?"

"Lord love you, no!" cried the miner, in surprise. "Of course they didn't! Who do you reckon was going to monkey with a corpse?—and such a corpse! Why, they set fire to the hut and burned it to the ground before they'd been in the cañon two days. They didn't hanker after going in and out to their work through it all day long: the thought of the leper sorter got away with the stoutest of 'em, whenever the sun quit the gulch: 'twasn't comforting to their innards. Nobody cared a damn about the poor devil anyway, beyond wiping all sign of him off the face of the earth. The mine was there, and the ore was there,—rich, too, and in good bulk. *That* was the big interest. Ned made a lumping good thing out of that prairie-dog hole of his'n. He panned out in the millions."

This appeared to exhaust the subject for most of the listeners, who

began moving away and talking of other matters. Not so the Texan: he had emptied the vessel of its contents, and now he proceeded to inspect the label for the maker's name. He wished to discover what country, State, or Territory stood *in loco parentis* to this man of gold.

Here the Virginian took up the testimony. "You'll hardly believe it," he said, amusedly; "I didn't myself at first, although the fellow that told me had it from Anthony's own lips. The Old Dominion claims him: he is a Virginian. This kind of offsets the Comstock story, doesn't it? We don't always trade off a big find for a barrel of whiskey and a mule. You Western fellows don't have such good times with us now since we have started the eye-tooth business."

The miner whistled. "A regular Old-Dominion swell, is he?" quoth he. "Well, I never should have guessed it. He ain't got the trade-marks of an F. F. V."

"He isn't one," remarked the Virginian, quietly. "Mr. Anthony is as much a self-made man as——" "any of us," he was going to say, but the memory of a long line of white-handed forebears peacefully asleep among the blue Virginia hills rose and choked him, so he changed his sentence, "— as any of our mining plutocrats. His father was an overseer on a big tobacco-plantation in the James River valley in the old days. Anthony started from the ground, if that's any advantage; and, mind you, I'm not denying that it may be. All the purple and fine linen of his career will be of his own providing."

"So I thought," responded the miner; "and it's all right for him, anyhow. If he hankers after that sort of thing, and stops out here, or goes North, he can set up a patent on being a Virginian; and if he goes back *there*, he can start three letters of his own and break down the old monopoly. 'P. D. M.' makes as good a show as 'F. F. V.' any day, and it's got more solid back to it."

The Virginian made no comment.

CHAPTER II.

THERE are more agreeable ways of passing an hour than in sitting on the top rail of a Virginia "snake-fence" on a north hill-side in the cheerless gray of a raw November evening. Yet that was what Ned Anthony was doing.

The fence wound along the hill-side in the zigzag fashion of its kind, leaning now to the right, now to the left, and humoring the inequalities of the ground handsomely. It was a new fence, aggressively new in contrast to the gray of the sky and the subdued drabs and browns

of the rocks, the bare branches and the fallen leaves. The clean split sides of the chestnut rails shone whitely, and the stakes which held all secure where the rails lapped at the corners were finished off with workmanlike caps, made of bits of board with a couple of auger-holes drilled through them, instead of the usual slovenly twist of wild grapevine. A thrifty-looking fence, stout and substantial,—evidently the line-fence enclosing the property of a thrifty and substantial man.

The proprietor sat upon it and stared about him, whistling softly and trimming a hickory stick cut in the woods just back of him. The land, twelve hundred acres of it, had formerly been a portion of the patrimonial estate of the Beverley family, to whose present representatives there remained the old family dwelling and a modest surrounding of three hundred acres at the upper end of the original tract. Mr. Anthony had desired to become possessor of the entire plantation, house and land, just as it had passed from father to son in the Beverley line, and to that end had instructed his lawyer not to stand on an extra thousand or two, and had learned, to his surprise and disappointment, that the tract had been divided, and that the upper end of the farm, including the house and lots about it, had been assigned to Mrs. Hector Beverley in lieu of her right of dower in the whole.

"It is hers in fee," the lawyer wrote, being naturally proud of a good compromise with creditors effected by his own sagacity, "and I hardly think any offer would induce her to part with it, as she is deeply attached to the place, although not born a Beverley. I have secured the major portion of the estate for you at more advantageous terms than those suggested by yourself, and have had the necessary papers recorded as per direction. The body of land is fine, but the buildings are inferior,—only a dozen or so cabins and the old overseer's house. All the home-buildings are on the widow's part. However, if you propose settling in Virginia, you will of course soon remedy all that."

"The devil I will!" muttered the impatient recipient of the epistle from which the above sentence is quoted. "What in thunder does he suppose I wanted with the land without the house? I can have new houses by the dozen: what I wanted was the old one. I didn't know the old lady was living still. She must be hard on to seventy, for she had left the middle mile-stone well behind twenty years ago. I'd have liked owning the old house; though the Lord knows what I want with it, or the land either!"

However, he wrote to the lawyer again, giving the necessary instructions about fencing and other matters, and intimating that his business might require his presence in the East before many months had passed, and that in that event he would probably visit Virginia.

The months had passed, bringing with them the necessity which Mr. Anthony had forecast: he had come East, and was now in Virginia. He had arrived in the village the evening before, and established himself for the present at the solitary boarding-house (it could not be called hotel) of the place, which was kept by new people, who had been resident in the village only a matter of ten or twelve years and of course were unconnected with that by-gone time which to Anthony seemed to move forward and join hands with the present the moment he left the train at the wayside station.

Twenty years: *had* it been twenty years since he had seen it all? It might have been twenty days, he thought at first, for the little change apparent. The same river flowing on with gracious curves and windings, the same willows on its banks, the same fields and hills, the same soft blue mountains in the distance. Could it be twenty years since he had seen it?

It was a fair picture for loving eyes to rest upon, and even the chill unkindness of the November evening could not spoil it; but the eyes that gazed from under drooping lids were more critical than loving. Soon to their searching quest changes began to make themselves apparent. In place of the sleepy old canal of his boyhood there was a single-track, unprosperous-looking railway, and telegraph-poles marked the line of what was formerly the tow-path.

And there were endless quiet changes of the kind that mark the progress of decay, the slow inroads of poverty and desolation. Twenty years had left behind them traces of their flight in galled and gullied fields that formerly were fertile, in hill-sides grown up thickly with broom-sedge and sassafras, and in a general dilapidation of fencing and buildings. What the devastation of war had commenced, poverty and unthrift were completing, and the foot of Time but marked the road that was leading to destitution.

Anthony gazed over it all, and scorned it. He was so full of energy, will, and activity of purpose that the evidences of unthrift filled him with impatience. All the tender beauty of the scene, all its old-world calm, its repose and soft enchantment, were utterly lost upon him. The lotos-eating phases of existence were beyond his comprehension,—would have been beyond his endurance.

"How small it all looks!" he mused, slightly, as he paused in his whittling to stroke his beautiful brown beard with a strong sun-burned hand; "and yet when I was a kid I thought this valley was the world. Now it looks to me as though I could straddle that river and push the hills apart with my two hands. Lord! how the country has gone down!—down to the very dogs, for want of money and *push*."

They hadn't much practical energy to start with, these people, but, with one thing and another, they seem to have lost the little they had. They can't make work *tell*, any more than a kitten can pan ore. They run to extremes, and hit the best part of their licks in the wrong place."

He finished trimming his stick thoughtfully, handling his knife dexterously, cutting with firm, capable strokes, and making every cut further his design. The grain of the wood was close, its fibre tough, but he worked on persistently, without hurry or waste, and when he had completed the job to his satisfaction he closed the knife with a sharp snap and returned it to his pocket. The new-made cane was stout, and he balanced it in his hand and then struck it smartly against the rail to test its strength.

"I've known the time when a good Virginia hickory would have been a mighty pleasant thing to handle out yonder," he thought. "That night in O'Hara's saloon when I caught Neal cheating at draw-poker and pinned his hand to the table with my knife, a stick like this would have been a handy plaything to amuse the roughs with. Lord! how long ago the old time seems, when I remember what's come between!"

There was a slight rustling among the dead leaves and grass of a briar-patch near. The man turned his head instantly, as one accustomed to note the slightest noise, and peered down into the tangle. At first he could distinguish nothing, but soon two long brown ears, crowning a soft brown lump materialized from the uniform brownness of its surroundings, and two black eyes, big and startled, regarded the intruder speculatively, evidently trying to determine whether his intentions were friendly or the reverse. A sharp whirring sound as the hickory stick left the strong hand settled all doubts in the rabbit's mind, and with a terrified bound she left her form, as the missile came clattering among the bushes.

Anthony leaped from the fence and stooped for a stone, which he sent whizzing after the little beast, causing its heart to jump in unison with its terrified legs, but doing no other damage. Anthony trampled about among the briars until he found his stick again, a trifle nettled by the futility of both throws. He revolted against failure of any kind.

The evening was drawing in, and the air was heavy: from the river mists rose and mustered in thick vaporous masses which rolled across the low grounds and stormed the heights: the atmosphere was dense with chill and moisture. Away in the distance a cow lowed with long-drawn insistence, and from nearer a calf answered. Along the road at the foot of the hill the form of a woman passed slowly, her steps so deadened by the dampness that she appeared to drift rather

than walk. Anthony leaned forward, scanning the road through the gathering dusk. Only a negro woman returning to her home from an errand to the village, but so magnified by the shifting fog, so etherealized by the illusive mists, that she seemed an apparition rather than a thing of human mould.

With hand upraised, she steadied the burden on her head, and passed on, singing, her voice rising and falling, with the wild pathetic cadence of her race. And the burden of the refrain was disappointment, and sorrow, and weariness, and the air, as it floated back to the listener, was weird, and sweet, and infinitely alluring.

CHAPTER III.

THE road led through a stretch of woods, crossed a shallow creek, and gradually ascended to the summit of the long, low hill where it branched, one fork leading back into the country, where it merged into the broad county road, and the other diverging to the left and following the crest of the elevation to the old Beverley homestead. Into this Anthony turned, following it, even in the dusk, with the assured step of a man to whom the way is familiar. After a little, he peered about him for a small gate which, he remembered, used formerly to admit pedestrians to the orchard, through which a path gave a short cut to the house. It was still there, and as he raised the latch with one hand he lifted the whole gate slightly with the other : it had always swagged a little and been hard to open ; it swagged still.

The orchard was on ground a trifle higher than the house, which stood on a small plateau in the side of the hill. In front, next the river, the hill sloped, giving to the yard on that side a deep undulation, while at the back it was almost level until it gained the trifling rise of the orchard-ground. The old trees in straggling unkempt rows came down to the yard fence, and to a person standing under them the slight elevation gave a good view of the premises.

The fog, dense in the low grounds, was scarcely perceptible here, and the moon had risen. With the coming on of night it had grown colder : the air was sharp, and by morning there would be frost. From his station under one of the leafless trees, Anthony could see very well in the moonlight. The house, an ample old brick structure, stood in a grove of oaks and locusts, and the moon cast the interlacing shadows of their bare branches in fantastic tracery over the time-stained walls. At the southern end a thick mantle of English ivy concealed the old imported bricks.

On one side of the big back yard were the offices, the carriage-house, stables, smoke-houses, houses of the in-door domestics, and other necessary out-buildings. On the other side was the old-fashioned garden: from where he stood, Anthony could see the tall quaint box-trees and the long formal borders. How familiar it all looked in the moonlight! In that old garden, he remembered, he had once killed a rattlesnake five feet long, with thirteen rattles. He had carried it to the back porch, dangling across the stick with which he had slain it, to show it to little Mary Beverley. All the family had come out to see it and wonder over its size and rejoice in its death; and old Mr. Beverley had cut off the rattles with his penknife, and, saying that the boy must have a dime for every rattle and two for the button, had dropped three bright half-dollars in his hand; and Mrs. Beverley had smiled on him and called him a "brave boy;" and little Mary had danced about, full of excitement and pleasure in his prowess, but durst on no account come very near, for fear that it might still harm her, although its head had been crushed.

Anthony laughed a little when he thought of his pleasure in that first money he had ever owned, and of his pride in his own achievement. He had done far bigger things than kill a rattlesnake since, and for every cent of the sum that had looked so large then he could now have laid down many thousands. Time had brought changes to him, if not to his old surroundings, but it had never brought anything that seemed as good as little Mary's praise and those first three half-dollars.

"I wonder if she's living still," he muttered, "or whether she's married and gone away. I came near asking that lawyer fellow this morning, but he's new to the place, and somehow I didn't like to. I've always been a fool about that child: it's the only soft spot in me. Lord! if she should be dead! I'd rather that, though, than the other thing,—a damned sight rather."

From the window of the room which he remembered was the parlor streamed a broad glare of light, making on the ground beneath a facsimile of the casement, the divisions between the panes checking off the light into squares with slender cross-bars of shadow. Hampered by no nice discriminations, Anthony opened the gate and crossed the yard to the lighted window, keeping in the shadow as much as possible, and treading as softly as a savage. No fear of dogs disturbed his mind, since if there had been any they must have discovered him ere this. The house was low, the window-sills of the first floor scarcely the height of a man's breast from the ground. The curtains of thin lace obscured without concealing the interior, and through their parting

Anthony could obtain a satisfactory view without pressing his face against the glass.

The room, cheerful with the light of the shaded lamp and the glowing wood fire, had a quaint picturesque charm which appealed even to the unimaginative nature of the man outside. It was different from any room to which he had ever been accustomed,—as far removed from the gorgeous pomp of his later experience as it was from the rude simplicity of his boyhood and early manhood. It was a room that had grown old in the keeping of one race: it was tender, harmonious, full of associations. The lofty ceiling, the tall mantel, under whose narrow shelf a man of ordinary stature could stand upright, the wainscoted walls, and the old-fashioned furniture, all told the story of contentment and conservatism, of respect for associations and obedience to traditions.

Even the active man of the present felt the subtle charm of the past, as he gazed into the old room and let his eyes wander from the antlers above the door to the family portraits on the walls. The light touched the faded gilding of their frames, and made a faint golden glimmer here and there against the darkness of the wainscot. He knew them all, those pictured men and women,—the founder of the Virginia branch of the family, in a curly wig and lace ruffles, the statesmen, soldiers, men and women of repute who were little Mary's grandfathers and grandmothers and great-uncles and great-aunts.

When he was an unkempt lad in homespun and used to steal over from the overseer's house across the ravine to play with the dainty little daughter of the Beverleys, she used to tell him stories about them, for she was an earnest child, older than her years. He had forgotten all the stories, and had never cared much about them, but he had never forgotten the narrator.

There were changes in the room which his eye was quick to note,—slight changes, such as grow into most rooms with the passing of the years. A soft red cover with an arabesque border covered the old piano on which Miss Cornelia Beverley, the elderly young lady of the house, used formerly to practise scales and tinkling threadbare old tunes,—Miss Cornelia, whom his boyish soul had abhorred because she treated him exactly as she did the little negroes, with imperiousness and condescension, and, if differences arose, preferred even them before him. He wondered what had become of her, and whether she was dead, and rather hoped that she was.

Against the wall, in the recess by the fireplace, underneath the portrait of the Revolutionary soldier, five modern sabres were fastened into a sort of star, between the points of which hung five worn gray caps. Anthony ticketed them off,—Mr. Beverley and his four sons,

Hector, Bolling, Archer, and Randolph. There had been ten years at least between little Mary and her youngest brother, he remembered. Within the first few years of his absence had come the civil war, and he knew that Mr. Beverley and three of his sons had laid down their lives for Virginia. He knew also that, since the ending of the strife, Hector Beverley had married and died, leaving behind him some children and a widow.

The centre of the picture of which the old room formed the background was a woman seated by the hearth-rug, reading. Anthony had been conscious of her presence from the first, although an awkward shyness had prevented him from looking squarely at her and sent his eyes roving about the familiar objects of her surroundings. His bold, assertive nature chafed under the unaccustomed restraint, and he shook himself, and squared his strong shoulders, as though ridding himself of a visible oppression. If this was little Mary,—and he hoped it was,—he would take a long look at her, and discover into what manner of woman she had developed.

The lady was sitting by a small table, with her profile towards the window, but partially concealed by the shadow of her wrist, for her head rested on her hand, and her elbow was on the table. Her figure was full and womanly, her dress plain and well fitting, and her general appearance indicated height. Her book lay upon the table, within the circle of the lamplight, and she bent over it in an attitude of deep absorption. There was something grand and gracious about her that impressed itself on Anthony and made the wish in his heart grow stronger.

"By George! if *that's* Mary," he muttered, pressing his face to the glass, "she'd stand to a fellow as steady and true as she used to do in the old days when every damned nigger in the yard used to laugh at her for playing with the overseer's brat, and Miss Cornelia used to twit her with her taste for low company. Mary didn't care a continental for any of 'em. She was stout of heart and straight of grain for a little kid. God bless her!"

Now that he was here, he was fain to admit to himself that *this* was what he had come for; that as all the romance and beauty of his bare, prosaic boyhood had been gathered around Mary Beverley the child, so, when a scarcely-understood yet keenly-felt yearning after romance and beauty cropped up amid the sterility of his bare, prosaic manhood, that strange conservatism, that mysterious clinging to things of association, which is inherent in Virginians of all grades, had brought him back to the vicinity of Mary Beverley the woman, to seek its fruition.

And yet, so complex are human moods, so subject to the ebb and

flow of impulse, passion, or presentiment, when Ned Anthony turned away at last from the window and retraced his steps across the yard his face was clouded and his eyes dark and moody under their heavy lids. His gloom deepened as he let the orchard gate slam shut behind him, and as he walked away beneath the old moss-covered apple-trees it culminated and found expression in one short sentence.

"You fool!" he muttered, apostrophizing himself, "you blamed, infernal fool! What did you come back for? What do you suppose you're going to make by it? Why couldn't you rest satisfied out yonder, and agree to let the old days go?"

CHAPTER IV.

THE "overseer" class of the South in ante-bellum days constituted as distinct a grade as can be found in any country where birth, not wealth, is the standard of respectability. From the higher class—their employers—they were removed by ignorance and poverty; from the lower—their charges—by race-instinct.

There was no antagonism between the inhabitants of the large house where the proprietor lived and the inhabitants of the small house in which dwelt his prime minister, such as appears to exist between the rich and poor of other sections. Nor was there any effort on the part of the upper class to keep the lower down, or to hinder members of it from acquiring knowledge or property. On the contrary, there existed between the two great amity and friendliness, and, in some instances, where the tie was of long standing between employer and employed, a sort of feudal feeling which led the one to yield protection and cordial liking, and the other an admiring respect and loyal, if lazy, service.

It is no uncommon thing even yet in the South to hear one man say of another, "I've knowed him all my life. My father was his father's overseer 'way back in slavery times. They are right down clever people, his folks are: we allus liked 'em mighty well." The liking was generally mutual; and that the "overseer" class of the South remained so long, and remain still, in a great measure, in a lower position is due partly to their own willingness, partly to the habit of subordination.

Across the ravine from the Beverley mansion, beyond a little stretch of woods, stood a settlement of cabins which had formerly been occupied by slaves belonging to the estate. Some of the houses had fallen into partial or total ruin, but a few were still inhabited, as was shown by the curling smoke ascending from their chimneys. Above them,

nearer the crest of the hill, stood the overseer's house,—a neat building of hewn logs, with a rough porch in front, and still in a good state of preservation.

It had been occupied by a family of white tenants at the time when this portion of the Beverley plantation passed into other hands; but the lawyer, in obedience to instructions received from the new proprietor, had moved them out and had the house done up a little. Not that Ned Anthony cherished any sentiment connected with the house in which he had been born; on the contrary, he considered it emphatically “a dog-hole;” but he was a practical fellow and well used to roughing it, and thought that the “old shanty” would do well enough to live in for a month or so while he should run up a decent house; that is, if he should decide to make any sojourn in Virginia.

Anthony stood in one of the rooms, whistling softly, and looking about him, one morning about a week after the night on which he had renewed his acquaintance (as he thought) with his old playfellow through the parlor window. The next day he had gone down to Richmond to order some things he needed for his temporary establishment, and to talk to a contractor about putting up a house for him in case he should decide to “stop on the ranch” for a year or so. He was not a man that ever let the grass grow under his feet.

Standing in the middle of the old room, the past got hold of him somehow, and pushed its way through the hard crust of the outer man to the sanctuary which even the roughest of us keep somewhere about our anatomy for the refuge of a few tender associations,—our youth, our homes and mothers, the girl, perhaps, whose eyes gave us our first heart-ache.

Old Mrs. Anthony had not been in any way a show-figure. She was tall, and spare of limb, and slow of speech and gait; her eyes were sad, and her thin sallow face had rather a mournful expression. She wore rough clothes, and a kerchief folded cornerwise over her grizzled hair, and smoked a corn-cob pipe in the intervals of her labors; but she was a good woman, a faithful, dutiful wife, and a devoted and self-sacrificing mother, kind and gentle and patient, and indulgent to her offspring, as women of her class usually are. Her son—her youngest-born—had loved her, and it was of her alone he was thinking as he stood by the hearth-stone and looked at the corner where her spinning-wheel and her old split-bottomed rocking-chair used to stand. Poor old mother! if she could see him now, standing there, wealthy, educated, well dressed, honored among men, and owner of the old plantation on which they had lived as servants!

Of the saturnine, long-haired father, and the five lank, slab-sided

brothers, the problem of whose useless existence it had taken a civil war to solve, he thought little. He had not cared for them greatly, and it was no distress to him to know that they were dead. But his mother was different. *She* had been the one human creature he had loved unselfishly,—besides little Mary Beverley. He was thinking of her, of his grief at her death, his indignation when within the year his father had brought home another in her place, his hatred of his step-mother, which had resulted in his running away from home to seek his fortune, and all the old-time matters, when he was aroused by hearing a voice outside. It was a clear, full voice, softly modulated, and its intonation was very pleasant: unmistakably the voice of a lady.

"Stay here, laddies," she was saying, "and play until I get through talking to the old people, and then we'll walk over to Judge Wilmer's for some apples. I can't let you come, indeed, Ran. The last time I took you to the cabin you upset Aunt Kitty's churn and wasted all the poor old woman's buttermilk on the floor. Yes, my child, I know it was an accident; but such accidents are always happening to you. You are a very unlucky and heedless little boy, and to take you visiting is simply to invite calamity. Stay here, and be good children. I won't be long."

Anthony drew near the window, and in a moment had the satisfaction of seeing a tall, graceful woman, with a little willow basket in her hand, pass, and enter the farthest of the group of cabins.

Meanwhile, the boys, two in number, and aged respectively five and seven years, had taken possession of the porch, and were climbing on the railings. They were large, straight-limbed children, and the smaller had a crop of chestnut curls that fell almost to his waist. As they jumped about, they laughed and chattered. The door was a trifle ajar, and Anthony could hear every word.

"Aunt Neelie didn't want mamma to put any coffee in her basket," remarked the smaller child: "she said mamma oughtn't to give the servants things, 'cause maybe we'd want 'em ourselves. That's mean, ain't it, Hector? We've got a whole bucket of coffee in our store-room, and poor old Aunt Kitty hasn't any in her cupboard. She asked mamma to save her the *grounds*: I heard her, that day I knocked the churn over."

"Aunt Neelie's such a hunk! I hate her!" responded Hector. "She's always fussing about something. Other folks want coffee too, just as well as she does, I reckon. Mamma don't listen to her, one good thing, and gives the old folks things all the time. White people always give to black people: Aunt Neelie ought to know that. If *they* didn't, who would?"

But this was much too difficult a question for little Ran to settle: he avoided it, therefore, and introduced another topic. "Hec, what is *paupers*?"

"Folks that haven't any money, nor any place to live, nor things to eat, nor clothes to wear," defined Hector, comprehensively.

"Then we ain't that. I thought we weren't, because we've got land, and a house, and lots of things. And you've got a calf, and I've got ten cents, and a gander, and a little pig, and a speckled pullet, and—" growing weary with the enumeration of his wealth, "and—oh, yes, —a drake with a wen under his chin."

"Who said we were paupers?" fired Hector. "It's a lie!"

"So 'tis," acquiesced Ran, pleasantly, "if not having things is being paupers. But you must not say it's a lie, Hec, because 'twas Aunt Neelie that said it. She said it when mamma told her that the gentleman had come that bought the land, you know,—grandpa's land, and father's. She cried when mamma told her, and said the Beverleys were paupers, and that mamma didn't care one bit, and was glad the land was gone, because she wasn't a Beverley."

"She *is* a Beverley," asserted Hector; "and I'm going to have the land back when I get to be a man. I'm going to work hard and make a lot of money, and ask the gentleman to let me have it back; and I know he will, because he won't love it like we do. He's just a stranger, you know, Ran: so he won't care for it, and will like the money better."

"That will be jolly," said Ran. "I'll help."

The listener inside smiled to himself. Prosperity had departed from the old family, and they felt the change: he had thought they would, when he saw the land advertised. He had not bought it himself to gloat over their downfall and his own uprising. He scarcely knew yet why he had bought it. Perhaps he was a little influenced by the feeling that the land had better be in his hands than in those of strangers; perhaps it was only a passing whim; but, anyhow, he *had* bought it, and, while he knew perfectly well that it was a poor investment for his money, he was not sorry that he had done so. These boys were Hector Beverley's sons, of course: indeed, their names, Hector and Randolph, made that fact patent. He wondered if there were any more children. "Aunt Neelie" must be his former object of detestation,—Miss Cornelia: he recognized her at once.

The little boys were sitting on the steps. Hector had a straight pine tobacco-stick in his hands, and was splitting it with his knife into long slender splinters to make a bird-trap. Ran was watching him with interest. Anthony, looking out at them, remembered many a

time when he had sat there splitting tobacco-sticks for the same purpose.

Hector took up the discourse. "Ran?" he said, and paused to wrestle with a knot.

"What?"

"Mamma says we must not talk about Aunt Neelie. I asked her what made Aunt Neelie so nasty one day, and she said when I got old, and had lots of trouble, and a pain in my back 'most all the time, I wouldn't like folks to call me nasty. And I reckon I wouldn't, neither. She tells us bully stories sometimes, too, and then I almost like her. Maybe when she gets to heaven, where her back can't ache, and the coffee won't ever be burnt, and the rolls won't ever be sour, she'll be real pleasant."

Ran pushed back his hat with his hand until the brim rested on the mass of curls on his shoulders, and regarded his brother steadfastly, an expression of dismay on his face that was comical. Evidently the future held possibilities for which he was unprepared.

"Is Aunt Neelie going to heaven?" he demanded, abruptly.

"Of course she is," responded Hector. "There ain't any other place for her to go. She's old, and she's a woman. You couldn't say a woman was going to hell, could you? I'd like to know what sort of manners you'd call *that*. Of course she's going to heaven."

With which triumphant settlement of the difficulties of the future state on the plain principles of life laid down for him here below by his very old-fashioned mother, Hector returned to his whittling.

Ran pondered. "Hec," he said, "I reckon she will go in a good way ahead of us, and she's sure not to like it down by the gate, because she'll think somebody else has got a better place. I tell you what we'll do: we'll squat down right by the middle walk, behind the box-bushes, and wait till we hear some of the angels talking about her and saying where she's gone, and then we'll clip the other way and hunt for father."

"That ain't a good way," objected Hector: "you're sure to meet her walking round, anyhow: so there isn't any use of dodging. You can't stay in one place fifty hundred millions of years without seeing all the people."

"Can't I?"—despondently; then, with more hopefulness, "I can everlasting toddle, Hec, and Aunt Neelie walks so slow. When I see her coming towards me, you just watch out *sharp*, and you'll see one little angel *hustle*."

Hector laughed, and the listener had much ado to keep from joining. There was another skeleton over in the old gray house besides

strained means. In his blunt, straightforward way he was beginning to be sorry for Mary Beverley, and to feel, as he would have expressed it, that life "wasn't toting fair with her."

With his habitual quick movements and light, almost stealthy step, he passed into the inner room and out at the back of the house. After a moment he came around and seated himself on the steps beside the boys and made overtures of friendship. They were friendly little fellows, neither shy nor pushing, and the trio got on well together. Indeed, when they discovered that he knew all about making bird-traps, and had a knife with six blades in it besides a corkscrew and a pair of scissors, and could imitate wild birds and creatures, and—oh, bliss!—had seen live bears, the acquaintance showed signs of deepening into intimacy.

After the talk had gone on some time and Anthony felt that his popularity justified it, he commenced plying them with questions. How many children were there in all? Who took care of them, and the like? Only them, the children said: they had had a little sister, named Mary, but she had gone to heaven. She had been older than Hector. Their mother took care of them. Who else should?

"They had an aunt," Anthony suggested.

They admitted that they had; but she was old; she could not take care of anybody. She needed people to take care of her, to wait on her and fetch her things.

"I don't mean the old lady," said their new friend, brusquely. "You've got a young aunt,—a girl named like your little sister." Anthony could never remember that Mary, if living, was only a couple of years younger than himself. "The idea of my wanting to know anything about Miss Neelie! She's an old tartar, ain't she?"

Now, the children, while ready to discuss their relative between themselves and to pass judgment upon her freely, were quite well aware of what was proper and becoming in the matter. They would comment and criticise themselves, but no stranger should take the liberty. Hector drew himself away a little, and remarked, in a reserved tone, that Aunt Neelie was an old lady, and had been ill, and had trouble; she must be treated with consideration.

Anthony did not know that the child was rendering verbatim his mother's daily precept to himself, nor did he at all realize that he should not have put the question. He was amused at the boy's change of manner, but he was a little annoyed, too.

"You have another aunt," he asserted, rather than questioned, a second time.

"No," said Hector; "we haven't."

But Ran was a child who liked exactness.

"We haven't now," he amended; "but we used to have before we were born. There was a little Mary once that wasn't our sister. She must have been our aunt, you know, Hec; although it seems funny, don't it? She was grandpa's baby long ago, and she's over there with the rest." He pointed, as he spoke, towards a spot back of the home-buildings, where a group of cedars were outlined darkly against the clear blue sky.

Anthony felt as though some one had struck him in the face. He knew that those trees stood in the family burying-ground. Things looked black around him for a moment, and the dream of years shrivelled slowly, like a morning-glory when the day grows old. The children watched him as he slowly cut into the bit of wood he had picked up from the path. They were not surprised at his knowledge of their family matters. Their world was small as yet, but it *was* the world, and with its concerns and history of course all men were familiar.

A lady came out of one of the cabins with a little willow basket in her hand. Behind her hobbled an old negro man who was talking to her volubly, chuckling to himself, and seeming very well pleased about something. Anthony watched his Grandisonian bow, and the sweep he gave to his old ragged hat as he stepped forward to open the gate for her. She was tall and stately, but no longer in her first youth, Anthony could see, as she lingered to give a last word or direction.

"Who's that?" he asked, abruptly, almost harshly.

She was walking towards them now, and Ran was racing down the path to meet her. Hector, who had started likewise, looked back over his shoulder.

"It's my mother," he said, and then ran on.

CHAPTER V.

A RUMOR had gone abroad in the neighborhood to the effect that the new owner of two-thirds of the old Beverley estate was a very wealthy man. It originated with the lawyer, who, to be cautious and well within the limits of probability, estimated his client's worth at fifty thousand dollars. It did not stop at that, of course; for every one that told it added on ten thousand more at least for the credit of the story. They never grasped the actual sum, because as yet the arithmetic of the South stops a good way short of millions, but they speedily made out enough to know that they had among them a *rara avis* in the shape of a man with a great deal of money.

At first they talked about it among themselves, and rolled the thousands over in their minds and mouths to get accustomed to the taste of the gold. Then they began to call and to invite him to their houses, for the aroma of wealth is pleasant to the nostrils of Puritans and Cavaliers alike, and they took to calling his plantation "Lower Repton," to distinguish it from Repton proper, which was still attached to the Beverley name, and the overseer's house they called "the cottage."

Anthony was not without a sense of humor, and he enjoyed some quiet chuckles over the turns of fortune. He valued his money, and he valued himself,—both more highly than either deserved,—but he valued other things also. He liked to feel himself welcome and well received among the gentry that had always seemed to him the flower of the earth, because of its exclusiveness, its traditions, and the position of his own class in regard to it. He made no effusive response to their kindly advances, but he was gratified by them; neither did he haunt their houses, because of a subtle consciousness of difference, which oppressed him most in intercourse with ladies, a shyness that had never afflicted him in the society of women of a lower grade. Still, the knowledge that he *could* mingle with cultured and courteous women on terms of outward equality, at least, was flattering to his self-love.

With men, this feeling rarely troubled him, for in his nomadic life he had been thrown into intimate association with all grades, from gentlemen to "greasers," and possessed to the full his share of American adaptability. He was clever and observant, and shades of coarseness in men are rarely conspicuously defined in their intercourse with one another.

His sturdy self-respect prevented any approach to snobbishness; and if in his soul he considered sense, or "smartness," as he called it, and ability in money-getting a fair equivalent for birth, and the *bouquet* of wealth as fine as that of old-time gentility, he refrained from overt expression of his views, and did not swagger to any offensive extent.

His appearance was also in his favor; for he was a handsome man, in the flesh-and-blood style of the athlete who bounds into the ring with a triple summersault and rides four horses abreast. And, from the high esteem in which "manners" are held among the common people of the South, Ned Anthony's could pass muster tolerably well. They lacked grace and suavity, certainly; but the want was not more conspicuous in him than it is in many men far better accredited.

On his return from his initial call on the new arrival, old Judge Wilmer summed him up to his wife with pith and perspicuity:

"He's something of a gentleman, my dear, but not quite so. In

the new school, I suppose, he would stand rather above the middle of the class; but in the old he would grade lower. There's good metal in him, but a wonderful deal of alloy mixed in. Among men he is a shrewd, intelligent, and rather agreeable fellow, quick and clever in conversation on all practical subjects (which are the only sort likely to be broached with him), and not aggressively braggish, considering that he can fill up the bushel measure and shake it, while none of his neighbors can conveniently even up the quart. But I think that when you ladies come to try him on you'll find him a misfit in a good many places."

Mrs. Wilmer, a picturesque old lady, with soft faded hands on which were quaint old red gold rings that had been in her family many generations, looked up from her knitting with a smile of large indulgence on her sweet old face.

"He is a Western man, you know," she said; "and that is the reason, perhaps, that he appears somewhat different from us old-fashioned folks who have lived in one spot all our lives and carried on the old traditions. The new era is inaugurated now, my dear, and they say the changes are fundamental. We old-foggyish people, who are too settled for progression, should be at least indulgent. The West is very untrammelled, I have heard."

The good lady's knowledge of the subject of Western ways was nebulous, but she felt that it was a large one, and not amenable to rules applicable to Virginia. She was a kindly woman by nature, and lenient to outsiders, although strict enough in regard to her own people, which term of course included all the inhabitants of her native State. When she spoke of Anthony's origin as "Western," she established at once in her own mind a reason for his roughness, and also an excuse.

The judge poked the fire meditatively. "He uses Western idioms," he remarked, "but it is along with those of other sections. He used one or two to-day that I never heard except from people who have lived among negroes. They had the true cotton and tobacco ring. And in the next sentence came Maine logging terms. His language is cosmopolitan, but the timbre of his voice is Southern, and his intonations sounded mighty familiar in my ear."

"Dear me!" said the old lady, to whom an unconventional Westerner was a thing of interest, but an unconventional Southerner an abomination; "perhaps I had better not have him here until we find out more about him. I have asked the Harveys and the Carringtons and Mary Beverley to take tea with us on Thursday. I'm very fond of Mary, and I want to show her some attention, now that so much of the land is gone and their circumstances so altered. I thought of asking

Mr. Anthony also, because I know Mary has no feeling about his having bought the place, and, as they will be such near neighbors, it seemed a pleasant thing for them to meet at once and be quite friendly. But if he's a Southern man, and common, perhaps she wouldn't like to meet him. Indeed, I don't know that I shall myself."

The judge, who could not appreciate the distinctions of locality in commonness, and whose hospitality was proverbial, laughed outright. "There is nothing the matter with the man, my dear," he explained. "You've flown off at a tangent. He's quite presentable, and, if his grain is a little coarse, he won't hurt us any. Invite him by all means, and let's be friendly with him. If we turn our backs on settlers with good money in their pockets, how will the country ever improve materially? Have all the people; and let Anthony come too, by all means: we have no marriageable daughters."

The same familiarity of tone and intonation which had struck the judge commended itself to the attention of Mrs. Hector Beverley when the new-comer was introduced to her on the Thursday evening in question; for the original programme was carried out, in spite of sundry misgivings on the part of the hostess. He was a presentable man, she was fain to acknowledge, well made and well dressed, and if he lacked a certain fine *bouquet* of gentility she did not, and, having accepted him as her guest, she did the very best she could for him, introducing him to her other guests with marked and gracious courtesy, and bringing him finally to Mrs. Beverley, to whose special care she commended him.

"Such near neighbors should know each other and be friendly," she said, with a smile: "you may make it pleasant for each other."

Mrs. Beverley smiled also, as she gave Anthony her firm white hand and intimated by a slight gesture that he was at liberty to take the seat beside her on the sofa.

"I think that in coming to be my neighbor at Repton, Mr. Anthony, you are in some sense coming home," she remarked, pleasantly. "Your voice is very Southern. Perhaps we can claim you by birth as well as adoption."

Anthony regarded the clear-cut, intellectual, but scarcely pretty face turned towards him, a trifle resentfully. She was Mary Beverley, but not the one whose memory had lived a solitary violet amid the barrenness of his ambitious, practical existence. He owed her a grudge for being here in the real Mary's place,—for having deluded him, although unconsciously, into the belief that the real Mary lived and had grown from fair, loyal childhood into a womanhood as noble. And she was not even pretty according to his standard. Her face was colorless, ex-

cept a dash of crimson in the lips, of which the under one was a trifle full. Her dark hair crowned her head in coils that had shadows but no lights: it waved slightly at the temples, where there were already lines of gray, and it was parted graciously over the broad brow. Her eyes were handsome, dark, and straightforward in their outlook, with no tricks of lid or lash, no droopings and upraisings, no pretty coquetries of glance. A woman past her first youth, a woman who even in that youth had never been beautiful, and yet a woman to be trusted, admired, and loved.

This the man beside her vaguely felt, and it increased his unreasonable resentment. She was such a woman as the child he had loved with unconscious chivalry might have developed into, and she was only—Hector's widow.

Not being versed in social amenities, he let his resentment get uppermost, and replied to her courteous remark brusquely:

"I'm not a Yankee, if that's what you mean, and I wasn't born out West. I've lived out there for twenty years, though: so I suppose I can call myself as much of a Westerner as anything."

He was not ashamed of his birth, and, being a Virginian, he took a self-satisfied pride in his birthplace. Neither did he hold his father's profession in contempt, nor his own position as a self-made man. Of the latter, on the contrary, he was, as we have hinted, extremely proud, holding it a proof of unusual ability. It was not every man that could show his record, from so poor a start to so fine a finish. He was proud of himself, of his money, of his shrewdness, of the knowledge he had acquired by indomitable industry and in defiance of adverse circumstances, and of his general success in life. It was neither from false pride nor from snobbishness that he forbore to proclaim his origin, but rather from a rough sense of humor, and keen, if slightly malicious, enjoyment of the situation. It seemed to him so good a joke, this riding over old-world traditions on the wave of financial success.

Mrs. Beverley, feeling that her first venture had been a failure, changed her subject, and talked to him of Western scenes and life, the stirring romance of mining-camps, and the homely experiences of the frontier, where Civilization doffs her hat to nature and rough humanity. Her knowledge, gleaned from books, was theoretical, and by no means accurate, but, such as it was, it sufficed to put Anthony on familiar ground and make him forget himself. The subject interested him; he was versed in every detail, and saturated with information and experience, so that he forgot to be shy, or bold,—his two methods in dealing with women,—and talked well and cleverly, rising at times to a rude

eloquence of description which delighted not only Mary, but also the rest of the company, who had gradually ceased their own desultory talk and gathered near to listen. He was led on gradually to speak of himself and of his own adventures, and before he realized it was telling them the story of the Prairie-Dog Mine. He told them of his luckless prospecting, his long failure, and his determination to abandon so bootless an enterprise, in spite of the instinct which urged him to persistence. With quaint humor he described his own chagrin, and the combat of the liliputian champions of sense and instinct, the result of which had altered all his future.

Then he told them of the mishap to his broncho, and of the strange wild cañon to the discovery of which it had led him. He described the aspect of the place, its dark pine- and red-wood-trees, its masses of gray rocks, its snow-fed pool, near which stood the rough slab hut which was once the home and the prison of an outcast from humanity. As well as he was able, he made them see the forlorn habitation, and feel the solitude of the place, the awful pathetic loneliness of the wretched creature, suffering day after day, week after week, without a human hand to aid him, a human voice to speak a word of cheer.

The language in which the tale was told was rough and simple, almost profane at times, but it did not grate on the listeners, nor revolt them, as it would have done had the theme been different. It seemed the natural setting of the story, as the mountains, the forests, and the mighty solitude had been the setting of the tragedy of the outcast's life and death.

It was so far removed from all they knew, from all to which they had been accustomed, that they crowded around him, plying him with questions, and making much of him in their interest in the things he told them. To their old-fashioned country simplicity, he seemed a wonderful creature, a man whose life had been filled with the stir of large events and the interest of strange happenings, and in their unworldliness they envied him his experiences far more than the success which was their practical result. A past so full of adventure, of endurance, of achievement, of *life*, appeared to the bucolic mind a richer treasure than mere gold.

Then, before Anthony could grow inflated with his victory, and self-assertive and arrogant, and so spoil it all, the tea-bell rang, and changed the current of thought and conversation.

"What do you think of him, my dear?" Mrs. Wilmer found occasion to whisper to Mary Beverley as they seated themselves around the table.

"He is interesting and original," Mary replied, at once. "He is a

very strong man ; and he doesn't grate upon me as much as I thought he would at first."

He grated on her horribly before the evening was over. When the company reassembled in the parlor after tea, he sought her side once more, attracted in spite of himself and of his already waning resentment. A pretty young woman with a very sweet voice had gone to the piano, and was playing softly. The rest were gathered near, urging her to sing, and combating her objections, which were couched in graceful language, but rested on a solid foundation, since her supper was still almost in her throat. Mary leaned back in the corner of the sofa, watching the flames curl around the great oak logs, and wondering idly whether her little boys were in bed, and whether Miss Cornelia had remembered to make them wash their hands and faces and say their prayers properly before going. She usually attended to these things herself, for Ran was still too young to cope with either religion or soap unaided, and she was a careful mother.

Anthony watched her from under his eyelids: he had a trick of drooping them until pupil and iris were indistinguishable in color or expression.

Suddenly he bent forward and said the thing he should not :

"I hope you don't bear me any grudge for buying the old place, Mrs. Beverley. I know the old families hold on to their land like death, even when it isn't doing them a cent's worth of good and is bringing them dollars in debt every year. I know, too, that when you can't hold out any longer and the land comes to the hammer you think it's a devilish hard case, and curse the fellow that buys it for an interloping blackguard, and would crucify him if you could. You ought not to feel that way, you know: it isn't common sense, or the way to push things and help your section."

Mary, thus accused by implication of narrow-mindedness and old-fogyism and small contemptible meanness, was naturally indignant. They had extended sufficient courtesy to *him*, she thought, to have exempted them from this indictment. Turning her dark eyes full upon him, she replied, quietly and coldly,—

"You do not understand us at all, Mr. Anthony, if you imagine us so contemptibly small as that. We love our lands, of course, and it is a keen distress to have to part with them ; but we are *not* so petty as to resent on an outsider what is, after all, the result of actions or faults of our own. If our lands come into the market, they are open to any and every purchaser ; and your opinion of us must be poor indeed if you think a grudge against those becoming possessed of them rankles in our breasts ever afterwards."

Anthony felt snubbed, without knowing exactly wherefore. In his consciousness of their relative positions he had seemed to himself to be putting in a plea against all possible hard judgment, and had rather despised himself for caring how she felt about the matter. It seemed natural that she should feel sore about the land, and he had simply deprecated the soreness and suggested that any such feeling was unreasonable. For the life of him, he could see nothing offensive in his remark; and yet she clearly was offended. He thought that, for a woman of her age and intelligence, she was lacking in common sense.

On Mary the impression made was deeper. She was annoyed by the tactless bluntness of the speech, and by the low estimate of human nature it showed; and, in addition, it revealed a coarseness of fibre that repelled her. Women usually form their estimates of humanity from instinct or subtle divination, and Mary's instincts were all antagonistic to the man beside her. He might rough-hew great actions, but there was in him none of that delicacy of touch, that fineness of perception, which make small actions great.

With instant rebound from what displeased her, her mind returned to the impressions formed at the opening of their intercourse, and the modification of the time between was blotted out,—which was really an injustice to Anthony.

CHAPTER VI.

MISS CORNELIA BEVERLEY had reached the age of sixty-three without having attained a modicum of the patience, self-control, or gentleness inseparable from all idea of a gracious, kindly autumn. Hers was the autumn of equinoctial disturbances, rather than the loveliness of Indian summer.

Without being a clever woman, or a deep thinker, or a student of philosophy, Miss Beverley had arrived by sheer instinct at a scheme of life that, for pure materialism and unconscious exaltation of the eternal selfhood, beggared all philosophy. The earth was hers, and the inhabitants thereof,—created for her benefit, to minister to her whims and wants in the ways she deemed befitting. Having been born into a world incomplete until her coming, she had accomplished all that could reasonably be expected of her. She had given creation a centre,—herself; that was her merit, for which she must be rewarded: if creation failed to avail itself of the privilege of going around her, that was its sin, for which it must be punished.

In short, Miss Cornelia Beverley was a silly, spoiled, and selfish woman, who, without having ever read a line of Emerson in her life,

made one of his maxims her daily rule of conduct,—the one which refers to the soft side of existence being the special perquisite of the cantankerous and foolish.

It must not be understood that Miss Cornelia was an anomaly, unlike all other human beings and utterly intolerable and destitute of redeeming qualities, for such was far from being the case. She was extremely good-natured when her wants were properly attended to and she was given the best of everything; and she was liberal in a way,—that is, she would lavishly bestow such favors as were in her gift on the persons who happened to please her; and she never said ill-natured things of people behind their backs, unless she were unusually angry: she possessed the negative virtue of being spiteful to their faces. It was a common saying among her kindred that “the worst thing Cornelia ever says about you she says to your face.”

Perhaps those whose daily life and conversation were tinctured with her presence at times deplored this excellence, and would have cheerfully submitted to any amount of backbiting could they have thereby escaped the many trials in which they were both criminal and counsel for the defence. Still, so elastic is human nature, and so noble in the main, even the people who lived with Miss Cornelia found many excuses for her. She had had a great deal of trouble in her youth, and some very stern affliction, and in compassion for her sorrow her family had gradually learned to throw a mantle of charity over her selfishness. Trouble like hers, even when self-caused, carries with it an atmosphere that touches sympathy so keenly as not unfrequently to disarm judgment.

In her youth Miss Cornelia had been a handsome, high-spirited girl, wayward and passionate, but attractive enough to have many admirers. At eighteen she became, with the consent and blessing of both families, engaged to a young man of the neighborhood, a Mr. Spotswood Carrington. The courtship was a stormy one, the engagement stormier, and the end total wreck. The lady insisted upon carrying on a foolish, wilful flirtation with another man for whom she cared nothing, simply to demonstrate to her lover that she would submit to no interference or dictation. The gentleman was violent in temper and jealous in disposition, and the termination of the miserable affair was a fierce quarrel between the two men, and a duel which resulted in the death of one and the maiming for life of the other.

After the death of her lover, Miss Beverley fell into a deep melancholy, alternated with wild gusts of remorseful passion which unsettled her brain to such an extent that for years she required strict attention and most careful nursing. The horror of publicity which distinguished the old-time gentry prevented her family from sending her to an

asylum, even when she was at the worst. Tender care and years of tranquillity finally restored her mind to its balance; but by the time she resumed her place in the family her natural selfishness had been fostered by unlimited indulgence and developed by the consideration which had become the habit of the house.

She had some trifling property, derived from her mother, sufficient for her support in other people's houses, but not enough to enable her to have one of her own. It was a standing grievance with her that her brother Hector, her guardian and trustee, had sold her land and invested the proceeds in such a way that the principal was beyond her control. Her nephew Hector had been equally faithful to her interests: so she drew her little income regularly, unvexed by the storms that beset and finally stranded the family property. Her home she made principally with her nephew's widow, to whom she was kind in a fitful way, and spasmodically attached.

She preferred her old home and her old rooms and familiar surroundings, she said; but the truth was that in other houses she was forced to exercise a self-restraint that was irksome to her. She went about among her kindred, and made long visits, during which Mary and her boys enjoyed themselves and their immunity from blame; but always sooner or later she returned to them.

This lady (as has already been more than hinted) Ned Anthony had disliked from his earliest boyhood. Once she had accused him unjustly of trampling down the tulips in the garden, and had taken the word of a little negro boy, who was really the guilty party, in preference to his own. The race-prejudice between the poor whites and negroes of the South is a thing of wonderful strength, their mutual contempt immense; and to have a negro believed before him, and that, too, when he was speaking the truth and the negro was lying, was an insult that was likely to live and rankle.

The grudge was added to by a little scene which occurred about two weeks after Anthony's introduction to Mrs. Beverley. He had called several times, and had established quite an intimacy with the boys, having some fondness for children and a decided partiality for those of his own sex. Miss Cornelia had been absent, or otherwise engaged, at the time of his visits: so that the pair had never met since the tulip episode, so fresh in the memory of the one, so completely obliterated from that of the other.

They had all come out for a walk,—Mary, the boys, and Miss Cornelia. A splendid dam of sticks and stones and mud had been constructed across the creek in the ravine which separated the two portions of the estate, and the little engineers, wild over their first success,

had scampered to the house to entreat their mother to come out and inspect it. In the hall they were joined by Miss Cornelia, whom the children in their glee invited to accompany them. It was Hector that proffered the invitation, and, as he was the old lady's favorite, she readily consented.

The party proceeded on their way pleasantly, little Hector helping his aunt over all the rough places, as his mother had taught him. At the pond made by the dammed-up stream they were joined by Anthony, who had seen them from his window as they left the yard.

Mary introduced him to her aunt, who had heard of his wealth and was prepossessed by his appearance and therefore disposed to be gracious to him. She even gave him her delicate old hand to shake, although the nod and slight motion of the hand towards the hat with which he had acknowledged the introduction was not the mode of salutation to which she had been accustomed. She talked to him also, and made herself pleasant, in spite of his careless replies and the fact that he addressed most of his remarks to Mary and the boys.

"The old girl's broken all to pieces," was Anthony's inward comment. "She used to be a good-looking woman, I remember, but I'll be damned if she's good-looking now: her nose is a regular parrot's beak. I wonder if she thinks I'm fool enough to bother myself doing the civil to an old squaw like her when there is metal more attractive at my elbow. I don't pan sorry grit when I can get paying rock."

He made himself agreeable to the children, however, showed them how to strengthen their structure, promised to bring a hatchet and some bits of plank the next day and help them to secure it against all possibility of the water's washing it away, and finally suggested getting a bucket of carp for them to stock the little pond.

They ascended the side of the ravine by a path a good deal higher up the creek than the one they had used in coming down, Mrs. Beverley walking first, with Anthony close beside her, and feeling a trifle annoyed because of his neglect of the proper observances and the knowledge she had that Miss Cornelia was being slighted and most probably growing resentful. Had she been sure of the man beside her, she would have bidden him remain behind and help her aunt; but she was not sure of him.

As likely as not he would have declared that the old lady was as well able to mount the slope unassisted as any of them,—which would have been the truth, since Miss Cornelia was a hale and singularly healthy woman for her age, in spite of the complaints she continually made of untold suffering from mysterious maladies, and her assumption, upon occasion, of the airs of invalidism. Or, if he should do her

behest, it might be in a fashion that would complicate matters further. Mary was afraid to take the risk, and walked on gravely, scarcely answering him by more than monosyllables, which, however, proved in no way disconcerting, for Anthony was full of the new house he was about to build, and quite willing to do the talking.

Half-way up the side of the slope a branch from one of the trees had fallen across the path, obstructing it a little. Most men would have kicked it aside, or else have tendered some assistance. Anthony did neither, from the simple fact that neither occurred to him. He stepped over the branch and went on talking, letting Mary step over it as he did. A few steps farther on, Mary turned instinctively to see that her little boys performed their *devoir*, and Anthony turned with her. Ran had laid hold of the branch to drag it aside, and Hector stood ready with his hand. All would have gone well if Miss Cornelia would have waited, but she was nettled and impatient, so she told Ran testily to let it alone, and stepped forward just as the little fellow gave it a final jerk: her heel caught, she stumbled, and would have fallen heavily if Hector's shoulder had not been in the right place at exactly the right moment and saved her. Mary gave a quick little cry, and Anthony—laughed out aloud.

It was funny. Miss Cornelia was stout, and her face, from exertion and anger, had become the color of a peony. She had an old flapping straw hat on her head that was lined with faded blue muslin and had ends of ribbon streaming down behind; her dress was hooked up fantastically by the twigs of the branch, the end of which Ran still held, and her two fat hands on Hector's bending shoulders gave her the appearance of being about to take a flying leap over the boy's back. Surely, if it is ever excusable to laugh at another person's misfortunes, Anthony was excusable then.

But Mary did not think so. She was so angry with him that she could scarcely speak, and would not look at him at all. Retracing her steps, she drew her aunt's hand firmly through her arm, with a few quick words of sympathy, and, calling to the boys to follow, led the mortified and now trembling old lady down the path again, and around by the other way to the house, leaving Anthony standing where she had forsaken him, astonished and indignant.

He was at a loss to know what could possibly be the matter. He always laughed at people when they fell; they looked so ridiculous that he could not help it. If they hurt themselves very badly, he would help them, and be handy and considerate, after his laugh was over. Had Miss Cornelia rolled to the bottom of the slope and broken her leg, he would have gone for a shutter and have helped to lay her

upon it and to bear her home, with more care and efficiency than most men; but he would have roared with laughter at the grotesque figure she cut during the tumble. But she had not hurt herself at all, and because of his natural appreciation of the absurdity of her aspect Mrs. Beverley had treated him in a way which, if he did not quite comprehend, he disliked intensely. The old lady was as inimical to him now as ever, he told himself morosely, and, instead of blaming himself, he blamed her, and detested her more than ever.

CHAPTER VII.

THE feeling entertained by Anthony for Miss Beverley paled into utter insignificance before the depth and earnestness of the dislike with which she distinguished him. In vain, in extenuation of his conduct, Mary suggested the offender's palpable lack of familiarity with social amenities, and argued that so small an affront was beneath the notice of a gentlewoman; in vain she besought her aunt to dismiss the whole occurrence from her mind,—it was annoying, certainly, but, after all, it was a trifle, not worth any great prodigality of thought or speech.

But Miss Cornelia could not see it in that light at all. In her circumscribed life every incident was an event, and, when connected with herself, an event of magnitude. So far from dismissing the evil-doer from her thoughts as utterly beneath well-bred contempt, she allowed him to usurp a considerable portion of her mind, and nearly her entire conversation, until poor Mary, with her patience worn to tatters, was forced through sheer weariness and aggravation to constitute herself a sort of champion of the man for whom she had no admiration and very little liking.

"I wonder where he comes from?" pondered Miss Beverley, one day, using no name to designate the subject of her thoughts, since in aversion, as in love, the object speedily attains the dignity of a pronoun and becomes the sole representative of a sex.

"Who, auntie?" questioned Mary, absently, her hands busy with a torn blouse, her thoughts with the contents of an old trunk of clothing of her husband's, from which she proposed to evolve certain garments needed by the children.

"That odious Mr. Anthony, of course. Who else?" replied the old lady, with indignation in her voice. "You never *will* pay the faintest attention to me, Mary, or listen to a single word I say. For all the companionship I have, I might just as well live in a hollow tree on the top of the Blue Ridge as in this house. You haven't an idea

in your head beyond those tiresome boys,—their clothes, their manners, and their mending. You don't care an atom for anything outside of them and their concerns, and I ought to be used to it by this time. *My* thoughts and conversation are *never* worthy of attention."

This was true, although not in the way in which the resentful old lady meant: her thoughts were commonplace, and their expression about as worthy of attention as the rattling of beans in an empty gourd, and yet they met with a consideration often denied to better things. Mary smiled placidly, and broke off another needleful of thread, leaving her reprehensible motherhood undefended.

"He isn't a gentleman," pursued Miss Cornelia: "anybody can see *that* with half an eye. And if he was swaddled in bank-notes, and had Koh-i-noors and moonstones strung on every hair of his head and of his hideous brown beard besides, he wouldn't be one. I wonder what family of Anthonys he belongs to? There are Anthonys in the southwestern counties, connections of the Beverleys by marriage. He doesn't belong to them, I know, because Judge Wilmer asked him about it, meaning to trace out the connection for him. Very officious in the judge, I must say, considering the number of disagreeable kin people can find without searching. The man denied any relationship with the southwestern Anthonys, however. There was another set down in the lower counties, quite ordinary people: I went to school with one of the girls in Richmond, and detested her. She had red hair and a freckled skin, and such hateful ways. I think he must belong to them."

Mary laughed. "He is a Western man, auntie, or calls himself one," she said.

"He isn't," snapped Miss Cornelia; "and I don't care what he calls himself. He's a Southern man, I know, and a Virginian, I think: indeed, he owned as much to Mr. Meredith, the lawyer. He's too familiar with the ways and the life here to have come to Virginia for the first time last month. Belinda, the woman who does his cooking, told our Sophy that the first morning she got out breakfast he called to her to make him an ash-cake and bake it with cabbage-leaves around it; said that he hadn't tasted one baked that way since he was a boy. Nobody raised outside of the South knows anything about wrapping corn dough up in cabbage-leaves and baking it in the ashes."

Mary gave up the point of Mr. Anthony's Western origin without contest. There were other shibboleths besides an affection for the ash-cake of his boyhood which forbade the idea of his being a stranger in a strange land.

Miss Cornelia stared into the fire, lost in thought. There was some mystery about her enemy's antecedents, she felt convinced, and she was determined to unravel it, and, if possible, to his confusion and overthrow. Her mind went hunting about with its nose to the ground like a hound on a cold scent. Presently it seemed to her to warm a little, and she threw up her head and gave tongue at once.

"Mary," she said, turning in her chair and regarding her niece solemnly, "my brother's overseer, the man who lived with him so many years and was with him at Shiloh, was named Anthony, and he had a lot of sons. Perhaps this is one of them!"

The solemnity of this announcement, which was made with the air of one loosing the seals and sending upon the earth pestilence and judgment, was almost too much for Mary's gravity. She bent her head over her sewing, so that Miss Cornelia might not be offended by her mirth. Presently she remarked,—

"I thought all the Anthony boys were killed, auntie. Hector said so, and they were in his regiment. He spoke well of them always, their gallantry, patience, and endurance at a time when courage and patience were the rule. You know, old Mr. Anthony, the father, saved my husband's life at Malvern Hill. He must have been a brave, unselfish man."

"Yes, he behaved very well," assented Miss Cornelia, impatiently: she was not interested in that part of the subject. "Everybody was always saving somebody else's life in those days; that is, when they weren't all killing one another. That's war. Mr. Anthony was a respectable old man,—shockingly slouching and untidy. My brother thought a good deal of him, I remember. Never mind him, though: it's the boys I want. What were their names? Lanky, slab-sided creatures, and so many of them,—four or five. Let me see: what *were* their names?" Miss Cornelia's brows contracted perplexedly, and her memory returned and grappled with the past.

Mary rose and crossed the room to an old-fashioned secretary, bound and mounted with brass, and opened one of the drawers. Her fingers passed from one pigeon-hole to another until she found what she was in search of,—a small leather-bound book, such as men sometimes carry in their pockets. With this in her hand she resumed her seat and began turning the pages rapidly. Miss Cornelia watched her, still striving to ensnare those elusive names with the mesh of recollection.

Mary found the page she was in search of, and ran her eye down it. "I can tell you, auntie," she said. "Hector kept an account of all his men, and, as near as he could, what became of them. The Anthony boys are all mentioned here. There were five of them.

Hugh was killed at Sharpsburg. David was wounded in the fights below Richmond, and died of his wounds in the hospital. Jim was captured, and died of prison-fever at Point Lookout. Robert lost his life in a charge in the Wilderness; and Albert was shot at his post on picket-duty in the Valley. A terrible list of casualties, but not uncommon for those times. Old Mr. Anthony died of typhoid fever the same summer that your mother did. There is the family history, auntie, and you must confess that it's a sad one. Stay! I remember hearing Hector mention a second wife; but she had left the neighborhood before I came to Repton, and I've heard somewhere that she married again. She had no Anthony children."

Miss Cornelia had been tapping her fingers impatiently on the arm of her chair for several seconds. "I know all that," she said; "but there was another son,—a much younger child. I remember him distinctly, a saucy, freckled little fellow, full of mischief and sly ways, and so dreadfully untruthful. He was always coming over to the house to play with our little Mary. The child was devoted to him, and, being delicate, she was allowed to have her way in everything, and indulged until it was sinful. She used to have him here continually, and taught him all her lessons, and dear knows what besides. I disliked it so much; but then no one ever listens to *my* advice. I am but a cipher in the family; although it would be better if I was more heeded,—better for the rest, I mean." Miss Cornelia paused to allow this reflection to sink into Mary's mind.

"The boy ran away before the war," she presently resumed, "because he couldn't endure his step-mother, a tidy, respectable woman, who told me herself that he was past all human standing. She couldn't make him mind her, or behave as she wished, although she whipped him constantly until her arms quite ached,—and she was a remarkably strong woman, too. We had a terrible time with Mary after he ran away: she cried and fretted and went on really outrageously; and my brother, instead of being a little strict with her and making her behave herself, carried her off to Richmond and kept her there with him the whole time the Legislature was in session. He was State Senator, you know. What *was* that boy's name?"

Mary had laid aside her sewing, and was listening quietly. Poor little boy, she thought, pitifully, alone amid a houseful of slothful, unsympathetic men, beaten cruelly by a high-tempered, strong-armed woman, loved by a tender, high-souled child, forced into life's battle all unequipped for the struggle. Poor child!—poor little man!

"His name—his name—was——" pondered Miss Cornelia. "What is this man's name, Mary? Have you ever heard?"

"Edward, or Edmund: at least he told the children Ned," replied Mary.

"And that boy's name was Jackson,—Jack Anthony. I remember perfectly now; and it's just come over me that I've heard somewhere that he died of yellow fever in New Orleans." Miss Cornelia's tone was one of bitter disappointment, and her face had lengthened quite an inch. She had been hunting on a cold scent, after all.

Within a month from that day Mrs. Beverley was in a position to have restored joy to her aunt's soul by the assurance that her conjecture had been absolutely correct, had she been so minded. And the way that the knowledge came to her was this.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. BEVERLEY was in the habit of going at least once a month, sometimes oftener, to the family burying-ground, to see that everything was neat and trim and the place free from fallen twigs and rubbish. It was a lovely, peaceful spot, on the crest of the hill just beyond the orchard, which it overlooked, as well as the house and yard and a magnificent stretch of view made up of hill and dale and wooded mountains and broad shining reaches of slowly-flowing river. Around it, instead of the usual wooden paling, was a close cedar hedge, broken only at the spot where the gate gave access to what is so beautifully termed "God's acre." In the centre were three tall cedars standing so as to form a triangle, and under the shadow of their spreading branches rested the dust of many generations of Beverleys.

It was a soft, still April evening. The cloudless sky bent lovingly over the earth, as the bridegroom bends over the bride, and the earth smiled with the joyous promise of the season of love and hope. Soft green things pushed up through the brown mould, crocuses opened golden hearts to the kisses of the breeze, violets unfolded white and purple petals and sweetened the air with their fragrant breath, and lilies of the valley and snow-drops were waiting coyly for the sun to coax and woo them into shaking out their snowy bells. On the hickory-, oak-, and poplar-trees downy little knots of leaves were bursting their brown shells and coming forth to view the world. In the budding branches birds twittered and chirped of love and housekeeping, and every instinct was for germination, and growth, and pressing upward.

Mary passed through the orchard, under the budding apple-trees, with a feeling of peace in her heart that was partly the outcome of deep sympathy with nature and partly the atmosphere of her own sweet

soul. In her hand she carried a little basket of spring flowers to lay in loving remembrance on the gray slab of granite that covered the grave of the tall fair-haired soldier who had wooed and won her twelve long years before, and whose blue eyes still gazed into hers from under little Ran's brown curls.

Her mind was full of thoughts of him, and her mood was soft and tender, as she opened the gate gently and entered the sacred spot. She did not glance about, but passed straight along the little centre walk to the granite slab which was close to the trunk of one of the cedars. She shook out all her flowers and formed with them a wreath around the short inscription, "Hector Beverley. Obiit April. 18—, ætat. 35." It was only when her task was done that she became aware of the presence of a man in the corner by the cedar hedge, kneeling beside the grave of a little child.

His back was towards her, and he had a trowel in his hand, and a large basket on the ground beside him, from which he took clumps of green and planted them on the grave. The breath of violets filled the air with perfume, and Mary, attracted in spite of herself, and slightly curious, went softly over the short green grass and stood close behind him, looking down. She had known at once that it was Anthony, and seeing him there beside the grave of her husband's little sister brought to her mind the thought of the lonely boy, with his hard unlovely childhood, and she knew, with one of those swift intuitions women have, that that boy was kneeling there at her feet.

Anthony had cleared away the sod from the centre of the mound in the shape of a cross, and was planting it thick and close with great tufts of hot-house violets, purple and white, whose fragrance rose purely and seemed to breathe of a love that was deathless.

After silently watching the strong brown hands at their work for a moment, Mary unfastened a bunch of white and lilac crocuses from her bosom, and, stooping, laid them on the foot of the grave. Anthony glanced up at her with a brief "Thank you!" and went on with his work. He was not surprised or startled: his trained senses had made him aware of her approach from the moment her hand touched the latch of the gate, and as she stood behind him he had taken a sudden resolution. He would tell her about himself, his connection with her husband's family, his love for the child whose little form rested beneath the cross of violets.

In that sacred place and presence, he forgot to wonder how it would affect her, or what change, if any, it might make in their relative positions. He forgot to think of himself at all.

Rising to his feet, he turned his face, which was not noble in line

or expression, and yet was honest and manly and straightforward, full upon her, and, pointing to the grave at his feet, said, simply, "I was poor, and uncouth, and ignorant, but she never grudged to put her little hands in mine, nor felt soiled when I took her in my arms to help her over rough and rocky places. She was all the poetry and beauty and sweetness I ever knew or had. I loved her."

Mary impulsively put out her fair ungloved hands, and took between them the brown earth-stained hand of the man beside her, pressing it with quick sympathy. "I know," she said, gently,—“I know it all; and I understand.”

CHAPTER IX.

"MAMMA!" shouted Hector, at the top of his voice, dashing into the parlor in a state of great excitement, followed closely by little Ran, "please come over to the quarters *right straight*. Uncle Patrick is in the kitchen, and he says that Mr. Anthony is going to pull all the cabins down and send all the colored folks away. Uncle Patrick says he hasn't got any place to go. He's old, and can't work any longer, and nobody wants to be bothered with him and Aunt Kitty any more, because they ain't any use. He's crying, mamma, awful hard, and he says they'll have to go to the poor-house if you don't help them. Mr. Anthony says they will."

"He don't want to go to the poor-house, mamma," chimed in Ran, eagerly. "Don't let him go: it's drefful to see him cry, and he's so old. He says he can't stand it to go: he would liever be dead!"

The boy's eyes filled with tears, and his little lips trembled, as he pressed close to his mother's side, trampling on her dress with his dusty little shoes in his excitement and distress.

"And, mamma, Mr. Anthony is going to pull the houses all down," insisted Hector. "He ought not to do that. The servants won't have any place to go, and father always let them live there. Mr. Anthony ought not to pull the houses down."

By the exercise of considerable patience and a good deal of ability in cross-questioning, Mrs. Beverley finally arrived at a clear comprehension of the case. The cabins, five in number,—all that were left of the original row,—stood, as has been stated, just in front of the overseer's house, and not a stone's throw from it. The site selected (at Mary's suggestion, as she remembered now) for the handsome new residence which the owner of Lower Repton proposed to erect for himself was on the crest of the hill, in a fine grove of trees, and commanding a most magnificent view. The cabins would be in full sight of all

the front windows, and were anything but an addition to the landscape, looking, in truth, as their owner expressed it, like "a lot of miners' shanties round an old shaft."

As the work upon the new house was to commence immediately, the material all engaged, and the architect actually on his way to Virginia, Mr. Anthony had decided not to wait about moving the cabins until after its completion, as he had spoken of doing when he talked the matter over with Mrs. Beverley, but to take them away at once. Accordingly, the work of demolition had been inaugurated that very morning, and the cabins were being taken to pieces and carted to other parts of the estate for re-erection. The negroes whom Anthony wished to retain in his employ had arrangements made for their accommodation during the period of their homelessness, while those of whom he wished to rid himself simply had notice given them to quit by a certain day.

Among these last was poor old Patrick, and his equally old and still more infirm wife. They had never been house-servants, nor very intimately associated with the family life; but they had been born and raised on the Beverley estate, and had occupied that particular cabin ever since their wedded life began, nearly sixty years before, and had, not unnaturally, counted on being allowed to die in it. They had long outlived their children, and their grandchildren had all drifted away to seek a livelihood in other places, leaving the ancient couple still a fixture on the old plantation, firm in the conviction that the white people would never see them come to want. They were so old that, beyond their own few household matters, no work was expected of them, and they lived on from year to year, their few wants supplied and their comfort looked after by the white family, just as it would have been had they never been emancipated.

When the sale of the lower part of the estate put the cabin in which the old people lived beyond her control, Mrs. Beverley had been anxious to move her pensioners over to a house in her own yard, where she could see that they were properly attended to. But they were loath to leave the cabin to which they had grown wedded in sixty years of occupancy, and had procrastinated, always willing but never ready, until they found themselves, as the old man expressed it with the tears streaming down his cheeks, literally "tu'ned out in de road to die."

Mary found the old negro sitting in the kitchen door, in a state of tremulous excitement and indignation, with a fringe of sympathetic darkies around him. He had no real apprehension of the poor-house suggestion's ever being carried into effect, for he knew very well that "Miss Mary" would always stand between him and such an awful calamity as that. What hurt him was that the suggestion should have

been made. That *he*, Patrick Beverley (for so he styled himself), who had lived "right here 'pon de home plantashum 'long wid de famb'ly" for eighty years, should have had such an insult put upon him, "jes' like he were one common nigger, whar didn't have no famb'ly,"—this was where the iron entered; and Mary had much ado to persuade him to desist from turning and twisting it in the rankling wound it had made long enough to arrive at any clear understanding of what she wished him to do.

"I'm sorry you have to leave your old room you've lived in so many years," she said, gently, when she had made all the arrangements to have them moved over at once. "It's hard for such old people to have to make any change. You'll be comfortable here with me; and you must try and grow used to your new quarters as soon as you can."

"Yes, honey, Lord bless yo' sweet face! 'tis hard fur to tu'n out'n de room you bin shuttin' yo' eyes 'pon every night an' openin' 'em 'pon every mornin' fur gwine on sixty ye'r. But dar's things whar's harder to b'ar en dat. I'se bin livin' 'pon de Beve'ley 'state, man an' boy, close on er hund'ed ye'rs, kase I'se gwine ter be eighty-seven ye'r ole ef I live twell de second day in harvest. An' I ain't never had nothin' 'tall said to me like what dat strange white man—whar never had no gent'man fur *his* daddy, I knows—took 'n' said to me dis mornin'. 'You'll be mighty comf'table at de po'-house, ole man,' sez he: 'dey has er good room, an' clo'se, an' fire, an' vittles plentiful, an' nary lick o' work to do. You'll think yerse'f in clover,' sez he. 'An' I sez, sez I, 'No, sar. I'se er Beve'ley man, an' I 'longs to de quality, I does. De Beve'leys ain't got nothin' 'tall to do wid no po'-house, nor no po'-house doin's, nor no po'-house *talk*, nother. An' befo' I'll go to *dat* place I'll die right 'pon de roadside,—me an' de ole 'ooman too.'"

There was something almost ludicrous, if it had not been so infinitely pathetic, in the old servant's pride and assertion of dignity and position, and in his readiness to die of want in a ditch, or on a roadside, rather than suffer what he considered a social degradation. There were tears in Mary's eyes which made the smile on her lips a trifle tremulous as she patted the old man's feeble arm and assured him that such ignominy should never be his portion while there was a Beverley above ground to protect him.

She watched, still with an April countenance, the little group,—the old negro walking slowly leaning on his hickory staff, and her two bold boys dancing around him, full of eagerness about the move, and of desire to help in it.

She thought the whole matter settled and done with when she had got the old people established in their new quarters with their house-

hold gods around them ; but it was not. Mr. Anthony at their very next meeting chose to introduce the subject, and to express himself with some force upon it.

CHAPTER X.

NED ANTHONY'S feelings towards Mrs. Beverley had undergone considerable change during the months that had elapsed since their introduction. The barrenness of his nature alternated with very practically tilled fields, and the only rill of sentiment that had ever trickled through it was his love for the child whose name Mrs. Beverley bore. The soil being adverse, this little stream had been powerless to irrigate to any great extent either the barrenness or the cultivation, but it had never been choked with the refuse of other sentiments, or absorbed in any stronger stream : it had simply trickled on, wearing a channel for a similar but mightier current. Having, by some process that was more than instinct and certainly less than reason, come to an identification of the dead child with the living woman, Anthony began to realize that the little rill was rising, increasing in volume and strength, and that the channel it had worn was filling with a stream whose power he could not gauge yet, and only vaguely understood.

After their meeting in the cemetery, his visits to Mrs. Beverley increased in frequency, until there appeared justice as well as acrimony in Miss Cornelia's complaint that he was in or about the house from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same, *and after*. The old lady's position towards her unwelcome neighbor remained unchanged, and appeared unchangeable save in one direction, and that was increase of bitterness. "He rubs me all the wrong way," she explained, fretfully, when Mary pointed out that he had changed his tactics and was trying to be polite to her in a rough and bearish fashion. "I dislike his attempts at courtesy quite as much as I do his natural rudeness. I dislike him altogether. He rubs me the wrong way."

In spite of the flagrant injustice of this, Mary was fain, in her soul, to yield assent. She took his part from sheer kindness of heart and love of fair play, and she made excuses for him to herself and others, but in her heart she confessed candidly that he was a terrible irritant. When he was out of her sight, she could recall and dwell with pleasure on his really fine qualities,—his ambition, energy, intensity of will and purpose, his lack of false pride, his real, if circumscribed, kindness of heart, and his liberality. She could ticket them all off on her fingers, and give to each good trait its meed of admiration, when their owner was at a distance ; but when he was beside her they faded into the back-

ground, leaving prominent the consciousness that he "rubbed *her* the wrong way" also.

It was a pity; for he really was far from being a bad, or stupid, or brutally offensive man. His genius consisted, not in saying and doing wrong things, but in leaving unsaid and undone right ones. Mary was self-convicted of lack of generosity in liking him with reservations, and yet deprived, by the very feeling the absence of which she deplored, of the comfort and certainty of her aunt's position. "He is truly insupportable, which is his only defect," that lady announced, with decision, and after that never wavered.

"Why do you cumber yourself with those old niggers?" he questioned, suddenly, after he had told Mary all about the materials which had come for his new house, and the plans he had made. There was an architect, a friend of his, coming from New York to undertake the work for him, and no time, or trouble, or expense was to be spared in making the building perfect.

Mrs. Beverley looked across at him, but made no answer. They were alone in the parlor, as Miss Cornelia seldom troubled herself to appear. "He doesn't come to see me," she said, "and he doesn't want to see me. I wish he didn't come to see you so often." And Mary was beginning to wish so herself.

"You'll have to support 'em, you know," he proceeded. "They are too old to work, and they haven't anything to live on, and of course they're going to live on you. You might have known that when the old rascal persuaded you to let him move over here."

"I did know it," Mary replied, quietly. "I had them moved over for that purpose. They are old family servants, and we have supported them always. Their children are dead, and they have no one else to look to for assistance, and nowhere else to go."

Anthony whistled. "That's all done away with," he said, "and a mighty good thing for the land-owners, too. Every tub stands on its own bottom now. They are as free as anybody, and ought to look out for themselves. You ain't bound to support them any longer. As to a place to go, there's the poor-house, if they can't do any better. We all pay taxes to support *that*, and it would be unreasonable to expect us to support the paupers of the community outside too."

Mary knew that the feudal feeling, the sense of mutual dependence, which had been so strong a tie between her own class and their humble retainers, in the nature of things was non-existent in his class, and possibly beyond his comprehension. She cast about in her mind how to make him understand without reminding him ungenerously of their difference of caste.

"These old people are singularly destitute of friends among their own race on whom they have a claim for support," she explained. "As I told you just a moment ago, their children are dead, and their grandchildren have shaken them off and moved away. They are very old, and very much attached to their home. They wouldn't be comfortable at the poor-house."

"Oh, yes, they would," he contradicted, understanding her to mean in the material sense. "You're mightily mistaken about that. The paupers are well treated by the county: they have good accommodations and clothing, and firewood provided, and hardly any work to do. I rode over there myself the other day to tell the overseer to send a wagon for old Patrick and to make arrangements about them. I don't like niggers: I never did. But I'm not a brute, either; and if I hadn't seen with my own eyes that the darkies were comfortable and cared for, I wouldn't have moved them."

"It isn't *that*," said Mary, impatiently: "it's the feeling they have about it. They would die if they were sent to the poor-house. It is their pride, the degradation of being considered paupers, the ignominy of being on the county. Can't you understand? It's the feeling that made Dickens's old woman run away from everybody and die on the roadside, rather than be taken to the workhouse."

But Anthony had never read a line of Dickens in his life, and the parallel which Mrs. Beverley had cleverly drawn from his own class was utterly thrown away upon him. What struck him was the absurdity of supposing negroes capable of feelings and aspirations other than those relating to physical comfort, of imagining that they cared for anything outside of being warmed and housed and fed without undue exertion. This idea of hers appeared to him so humorous that he threw back his head and laughed uproariously.

Mary felt as though she could have struck him.

"Well, well!" he said, as soon as he had got the better of his mirth, "you *are* verdant, if you'll excuse me for saying so, Mrs. Beverley. To think of the cunning old beggar taking you in like that, and of your believing him! He lied like a thief all round. What he wanted was to stay in my house, and, when he found he couldn't do that, to spite me by not falling in with my arrangements for him. It's a shame that you should be the victim, though, and I'll just let my gentleman see that he can't get ahead of me like that. I'll have the overseer of the poor here after him inside of a week."

Mrs. Beverley's eyes blazed. "You will do nothing of the kind," she said, shortly. "You are taking a very great liberty in interfering in my affairs in this way. Those old people were brought here by my

orders and of my own free will, and here they shall remain. They have lived on this plantation for upwards of eighty years, and they shall die on it. They worked for the Beverleys in their youth, and the Beverleys profited by their labor; now in their age they look to the Beverleys for protection and support, and their trust shall not be betrayed."

Anthony stared at her, a light of admiration beginning to glow in his eyes. He enjoyed seeing a woman "fire up," as he expressed it, and anger had given to Mrs. Beverley's face a beauty it did not ordinarily possess,—a beauty of flashing eyes and scarlet cheeks, a beauty of light and color, such as the man opposite her could keenly appreciate. Never had she looked so attractive in his eyes as at this moment when he was appearing utterly odious in hers.

He drooped his lids according to his custom and watched her color slowly fade. It was a pity it should go, it was so pretty. He felt suddenly certain that he loved her, and that he wanted her for his wife. When that should come about,—for even at this early stage he admitted no possibility of failure,—she should have her way in all things; should support a regiment of paupers, if she liked, and believe all their lies, if it pleased her. He would build a barracks for them, and issue rations, or any other tomfoolery that she might wish. He could stand it, and such a woman as this was welcome to throw his money about with both hands. It was a shame for her to be imposed on now, as he still felt confident these old negroes were imposing on her: after a while, when she had a pocket-book at her back and some one to keep it pléthoric, it would make no difference.

What he said was, "You'll never make buckle and tongue meet, if you let people ride over you this way. What you need is somebody to look after you who has got the right, and the means to do it properly."

CHAPTER XI.

A SMALL square sign beside the post of a door in one of the business streets of New York set forth the fact to all whom it might interest that Daniel Stewart, Architect, had his office on the second floor. Apparently this announcement had been of interest to no one, for it had stared the public blankly in the face for more than twelve months and the public had vouchsafed it no attention.

A very different thought had been in Mr. Stewart's mind when he put it there, and his intention had been to be discriminating, and a trifle hard to please, in his selection of patrons, and just a little diffi-

cult in regard to the orders which would inundate him,—not enough to dam the tide of prosperity, of course, but sufficient to increase its impetuosity. A man must not cheapen himself; he must demonstrate that he has full belief in his own ability, and consciousness of its worth, so that the world in its unthinking haste may find this view ready to its hand and adopt it. So thinks every man who is worth his salt, when he embarks on a new venture; and so he should think, for if in youth he has not belief in himself, and hope for the world, his case is a sad one, and the sooner he buys himself a revolver and hies him to a better country, the better for his comfort.

Dan's was a sunny, hopeful nature, and it took twelve full months of persistent discouragement to convince him that a callous public was resolved to give him no opportunity to house it in a style and for a price heretofore undreamed of, and to make him realize that belief in one's self, while undoubtedly an excellent thing, is inadequate to force from the world substantial recognition of one's talents. Houses he could build, and that right well, for he had a thorough knowledge of his business; but an ability can scarcely be considered of practical value when there seems no market for it. Houses there were in plenty to be builded, but other men got the work somehow, through being in the ring, or having interest, or other things, to push them, while Dan was a little outside of it all, not being even a native-born New-Yorker.

He had first seen the light of day (or rather of twelve wax candles, for it was eleven o'clock of a pitch-dark night) in a stately room of a stately house near the city of St. John, New Brunswick. Some superstition of his house, handed straight down from a Highland grandam, demanded that to insure good fortune to an infant he must be ushered into the world by the aid of candles twelve in number, and that, to secure exceptional good fortune, such as intellectual gifts and the power of winning affection, he must be born as near the magic hour of midnight as he conveniently could manage. Dan had missed the supreme good, by undue haste, but he had small right to gibe at Fortune for the way in which she used him.

When he was fifteen he was sent down to New York to an old-bachelor uncle, a brother of his mother's, who had offered to adopt and educate him and to leave him all his fortune.

He went to Andover first, and afterwards to Harvard, where he graduated in several courses and took a good degree. His talent for drawing, modelling, and construction was so decided that he desired to make architecture his profession; but to this his uncle would in no wise consent. He had adopted the boy that he might have a son to succeed him in his business, he averred, not that the son might draw

lines on paper. The noblest architecture, in his eyes, was that which constructed fortunes.

Blessed with a sunny temperament and the manners which unselfishness and kindliness of heart bestow, Dan was a general favorite, pleasing quite as much by his unaffected enthusiasm and genuine boyish high spirits as he did by his cleverness and exquisite tact. He was not handsome, and was rather small, and his hair was wellnigh scarlet; but nobody minded that,—he least of all,—and a couple of years passed away very pleasantly in learning the ways of finance and flirtation and becoming converted from a charming student into an equally charming man of the world.

Then suddenly the foundations of his prosperity slid from under him, leaving him stunned for a while and inclined to question his own identity. There was a crisis of affairs, a wild panic, followed by a deep hush, in which men looked about stealthily to see who was hurt and who was killed, and fortunes fell like leaves before frost, and were whirled away on the winds of ruin; and here and there a pistol-shot rang through handsome chambers, and there was a quiet, hasty burial at Greenwood.

After his uncle's death, Dan Stewart was forced to look about him. After the creditors were satisfied, there was very little left of what was to have been his inheritance,—only a few thousands, but enough for a start, Dan thought, in some new place. A horror of the hurrying, heartless city in which his fortunes had suffered shipwreck seized on him for the time, and, his home in New Brunswick being broken up, he went out West, and roved about for several years. Although he failed to add much to his store of material blessings, he contrived to get considerable enjoyment out of life, for the same traits which secured him popularity in his youth won him affection in his manhood.

It was during this portion of his career that he made the acquaintance of Ned Anthony. It was in a saloon in a little mining town in one of the Territories, kept by an Irish bully named O'Hara. A party of roughs were drinking, and at a small table in one corner four men were playing poker. Dan noticed one of the players particularly, because of his being a stranger in the place, and because of a certain rough grace in the poses of his splendid athletic figure, the beauty of his silky brown beard, and a trick he had of lowering his lids and looking out through half-shut eyes. He was wondering who the man could be, when there arose a cry of foul play in the corner, and he saw the brown-bearded man quick as a flash pin the hand of one of his opponents to the table with a long, keen double-edged knife which he had whipped out of the breast of his hunting-shirt.

In less than a minute, a scene of the wildest confusion was inaugurated: blows were struck, shots fired, and the air surcharged with threats and profanity. Dan, whose every instinct was to espouse the weaker side, forced his way to where Ned Anthony stood with his back to the wall, fighting with coolness and science, but at a terrible disadvantage, because of having emptied the only chamber of his revolver that was loaded, in the beginning of the affray. It would have gone hard with the pair in a very short time, for the roughs were heavily armed and growing dangerous, but for the interference of the Irish proprietor, who with a Donnybrook-Fair taste for fighting combined a warm regard for his own possessions. In language that reeked of brimstone, he proclaimed that the personal welfare of the combatants was a matter of utter indifference to him, but that he objected to having his furniture smashed or his saloon turned into a slaughter-pen with any of their foolishness, and rushed into the *mêlée*, followed by his bar-tender. With the aid of this reinforcement, our two friends did such effective work that in a comparatively short space of time the roughs found themselves thrust ingloriously into the street.

The acquaintance, from this stormy beginning, developed into a queer kind of friendship and some intimacy. The men had little in common, save physical courage and high animal spirits, unless a love of adventure and of the solitude of nature, and a mutual taste for sport, be taken into account.

In character and intellect they were totally dissimilar, although both were strong men. The causes of their attraction for each other might have repaid investigation had either man been given to analysis or interested in psychological subtleties. Unfortunately, the opportunity was thrown away; for Ned's acquaintance with the word "analysis" was confined to its appearance in the columns of the dictionary and its application to minerals, and Dan's mind was without the twist which leads to morbid research and subtle investigation. Human emotion thrilled and interested him, but he had no promptings to examine it under a pocket-lens.

Perhaps this was as well for poor humanity, for Dan's nature was so sympathetic, his interest so warm, and his tact so perfect, that had his tastes directed him to emotional dissection he would never have been without a subject. Men, women, and children confided in him copiously: to know him was not merely to love him, but to lay bare the mental and moral anatomy to him also. Given a pipe, a camp-fire in a lonely cañon, and Dan Stewart for a companion, and the most reserved man on earth would forget his caution, and turn himself inside out, like a glove drawn from a hand too large for it.

It is not surprising, therefore, that during their lonely mountain-expeditions Ned Anthony's heart should open to his companion's sunny influence, and that all of his history should pass into Dan's possession, even to the tiny vein of pure, true gold that enriched the rugged quartz and grit.

The discovery of the existence of this vein was delightful to Dan, who had all a clean-natured man's reverence for romance. It gave his companion a deeper, more individual interest for him, and drew closer the bond between them. The cherishing of an emotion so tender and fragrant touched him, from its sharp contrast to the rest of Anthony's character: it was like finding a pale, sweet arbutus-flower in the clefts of a granite cliff.

"You must make a lot of money, Ned, and go home and marry the young lady," he said, brimming over with enthusiasm. "Let me see: it's fifteen years since you came away,—or say fourteen and a half, to be strictly accurate. Why, Ned, she's a grown young woman long ago! You must hurry up, old fellow, or somebody will step in and spoil the romance. I couldn't stand that, you know: it's flat and disconcerting. No: you must marry little Mary yourself. I can't possibly play any other way. The curtain must fall upon this idyl to the music of the Wedding March."

Anthony had laughed aloud, and pretended to think this scheme utterly visionary and his friend a wild enthusiast, but the idea pleased him immensely. He would recur to it again and again, and all the purposes and ambitions held in solution in his mind began to crystallize. Once he essayed to set before Dan a picture of the caste-prejudice so strong among Virginians, and to explain to him what a barrier it was likely to prove in such a matter as the one under discussion. But Dan would have none of it,—puffed it airily away with the smoke of his pipe, and relegated it to the limbo of things obsolete with a wave of his shapely hand. Three letters were as nothing, a mere cipher, he maintained, which could be used to demonstrate manly worth as well as to reduce it to confusion. Narrow-mindedness must expand under the influence of love, and prejudice must doff its cap to merit. All this he delivered with fluency and fervor, feeling the honest glow of pure democracy which oftentimes warms the heart of an aristocrat while arranging affairs for other people.

"It isn't as if you were an ignorant fellow, Ned," quoth he: "you've educated yourself in spite of all sorts of adverse circumstances, and that's a mighty plucky thing to do,—more than I could have done, I know. And you're a good-looking fellow too, Ned, and popular among men. I've never seen you with ladies, but I'm sure

they'd like you. Women like great broad-shouldered men with curly beards like brown silk. Only I'd advise you to open your eyes a little more: a man has need of all the outlook nature can afford him when women are around, and particularly ladies,—there's such a lot of things a man must notice if he wants to please them. You must make a fortune, though, Ned. You can't go back without it. Money is a great leveller, and that face of yours in a frame of gold would look attractive even to an F. F. V."

Such talk as this was frequent between the men, and it was not without its influence on Ned Anthony. Their intimacy lasted for more than a year, and then the edict of inexorable circumstances parted them, sending Anthony away to the south, where fortune and the Prairie-Dog Mine awaited him, and Dan Stewart northward to Eureka. And after a while Dan was overtaken by weariness of a roving life, and a longing after the refinements of civilization. He wanted a home and belongings of his own: therefore he returned to New York, and, finding his place filled up and himself wellnigh, if not utterly, forgotten, settled himself in an office within his means, and spread his net, and sat him down to dream of whales and come finally to long for minnows.

CHAPTER XII.

"WHAT the deuce am I going to do?" questioned Mr. Stewart of his inner man, as he sat in his empty office and surveyed his empty order-books and his empty table, which should have groaned under a weight of plans, and pondered over the general emptiness of time and circumstance which surrounded him.

Failing to elicit any satisfactory response from the invisible partner of his joys and trials, he ran both shapely hands through his sanguine curls, and pulled and twisted them about until his head resembled a caricature of the flaming torch in the hand of Bartholdi's statue. Probably he had some vague notion that if he could coax an idea out he might rub one in; but the attempt—if attempt it was—was abortive. Ideas were coy and elusive, slipping away into the waste places of his mind, and concerning themselves with trivialities.

Dan was fain to expostulate. "This won't do, you know," he ruminated, reproachfully. "Here have I sat a solid year, booted and spurred, ready for the call of the populace to house its homeless millions, and the populace, instead of shouting, 'Stewart to the rescue!' trots on with its hands in its pockets, and doesn't even look on my side of the

street. The confession is humiliating, but it really appears as though the homeless preferred the sky for a shelter, to a roof of my construction."

A pause, filled by the careful trimming and polishing of a set of unusually handsome nails, almond-shaped, and pink as a woman's. Dan was scrupulously neat, almost fastidious, about his person, and refined in all his habits.

"You're the child of Destiny, I know, my boy," he pursued, "and until recently she hasn't been altogether a step-dame to you; but it won't do to press the old lady too far: it really won't, you know. She's getting a little tired of you, and beginning to turn her shoulder. You must give her a rest, and strike out for yourself before matters grow complicated, or you'll be getting a grand and uninterrupted view of her back. She has other children to look after besides you."

But, at the very moment when he was accusing her of waning interest in his affairs, Destiny, still mindful of her favorite, was coming up the stairs in the guise of a uniformed postman and slipping through the slit in the door in the form of a thickish, white parallelogram. The dear old lady often serves us so: it is one of her ways of convicting us of participation in the universal sin of ingratitude.

Stewart's correspondence was not so extensive as to make the arrival of the mails a weariness to him, and it was with cheerful alacrity that he rose and possessed himself of his letter. The postmark (round, staring, and distinct, as unhurried village postmarks always are) was that of some small place in Virginia, and the handwriting was bold, heavy, and intensely masculine. "Uses a stub," Dan thought, as he ran the blade of his penknife along the edge of the envelope. "Who ever can he be? I don't know anybody in Virginia." This proved to be a mistake, as he found on glancing at the signature, the sight of which elicited an exclamation of pleasure.

"DEAR STEWART,"—the letter ran,—"I chanced on your advertisement in a stray *Nation* day before yesterday, and the sight of your name made the memory of the old days crop up through the drift pretty strong. I want to tie together again. Times have changed with me since we shook hands last in Chippewa Gulch. I've done some of the things we talked of." Here followed a concise sketch of his fortunes, and brief mention of his pecuniary success. However much boasting Ned might be guilty of orally, nobody could confront him with written orations on the theme. "I'm back in Virginia now," the letter proceeded, "and have bought a part of the old place I told you of, where I was born and raised, and where my father lived so long as old Mr. Beverley's overseer. Perhaps you'll remember

about it. Queer how things swop round, isn't it? Anyhow, I'm here, and I've bought the land, and am going to knock up a decent house and settle down if things go as I want them. There's a shanty that we used to live in, on my farm, but no house. I'm in it now, and there's a room for you besides, if you'll fall in with my scheme. The old homestead is on the other part of the plantation, and the Beverleys own it still. I wanted it, but they wouldn't sell: so, as I say, I've got to build, and I want you to come down here and put up for a year with me and do up the thing in style. Money is no object, but taste is, and, as I have plenty of the one, and you of the other, we ought to make a success of my house. I see that stone and mortar are in your line now. Come down and pay me a visit anyhow,—and as soon as you can; because I never was a hog after delay. I'll meet you at our dog-hole of a station any day you name, and we can talk things over and arrange about the business part. Bring a gun, and fishing-tackle, and dancing-shoes too, if you still hanker after the petticoats. The old State can show a pretty woman or two yet, and we've got some sport left, in spite of the niggers and the clay-bank mongrels." The letter was signed his "faithfully, Ned Anthony," and across the top was scrawled hastily, —an evident after-thought,—"Wire what day I shall meet you."

Dan returned the letter to its envelope, amused and pleased and interested. So old Ned was back in the neighborhood he had left twenty years before, a barefooted boy without a second shirt to his back, in the plumed helmet and golden spurs of a knight of Plutus. He wondered how his former chum had been received in the stately, old-fashioned society of a conservative country neighborhood,—whether they were gracious, or turned their backs on him because of his father having worn shabby homespun and superintended another man's plantation and slaves and gone down to his grave in ignorance of a written language. He wondered also whether Ned grated on his neighbors, or whether the original grain of the man had compacted with the growth of years and become susceptible of polish. To him, Ned seemed improved: he liked that open reference to his father and his father's calling: it showed an absence of that meanest of all qualities, false pride. There was a delicacy about his reference to business matters also which did not escape Dan's notice, it was so unlike the Anthony of old. Most decidedly, he thought, his friend had improved.

The little romance they had discussed was doubtless in process of completion,—was rounding into the circle of a marriage-ring, as he had always said it should. The cheerful tone of Ned's letter, its hopefulness, this talk of building and of settling down "if things go as I want them," all pointed the same way. And Dan, who liked Ned,

and loved romance like a school-girl, loosed the reins of his imagination, and took a breezy canter of conjecture and arrangement.

The "things" to be bent to the conquering hero's will were, of course, primarily Miss Mary Beverley's affections, and secondarily the aristocratic proclivities of Miss Mary Beverley's family. With the young lady, the romance of having lived the solitary sentiment and blossomed the solitary flower of a strong man's nature for twenty years of toil and roughness and struggles and adventure would, he thought, be better vantage-ground than most lovers possessed at starting. With the family—ah, well, most locks turn to keys of gold, and if this one should prove obdurate Ned Anthony had strength and skill enough to pick it. A man who could unhorse Fortune and bind her captive was not likely to let himself be unhorsed by prejudice.

He would hie him down to Old Virginia, and shake his friend's brown hand, and have a chat about old days, and perhaps entice a few James River bass to respond to his soft advances. Then, if things went well with Anthony, he would remain awhile, and build "little Mary's" house for her, in his noblest style, and have a shot at the partridges, and act "best man," and all that. And then he would come back again to the bustling city and try to put in some more effective strokes on the canvas of his own future than he had done heretofore.

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. BEVERLEY was beginning to be oppressed by certain fears and intuitions that made her extremely uncomfortable. Of late her intercourse with her neighbor, always frank and friendly, had shifted its ground a little, and, do what she would, she failed utterly to restore it to its old footing. In her impulsive sympathy with the glimpse he had given her of a refined and tender side to his hard nature, and her keen anxiety to show him that she understood and appreciated it, she had put out her hands to him. And after that she had let him talk to her of little Mary, as of a creature in whom *he* had far more intimate concern than she had,—had let him tell all of the little tale, and speak of his love for the child, and of hers for him, and of his plans about her, and even of his disappointment and resentment when he found that *she* was not little Mary,—without a single word to remind him that there had ever been a social barrier between her class and his.

When he had spoken of his old father, she had hastened to tell him the story of how he had brought her husband out from the tempest of hostile bullets, wounded sorely, but still alive, and of how he had

watched and tended the son of his old employer until such time as he could bring him home to his own people.

"Poor old father!" Anthony had said. "There wasn't a mean streak in him when it came to sticking by a man he liked. Mr. Beverley was a good friend to him, and they set store by one another. I'm glad the old chap didn't funk. I'm uncommon glad he was brave and loyal. I couldn't stand having to be ashamed of the old man."

He had no cause to be, she had answered, and then had gone on to tell him of how the long, slothful, indifferent brothers had redeemed ignoble living by most noble dying. She had enlarged upon the theme, pleased with the pleasure she gave him in the description of qualities and conduct he could so thoroughly appreciate and understand.

She had not thought of herself at all, only of him, and now she was doubting if she had done wisely. Not that she regretted her impulse, or even her manner of showing it, but she feared he was not sufficiently fine of fibre to understand what she had done, and would simply regard her conduct as a woman's acceptance of a man's advances.

Already he was showing her that he recognized no barrier between them, nor any reason why he should not come to her as a man comes to the woman he loves. Nor did she wish to set up barriers in his case, highly as she regarded them generally. He had lifted himself above his class,—more, had elevated his class itself by the strength of his manhood, the worth of his endeavors. In him were still flavors of the parent stock, and they were disagreeable to her, but she was not weak and narrow-minded enough to think that because nature and circumstance had finished her class a little more finely than his, therefore she had a right to exalt herself and abase him.

What she desired was no acknowledgment of superiority, but to be unloved. She did not care for him, nor for anything he had; and, as she was not the kind of woman that craves promiscuous incense-burning, she objected strongly to his caring for her. It put her at a disadvantage. She was receiving something she did not want and could not reciprocate, and as yet had no way of ridding herself of, for Anthony had not spoken, and appeared in no hurry to speak, although there was no disguise of his intentions. She tried to make him understand how very distasteful he was to her, in the quiet incisive ways a well-bred woman always has at command; but she might as well have spared herself the trouble. Ned's lack of perceptiveness was great, and his knowledge of women—to say nothing of ladies—so small that it would have required a powerful lens to enable one to analyze and describe it; and of sensibility he had not one grain.

When little Ran rushed in for the second time within one month,

and rapturously told his mother of a great basket of provisions which had been sent to her old pensioners by Mr. Anthony's orders, Mary felt as though she would go distracted. If he had liked the poor old people, or felt a human, or even a philanthropic, interest in them, Mary could have reconciled herself to both his bounty and old Aunt Kitty's senile pleasure in it. But he made no secret of his dislike of negroes, and, she knew, still considered *her* the victim of cunning imposition and thought that her pensioners ought to be in the poor-house. No! humiliation of humiliations! he was not doing it for sweet charity's sake, nor entirely for love's sake,—although he wished to please her too,—but rather because he was “better able to stand being gouged than she was.”

When she had thanked him, after the first donation, very prettily, in her old servants' name, and said that they appreciated his kindness, he had laughed right out, and replied, at once,—

“No, they don't. They like the things, not me. Bless your soul, Mrs. Beverley, that old nigger hates me worse than a rattlesnake. He'll eat my flour and bacon, though, and my coffee will go down all right, even if he curses me between swallows. I don't blame him: the things taste good, and *you* ought not to have the whole burden on you. You won't let the county help, you know, so I'll stand in the county's place. I don't mind it, I assure you.”

Mrs. Beverley did: she minded it horribly, and would fain have had old Patrick reject the aid thus given. She found him quite content, however: the provisions had been sent by another negro, and there had been some excitement and importance in unpacking and inspecting the things, and some vainglorious enjoyment in the distribution of bounty in their turn to other negroes less fortunate; there had been no unpleasant contact with the donor, and old age, like childhood, forgets easily. Mary forbore to disturb the old man's peace of mind, or to reawaken a grudge that apparently was laid to rest.

But she felt that she had a fine stalwart grudge of her own, and that it was capable of growing. Both his consideration for her and his method of showing it annoyed her inexpressibly.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN a stagnant country neighborhood, where there is little to think about and less to talk about, people concern themselves a great deal with their neighbors' affairs, and fairly wear them threadbare with excess of handling. The bloom was hardly off the topic of Anthony's

arrival, his manners, appearance, and probable income, before his attentions to Mrs. Beverley began to excite interest and comment. In a quiet place, if a man so much as looks at a woman with intention, the very birds of the air all notice, and twitter and carry the news hither and thither, near and far.

Mrs. Beverley's friends and acquaintances knew all about Ned Anthony's hopes and intentions long before they forced themselves upon her notice, almost before he realized them himself. But then it must be admitted that he conducted himself in a manner highly provocative of gossip. He was friendly, almost intimate, with the male portion of the community, and saw a good deal of them in the village and about generally; but of the female portion he saw next to nothing. He was invited to the different houses, to be sure, even after Miss Cornelia had spread the report that she suspected him of low origin, and he went sometimes, but not very often. He was different from them all, he felt, and he did not enjoy their society. He was of the present, they of the past, and he had not the talisman which can unite the two. They were slothful, he was energetic; they were conservative, he was progressive; and his was not the nature to appreciate and enjoy the quaint, reposeful charm of their old-world thoughts and ways.

Mrs. Beverley formed a kind of border-land on which he could enter freely. Her nature was so large, and her adaptability so great, that there were few circles she could not touch sympathetically, even if but their outer edges. To her, therefore, Anthony devoted himself with a singleness of purpose which speedily attracted attention and provoked comment.

"Mary," remarked Miss Cornelia with sharpness one morning before breakfast, "every human creature, I do believe, in this neighborhood has asked me, in some way or other, your intentions in regard to that man across the ravine. As if *I* ever was taken into your confidence or given the faintest intimation of your intentions! I am your husband's aunt, of course, and, one would suppose, the person most likely to be consulted in all matters connected with the family. But you have never treated me with proper consideration or respect, and I may as well give up expecting it."

Mrs. Beverley was paralyzed by the suddenness of this onslaught, its virulence, and the time selected for it. In most natures combativeness is at a low ebb before breakfast: the system usually craves something more sustaining than excitement. Then, too, Miss Cornelia's habit was to come down late. Nothing less than an overwhelming need to free her mind would rouse *her* from her slumbers before eight o'clock in the morning. Whenever she made the exertion, some member of the

household might confidently count on having a very bad quarter of an hour.

Mary's heart sank like lead when she beheld her relative enter the dining-room and seat herself at the table.

"Intentions?" she repeated, vaguely. "I don't think I understand you, Aunt Neelie." She was tying on Ran's eating-apron, carefully moving aside his heavy curls to avoid fastening them with the strings, and she did not raise her head, or glance towards her aunt.

"Oh, yes, you do!" asserted Miss Cornelia. "You understand perfectly. You know as well as I do that that man has been paying you all sorts of compromising attentions, and that he is going to address you, if he hasn't already done so. I know nothing, of course. I am nobody. But that is what everybody says."

Feeling very sure that a storm of unusual violence was impending, Mary quietly directed the servant to take the little boys and their breakfast out to the kitchen. Miss Cornelia's tongue was unbridled when her temper was up, and she did not care what she said, or who heard her.

As soon as the door had closed behind the children, Mary turned to her aunt. "Who says the things you alluded to just now?" she demanded.

"Everybody. And they say that you're going to marry him, too, and ask *me* about it. It's perfectly disgraceful. It makes me furious to think of it; and I've denied it until my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth, and nobody will believe me. They are not going to believe me, either, as long as you allow him to come here. The only way to put a stop to the outrageous gossip is to forbid him the house at once."

The knowledge that we are the subject of comment and impertinent conjecture, that our affairs are being discussed and canvassed, always comes with a kind of shock. That people should gossip about us is revolting, even when we ourselves are given to gossip about others; when we are *not*, it becomes insulting in addition. Mary talked so little of her neighbors' affairs that to discover that they talked a great deal of hers made her exceedingly angry.

Miss Cornelia's proposition to garrote gossip and rob it of subject-matter by forbidding Ned Anthony the house made no more impression than the falling of a cinder. Even if disposed to perpetrate such injustice, what pretext had she? He always behaved in her house, and in her presence, in the most gentlemanly manner of which he was capable: he wished to please her and to stand well with her, and to that end exerted himself according to his lights. It is not

in the power of kings or kaisers to do more. She knew very well that he loved her, and that he would ask her to be his wife. It is of no consequence *how* she knew : such knowledge is arrived at by women by a process as inscrutable and as difficult of explanation as some theological dogmas. All the women in the neighborhood, apparently, were as wise as she was on the subject.

One thing, however, they did not know, and that was that Anthony had not spoken yet, and, with Mary's good will, would never speak.

Miss Cornelia, meanwhile, enchanted with the possession of so sturdy a grievance, and that most fascinating of all forms of grievance, a new shoot on a familiar stock, abandoned herself to its full enjoyment. She had a thing concealed about her which gave her superiority and a sense of mastery of her subject. In her pocket was a cartridge which was to blow Mary's obstinacy and impenetrability into a hundred mortifying fragments.

"That man ought never to have been allowed to set his foot across this threshold," she averred. "It is absolutely disgraceful, his having presumed to visit in *my* father's house ; and that he has been allowed to become actually intimate here is a thing that is too awful to contemplate. I have opposed it all along ; but when has my advice *ever* been taken in this house ?" An intense pause,—probably for contradiction, or some other form of reply : none came.

Miss Cornelia proceeded : "He is a horrid, presuming, pushing creature, and I *know* he comes of odious, common, uneducated people ; his whole bearing, as well as his offensive manners, shows it ; and he has no business mixing with genteel people. I don't care for his money. Anybody can make money,—even negroes. That's no criterion. I never encouraged him to come here, or made the place pleasant for him. But you are so perverse, and think yourself so much cleverer and more capable of judging than people of twice your age and experience, that there's no doing anything with you. I wonder what Hector would say, if he were alive, of the way you manage your affairs, and the scrapes you get yourself into. I'd write this man a note myself and forbid him the house, except that, as likely 'as not, you'd turn on me and say that the house was yours, not mine."

Mary's eyes were beginning to smoulder, and her face to pale. The lines about her mouth hardened, and in her low voice there was a quiver of intense anger.

"Aunt Cornelia," she said, "you are taking a most unwarrantable and unjustifiable liberty not only in repeating to me all the idle impertinent gossip of the neighborhood concerning me and my affairs, but also in taking part in it yourself. As you say, this house is *mine*,

and I shall receive in it whom I please and when I please, and treat them always with such courtesy as in me lies, so long as they do nothing to forfeit my esteem. You had better not intermeddle in my affairs, now or at any time in the future, for I tell you frankly that I neither can nor will endure it. As to my husband, you have no right to bring up his name in connection with the wicked gossip of a set of scandal-mongers. I can answer to my own conscience for my actions, and I am accountable to no other tribunal."

Miss Cornelia quailed a little; but she had been too long the family tyrant to surrender at the first charge.

"The man is of low birth," she snapped, malignantly. "He isn't a fit associate for you. It's disgraceful, his being allowed to visit here."

Mary's eyes blazed: "If the man were the son of a scavenger, born in a workhouse, and reared in the streets, and had no taint of crime upon him, I should treat him like a gentleman if he came to my house, so long as he conducted himself like a gentleman while in it. That is all I have to say on the subject, now or at any other time; and as this discussion is bootless and exceedingly disagreeable, I must beg you to drop it."

Mrs. Beverley spoke firmly, emphatically; but she reckoned without her host, or rather without her Cornelia, if she counted on a request to drop the subject ending the discussion. The old lady was for a moment stunned by the comprehensive democracy of her niece's statement, but only for a moment: rallying all her forces, she took the field prepared to do battle for her own way until she should rout her adversary or wear her out. Mary, knowing by experience what was coming, settled herself to endure with what patience she might.

For twenty minutes the battle raved, and raged, and howled, until poor Mary was driven to wish herself deaf and dumb and senseless. She stood to her guns, and defended her position gallantly; but such contests always exhausted her, mentally and bodily, and the victories she achieved were as depressing to her as defeat could have been. In one of the pauses of the engagement Miss Cornelia suddenly brought her heaviest gun, held in reserve till now, to the front. "What do you say to *this*?" she demanded, producing a crumpled envelope from her pocket and spreading it out right under Mary's eyes. It bore the New York postmark, and was addressed, in a neat, clear hand, to "Edward Jackson Anthony, Esq."

"I picked that up in the ravine yesterday afternoon when I was coming home from my walk. It was so near dusk I couldn't see the name without my glasses, so I put it in my pocket, and forgot all about

it until I put my dress on this morning. As soon as I laid eyes on it, I remembered that boy's whole name,—Edward Jackson Anthony. I ought to have remembered it before, because my brother Hector named him, after an old college mate. It was his looking so different from the rest, and calling himself Ned, that misled me. That yellow-fever report was false, it appears, and your fine 'Mr.' Anthony resolves himself into Jack Anthony, our overseer's son. Will you forbid him the house *now*?"

"No," responded Mary, positively. "I wonder you *dare* ask me such a thing, when you know that his father was with your brother in that awful charge at Shiloh, and that he saved my husband's life at the risk of his own. Those very brothers—the slothful men you scorn—died, sabre in hand, fighting side by side with Hector, and Archer, and Randolph, and Bolling, for *us*, and for Virginia."

"Perhaps you have known of this all along?" sneered Miss Cornelia, almost foaming with passion.

"I have known it a good while," acknowledged Mary, briefly; "not ever since I have known *him*, for Mr. Anthony does not thrust his affairs on any one. He waited for a fitting opportunity, and then he told me, as a gentleman should. He isn't ashamed of his origin, and he has no cause to be: his father was a poor man and an ignorant man, but at the same time he was a good and respectable man."

"And I suppose it is your intention to introduce the son of this 'good and respectable' father into *my* father's family!" ranted Miss Cornelia. "But I tell you, Mary Beverley, if you do, you will live to repent it. The man is low-born, and common, and odious, and the very idea of putting *him* in Hector's place is enough to make the bones of all the Beverleys for generations turn in their graves. *You* may stultify yourself with what excuses you please for this man, but *I* think that he has acted most dishonorably, and I shall take care to let my opinion be known. I wash^m my hands of you and of the whole affair. I will not remain in this house, either, to see my family disgraced by such an alliance. I will not countenance you a single moment. I shall leave for Richmond to-morrow."

Mary bowed her head in acquiescence in her punishment, and endeavored loyally to hide the look of relief that stole from her heart to her face. She was accustomed to these stormy withdrawals of her aunt's countenance, and was perfectly aware that within a week she would be in constant receipt of long and amicable epistles from her, and also that as soon as Miss Cornelia should weary of her kindred, or should fancy that they were neglectful, she would return as though nothing had occurred to mar the harmony of their intercourse. Her

threats, having lost all significance, had become to Mary but as the crackling of thorns under a pot.

Miss Cornelia's determination to abandon her to her own sinful ways was a special relief to Mary at this particular juncture, for the necessity of upholding the standard of justice and doing battle constantly in behalf of the man who loved her, and towards whom she felt resentment for loving her, was beginning to tell upon her,—to make her feel hedged in and committed.

She had no desire to become his champion, to espouse his cause, or to place herself, even mentally, by his side. She wished earnestly to hold herself, her life, and her environment, separate and apart from him; and yet her nature, her abhorrence of all narrowness and injustice and meanness, was constantly forcing her into a position which distressed and annoyed her, and which was, moreover, open to misunderstanding and misrepresentation.

Mary had made no vows of eternal widowhood. She had loved her husband with all her heart, faithfully and fully. When he was taken from her, she mourned loyally. She cherished his memory with tender, loving care; but time had brought the inevitable change, the inevitable passing onward. Hector was no longer her first thought, her first consideration: the past had given place to the present, and Hector's sons reigned in his stead. Wifehood had merged into motherhood, and the omnipotence of *now* transcended in importance the retrospective claims of *then*.

In this question of a marriage with Anthony, the thing that offended Mrs. Beverley most deeply was not the suggestion that she was capable of giving her husband such a successor, but that she was capable of giving her sons such a step-father.

CHAPTER XV.

MISS CORNELIA put her threat of abandoning Mary to her own evil devices into execution the following day; but before her departure she wrote notes of farewell—an unprecedented thing—to all her neighborhood friends, for the express purpose of letting them know what a viper they had warmed in their bosoms. She made no overt mention of her niece's name, for she was a lady in most things, despite her dreadful temper. But she inveighed at length and with bitterness against the degeneracy and dangerous democracy of the times, which overthrew all class-distinctions and allowed the upper and the lower

crust to come together in the social pudding without even a thin layer of proper pride to keep them from welding into one sodden mass.

Her outraged feelings, and a sense of the stupendous importance of her theme, gave the foolish old lady a certain eloquence that was touching, and almost pathetic, in its futility. It was the voice of the past crying out on the present, the voice of conservatism protesting against innovation.

The notes made considerable stir in the county, provoking a good deal of comment, and—oh, shame!—much laughter. The ladies, it is true, were a trifle nettled, and somewhat resentful, just at first, but more because they had been kept so long in ignorance of an animating bit of gossip than from any feeling of pique at having extended hospitality to a social inferior. In their own minds their position was too well assured for any mere external to derogate from it, and Anthony touched their lives in no other way. When the gentlemen were made aware that they had been fraternizing with the son of an overseer, they appeared to regard the matter in the light of an exquisite joke, and chuckled over it immensely among themselves. Like their wives and daughters, they were too accustomed to their own position to dwell upon it much, and they had all along been perfectly aware that Anthony was what is called a self-made man,—a fact which he had never either thrust upon them or concealed. The discovery that he was the son of old Bill Anthony, who had lived all his life among them and had been well thought of in a way, served to invest that process of self-making, which had been so successful in result, with a personal instead of an abstract interest for them. They were proud of him as a county man and a fellow-Virginian who had gone out in the world and done the old State credit. They beheld him through the illusive rose color of pronounced success, and bestowed upon him both admiration and approval.

"To think of old Bill Anthony's boy turning out such a clever blade!" chuckled Judge Wilmer, delightedly. "I remember the old man perfectly,—a slouching sort of fellow, always whittling sticks, with his mouth full of tobacco. Capital overseer he was, too,—kept the negroes up to the collar, and wasn't brutal to them. Any of us would have snapped him up if we'd had the chance; but Beverley hung on to him. Beverley thought a great deal of him, I remember. He came out well during the war, too,—saved Hector's life at Malvern Hill. There's good stuff in most Virginians."

Mrs. Wilmer let this bit of vainglory pass, while she took up a stitch in her knitting. She was a Virginian also.

"Weren't there a good many brothers?" she questioned. "I seem to remember a quantity of tow-headed children across the ravine."

"They were all killed during the war," replied the judge, cheerfully, "and a mighty good thing for this fellow, too. They were a worthless set, and would have hampered him. He need not be ashamed of them now, however, for they all died well, with their faces to the foe, as brave men should. That is the solitary good feature of war: it can burn away refuse creditably."

"I wonder why he never told us that he belonged to the neighborhood," mused Mrs. Wilmer. "I think he should have. It doesn't seem altogether fair."

"Nobody ever asked him any questions, that I ever heard of," replied the judge. "A man isn't obliged to go around with a personal history pinned to his back. You wouldn't expect it of one of us if we returned to a place after twenty years' absence and found none of our belongings about. The man didn't change his name, or make a big mystery of himself, and he hasn't thrust himself upon us. I can't see that he has done anything amiss in keeping his mouth shut about his own affairs. If he had become intimate in any of our houses, it would have been different; but he hasn't been intimate anywhere except at the Beverleys', and it seems that he did tell Mary."

"Cornelia is terribly afraid that Mary will marry him," observed Mrs. Wilmer. "I was over at Repton the evening before she left, and she was in a miserable stew over it. There had been a scene of some kind that morning about him. Cornelia wanted him forbidden the house on account of his birth, and Mary refused to do it. Cornelia was leaving for that reason. She said that Mary had insulted her."

"Mary is a wonderful woman not to insult her every day she lives. Cornelia Beverley is enough to make a saint caper and blaspheme," the judge said, crossly. "Ned Anthony is a good-enough fellow, but he isn't the sort of man to captivate a woman like Mary Beverley, if she is left to herself. If *that* is ever a match,—and I, for one, would be sorry to see it, in spite of his money,—it will be of Cornelia's making."

"How so, my dear?"

"Anna, how can you ask so stupid a question, and you a woman?" reproved her husband. "Why, by attacking him unjustly for things he can't alter and is not accountable for, in season and out, and forcing her to espouse his cause and make herself his champion. There's a lot of impulsive, generous South Carolina blood in Mary, and if she thinks a thing unjustly oppressed she'll rally to it, without a single glance at the ultimate cost. If she ends in Anthony's arms, it will be Cornelia's doing."

"I wish the man had been born a gentleman," remarked the old lady, regretfully.

Her husband laughed. "A gentleman makes himself," quoth he, sententiously: "he isn't made by his forebears. Many an arrant snob and rascal has a pedigree as long as my arm. Race is a mighty good thing, my dear, in men as well as in horses; it helps powerfully in the start; but there are other things that tell at the finish. Old Anthony had some traits which, if he transmitted them to his son, won't disgrace any stock that they are grafted on. He was poor and ignorant, to be sure; but Ned has mended that. Some of our best and noblest have risen from the ranks, you know. Henry was as poor as a broom-sedge field, and Clay rode to mill in the Hanover slashes in a costume which was, to say the least, unfinished."

"But they had genius, my dear," retorted his wife, impatiently. "We forgive anything to that sort. This man has no genius."

"He's made a lot of money," the judge observed, tentatively, "and that's the end that nineteenth-century genius has in view. Judged by the commercial standard, which is getting to be the universal one, Ned Anthony is about the biggest genius Virginia has ever produced. He's got millions in his pocket."

"I don't care if he has the United States Treasury in his pocket," asserted Mrs. Wilmer, positively. "I don't want Mary Beverley to marry him."

"Nor do I. But it isn't because his father was a good overseer instead of a sorry gentleman. My objection is to the man himself. Anthony's fibre is coarse,—good of its kind, you know, but not like Mary's. She belongs to a higher development; and if she makes this unnatural selection in a fit of generous enthusiasm, she will regret it,—the more, because she is too fine in the grain, and too stanch, ever to admit, even to herself, that she had made a mistake. I'd hate to see a woman like Mary smiling over a heart-full of broken ideals. She'd better go down to the grave as Hector's widow than spoil her life as another man's wife. Hector never disappointed her."

Mrs. Wilmer nodded her handsome gray head over her knitting. "Mary will never go down to her grave as Hector Beverley's widow," she declared: "her heart is too big, and her nature too sympathetic. She was strongly attached to Hector, and no mother could be more devoted than she is to his children; but her capacity for love is not exhausted yet, and she is young and attractive. Her marrying again will be no disloyalty to Hector: she will not love his children less, nor push his memory out of her heart. I consider it quite certain that she will marry again."

"Then I hope she'll get another sort of husband than Ned Anthony," said the judge, with whom Mary was a favorite.

CHAPTER XVI.

DAN STEWART had been domiciled in the little house across the ravine for more than a week, and, with his usual adaptability, had niched himself into his new environment. The few people who had met him were so charmed with him that more desired to share the privilege, and already the ripple of his popularity was circling around the neighborhood.

Mrs. Beverley's little boys were the first to make his acquaintance, being on terms of familiar intimacy already in the house of his entertainer, and they came home to their mother, after a lengthy call, perfectly enraptured.

"He's the nicest gentleman that ever was, mamma," quoth Hector, with enthusiasm. "He lived, when he was a little boy, far away in a country where the snow lays on the ground all the time, and the people go about on snow-shoes,—such funny things, like great long paddles,—and they have sleighs with bells on the horses' collars, and all the children have sleds, and slide down-hill, and run races, and have lots of fun. And they skate, mamma, like in the picture-books, on rivers twice as big as this, and walk about on the paddle-shoes. Look! I've got a picture of them, Mr. Stewart drew me." And he produced a rough sketch and exhibited it with rapture. "Oh, mamma, it must be lovely to live where it's awful cold! Wouldn't you like to go?"

"Go where?" asked Mary, smiling.

Then Ran, the accurate, took up the tale. "It's New Brunswick," he said. "I said it over to myself lots of times, and I remember it quite right, because of the stew with loads of pepper in it that Aunt Neelie likes. And, Hec, Mr. Stewart didn't say 'twas winter there all the time. Don't you know he told us about the flowers in the woods, and going after berries with his sisters? That couldn't be if there was snow all the time."

"That's so," acquiesced Hector, yielding the point; "but I didn't mind about the flowers. I can get them here; and I should so love to walk on paddles."

Mrs. Beverley herself was very favorably impressed when, the following evening, Ned Anthony brought his friend to call, a little proud of him, and vain of the intimacy, and anxious to show her that he had friends of his own making who could bear comparison with any in the land for birth and breeding. He sat very complacently and listened to their conversation, putting in a word or so now and then, for he was no

great talker, and needed to be specially roused and drawn out. He wanted these two to like each other; and he seemed in a fair way of having his wish gratified, for Stewart and Mrs. Beverley had many things in common.

Dan's sunniness of temperament, and vivacity, which was free and yet suggested reserves of gracious repose, were captivating to the woman who had had so much of moods and storms and senseless domestic upheavals. He was charming and sympathetic, and did not exhaust her by demands and exactions that kept her at high pressure. There was no necessity of partisanship, even in her own mind, or of self-reproach, or self-arraignment, in regard to him. She could like him without reservation, and enjoy his society absolutely, restfully, knowing that he would never grate on her in any way, or jar, or make a discord. He understood at once a suggestion, a word, almost a thought, and was instantly responsive.

What impression she made on Stewart shall be given in his own words to his friend as they took their way home together in the moonlight after the first visit.

"What do you think of her?" Anthony asked, lowering his lids and speaking calmly.

"That she's altogether the most charming woman I have met for many years," replied Dan, heartily. "She's intelligent, cultivated, sympathetic, and has the loveliest manners I have ever seen. If *she* is a fair sample of an F. F. V., and not a noble exception, I doff my hat, and say, God grant that the race never becomes extinct. Ned, is *she* 'little Mary'? I thought you said *Mrs. Beverley*."

A shade crossed Anthony's face, for he regretted the old dream still. "Little Mary lies there," he said, pointing towards the dark cedars standing clear and black against the moonlit sky. "You heard me right. That is Hector's widow."

Dan laid his hand quickly on his friend's broad shoulder. Such demonstrations were habitual with him, and never seemed effusive or womanish. He was sorry for the sad ending of a sweet, romantic dream, grieved for the pain that Anthony must have felt in its dissolution, yet even now in his heart there was satisfaction in the knowledge that the lady from whom they had just parted was in no way connected with that dream, and was simply "Hector's widow."

He threw himself into the project of the new house with enthusiasm, critically examined the site proposed, took in all its capabilities and even its possibilities, and set himself to work at once on plans and estimates.

He saw a good deal of Mrs. Beverley, and fell quite naturally into

Anthony's way of frequenting her house. They would take their plans over in the evenings, and spread them out on her parlor table, and discuss them, and argue over them, for Anthony had a good many notions which he was disposed to set up in opposition to his friend's views. When differences of opinion arose, both men would appeal to her, and Mary, unless the case involved a flagrant breach of taste, always decided in Anthony's favor, because she liked him the less and wished to balance matters. When she was forced to dissent from him, she would do so very gently, explaining her grounds of difference courteously and making quite sure that he understood her. With Dan she took no such pains, contradicting him often for the mere pleasure of matching her wit with his, and provoking merry arguments in which she held her own with skill and had trouble enough in securing a victory to enjoy it. Even when, as sometimes happened, defeat became her portion, she enjoyed that too, for her adversary's mode of triumph never grated on her, and his society was a stimulus and pleasure.

In their merry talks and wrangles Anthony took keen interest in his way, listening, and applauding loudly when it seemed to him that Mrs. Beverley had scored a point. It did not occur to him to be jealous: he was always present at their interviews, and could see their growing friendliness, but attached no importance to it. He had come to regard Mrs. Beverley as in some sort a possession of his own, and, being unversed in women, was confident that she liked him the better because she showed him the more consideration. Who was so fit to marry her as he? Who could afford her so many indulgences, and give her her own way in all her whims; and everything she wanted? Not Dan, certainly; for Dan was poor.

The week after Miss Cornelia's tempestuous retreat, two young cousins of Hector Beverley's arrived from Richmond at the old homestead, with big Saratoga trunks and the announcement that they had come to pay a good long visit.

"When the word went round that Aunt Neelie had invested Richmond, a perfect panic seized us," quoth Ella Henderson, the younger of the two girls. "Father beat his breast and tore his beard all the way down to his office, and wept copiously when he got there. I have it from the best authority; for Charlie Warwick was in to see him in the course of the morning, and says that the dear old gentleman was so unnerved that he couldn't attend to business. Mother is, unfortunately, Aunt Neelie's favorite sister: so we are to have the major portion of her visit. She is at Cousin Janie Carrington's now, but she's coming to us next week. Mother went to see her the morning after she arrived, and returned with the fatal intelligence. Then I looked over at Nan, and

she looked back at me, and by common impulse we decided to refuge *at once.*"

Mary had ushered her guests into a cool, shaded chamber, and was helping them to make themselves at home. The girls chattered gayly as they removed their dusty travelling-dresses, and Mary listened, much amused. She could gauge their consternation at their unloved relative's advent by her own joy in her departure. She was very fond of these two bright and pretty cousins, and glad to have them with her. Indeed, if they had not come of their own accord she would have summoned them. She had come to a crisis in her affairs when she longed for the support and refuge of the presence of other women.

Nan's pretty dark face was down in the cool water in the big old-fashioned bowl, but she managed to remark, between the dips, "We are going to stay until you send for the sheriff, Mary: so I thought it was just as well to tell Charlie he might follow later on. It's horribly stuffy in town, and I've ordered him to pay Aunt Neelie lots of attention in my stead." With a smothered laugh that gurgled in the water, "I wish you could have seen the gloom of his countenance: the Dane was a fool to him; melancholy distilled from every pore. He'll do it, though, because he really is a good-hearted fellow. I hope you won't mind his coming: he isn't a bit troublesome, and he'll need recuperation."

Mrs. Beverley assured her that she did not mind in the least, and that the *fiancé* would be most welcome. Then she turned smilingly to Ella and offered hospitality to her friends as well. But that young lady airily waved the offer aside. She was in the enviable position of caring for nobody and being the object of nobody's care, she said, and intended to loaf and wear out her old clothes and enjoy herself in delicious untrammelled solitude. To secure this end, she had, even amid the demoralization of their flight, retained sufficient presence of mind to quarrel with every man she knew. She was not going to let such disturbing elements as men spoil her rustication.

"There isn't much of *that* to dread up here," she added, laughing.

An idea dawned on Mary which sent a light of laughter into her eyes and caused a hidden dimple to play hide-and-seek in her smooth pale cheek. But when Nan asked for an explanation of her amusement she refused to give it.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SEASON of gayety now set in unknown to that quiet neighborhood since the last visit of these enterprising young ladies. Ella's declaration that she had come to the country to rest, and to be quit

of the disturbing element of masculine society, appeared like the breath of one's nostrils,—a thing that passes, leaving no trace that it ever has been. She neither rested herself nor allowed much rest to others, and she had not been in the county a week before every unmarried man within a radius of miles had found his way to the house.

In Dan Stewart she had an able auxiliary, for all his instincts were social, and between them they organized and carried through successfully quite a number of picnics, fishing-parties, and impromptu dances. Mary, drawn into the vortex by her impetuous cousin, enjoyed it all as much as any of them, and felt, somehow, as through the springs of youth and joy were being renewed within her. She rode and walked and fished with the rest, enjoying their pleasure and her own, and one evening she actually danced again,—a thing she had not done for years.

Dan had a very nice tenor voice, and both the Hendersons were musical: so a part of the evenings was usually devoted to music, singing and practising duets, and having strange and inharmonious concerts, wherein Dan imitated a French horn with his mouth (and thought he did it very well, too, although he sometimes had difficulty in making the rest agree with him), and Ella whistled like a mocking-bird, while Mary and Nan performed the instrumental part, and Anthony picked bravely on a banjo.

For Anthony had suddenly become a candidate for musical distinction. He had a good, although untrained, voice, and the natural taste for music which is so noticeable in his class in the South. One evening he surprised them all by appearing with an old banjo under his arm, which, he said, he had bought from a white man living back in the woods, for five dollars. The man was under conviction of sin, and mindful to be rid of Satan and all his works: so he had sold his banjo to Ned in preference to destroying it; for in all the Scriptures there is no verse which teaches that for his soul's salvation a man shall turn his back on profit, if so be he is poor already. This Ned told them while he strung his banjo up; and afterwards, sitting down before them so that he might beat time properly with heel and toe, he trolled out mining-camp ditties, and old plantation melodies that he had picked up from the negroes when he was a boy, to a rattling accompaniment that made the sheepskin sound again. Once he droned for them a really excellent imitation of an Indian funeral dirge, interspersed with wails and curious long-drawn howls, which performance transported the little boys with admiration and caused them for days to fill the house with such hideous sounds of mourning that Mary was forced to interfere and make it a punishable offence.

Anthony through his intercourse with Mrs. Beverley had overcome

his shyness with ladies, and enjoyed this intimate association with well-bred women more even than he realized himself until he came to look back upon it. He was sometimes over-bold, and often decidedly boisterous; but it was summer weather, and everybody was happy, so they were not captious or critical about him. With Mary, what he did and said no longer made a particle of difference: he had ceased even to jar upon her. For her, heaven and earth were filled with soft content, and all things were beautiful, all people tolerable, if not absolutely pleasant.

The days rolled on in peace and beauty until a month had passed, and then came the little rift in the lute, the tiny cloud in the sky.

They had been dancing,—that is, the girls and Dan and Mr. Warwick, who had come up from Richmond “for repairs,” he said, after a damaging course of civilities to Miss Cornelia. Mary played for them, and Anthony, who did not dance, leaned on the end of the piano and watched them. Dan was dancing with Ella Henderson, and, after a dozen turns or so, at a word from her they stopped in the corner by the piano.

“Let me play now, Mary,” said Ella, with mischief in her eyes, “and take a turn yourself. It will do you lots of good, and Mr. Stewart’s step is just perfection.”

“Please do, Mrs. Beverley,” Dan pleaded, eagerly. “You have never danced with me once, and I’ve begged you so often. Miss Ella’s compliment is to be taken with salt, but I’m sure we should get on together.”

Mary hesitated. “I haven’t danced for years,” she said, half rising.

“Then don’t lose any more time,” said Ella, usurping the piano imperiously. “All thought of the years is bootless: our part is to ‘chase the glowing hours with flying feet.’ Go dance, my dear, and never heed the years. Listen: I’m going to tempt you both with ‘Woman’s Love.’” She glanced up smiling as her fingers swept the keys.

Mary danced with the beautiful undulating movements of a daughter of the South whose feet have learned to follow the mazes of music from the very cradle, and Dan was the partner whom every woman he danced with felt at once that she had waited for for years. Never was a waltz more beautiful, never seemed a waltz more perfect, since music and movement first lent themselves to the embodiment of dreams and received a soul from love.

As Ned Anthony’s eyes followed the pair, moving softly to the softness of the music, for the first time a suspicion of what might be impending broke coldly, like the dawn of a winter day, upon his mind.

He was stunned for a moment, and stood quite motionless, with his lids drooped as was his custom. Ella spoke to him once or twice, but, receiving no answer, glanced at him over her shoulder. The pair were passing close, Dan's head a little bent as though he were speaking: his moustache almost grazed her hair, for he was but little taller, and Mary was smiling, and her eyes were downcast. Ned's jaw squared itself cruelly, and about his mouth deepened lines that would have shocked the girl who was watching him, could she have seen them,—hard, wolfish lines that the beautiful brown beard concealed, as the soft fur conceals the leopard's claws, and the soft marsh-grasses the serpents. The drooping lids seemed to intensify the sullen fire of the eyes, which glowed like a furnace through half-opened doors.

Ella stopped suddenly, and, obeying a curious impulse, touched as if by accident with her own the hand that rested on the edge of the piano. She afterwards described to her sister the sensation experienced:

"It was hard and tense, you know, like a man's hand is when he is about to deal a blow, and the knuckles stood out a little. I just touched it—barely grazed it—with my fingers, but it made them tingle. If I had taken hold of it, or laid my hand down on it, I should have got an electric shock. It was curious, Nan, to be within the circle of his sphere. He was almost rigid with jealousy, and yet was quivering with emotion. That man can be dangerous. I felt as though I wanted an insulator between us."

Nan found the topic one of more than ordinary interest. "You think that Mr. Anthony is in love with Mary?" she suggested.

"To be sure he is,—terribly in love,—quite head-over-ears. If you were not in love yourself, and consequently purblind, you would have discovered it ages ago."

"I did think so at first," Nan responded, thrusting aside the imputation of obtuseness. "Lately I haven't noticed much, because Mary has been throwing him with *you* ever since we came. She has really manoeuvred to do it; and that is unlike Mary. I took it into my head that she was trying to bring on a match between Mr. Anthony and *you*, because of all that money."

"She has been trying on that very game," quoth Ella, who occasionally elected to be slangy, "but it hasn't worked at all. It wasn't the money, though, Nan. Mary doesn't care for money. She's the most unworldly creature alive, and has lived in the woods so long that she has lost all appreciation of the dependence of mankind on the root of all evil. With Mary it isn't the universal root, the tap-root, the real foundation. What she wanted was to rid herself of an unwelcome adorer and to hand him over to me,—the hospitalities of the house,

you know. I saw through her at once; but I'm fond of Mary, and she's Hector's widow, and all that, and she can't bear the man, besides: so I tried to help her."

"I don't think you've succeeded, either of you," remarked Nan, impartially, not meaning to be disagreeable, but as one who states an undeniable fact.

"No, we haven't," admitted Ella, whose belleship rested on too sure a foundation for her to resent occasional failure. "We might as well have tried to alter the course of the Mississippi. The mischief was done, past all remedy, long before I entered the engagement. From my observation, I should say that Mr. Anthony is a man of one sentiment, and that of the colossal type. He is madly in love, and so is the other man, and both with the same woman."

Nan was standing before the mirror, brushing out her long black hair. She turned with the brush in her hand and regarded her sister earnestly.

"Mary doesn't care for Ned Anthony the value of a wooden tooth-pick," she said, slowly.

"I know she doesn't. I think—that is, I'm afraid——" hesitated Ella.

"What?"

"Never mind. I'd rather not say. I'll wait a little before telling you."

"Very well: it doesn't matter. I think so too."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE new house progressed but slowly. There were delays upon delays, such as are known only to the builder who must get most of his material from a distance. By the middle of August the walls were up half-way of the second story; then the supply of bricks became exhausted, and Anthony, having telegraphed in vain to the contractor, went down to Richmond himself to investigate the causes of delay.

Mary's guests were to leave her the following week, to join their parents at Capon Springs, where Miss Cornelia was also. Dan had come over by himself to spend the evening, because it was "lonely in the house across the ravine without Anthony," he said. He sat in a large arm-chair beside the centre-table, and the light from the lamps fell full on his ruddy locks and made them glow and glitter. Little Ran, who was rarely absent from his side, was perched on the arm of the chair, with his small bare feet on Dan's knee. Suddenly he

put up his hand to his friend's head. "How red your hair is!" he said, touching it; "just like coals of fire. I could make believe it burned me."

"Hush, Ran!" said Mary, quickly: "you must not be rude, my child."

But Dan put his arm about the boy and drew him closer. "Listen," he said, softly, "and I'll tell you about it. Long ago,—more than thirty years,—away in New Brunswick a little child was born. It was in the winter, and there was snow on the ground. From the trees, and the ledges of the rocks, and the eaves of all the houses, icicles hung in long, close rows, and every bough and branch and tiny twig on the trees and bushes in the forests and the shrubs in the garden were cased in ice, and when the sun shone on them it was very beautiful. But at night it was cold,—so bitter cold; and the wind would rise, and take the snow up in its arms, and toss it about in fine soft clouds that blinded people's eyes and made them stumble, and sometimes lose their way; and it was very dangerous to go abroad at night.

"When the little boy was one week old, there came a dark, dark night, with snow and wind and terrible sleet. The house where the baby's father lived was in the country, and stood in a great yard that was almost a little park. About twelve o'clock there came a noise under the windows of the mother's chamber, and the dogs howled, and the cat on the hearth-rug set all her fur on end. The nurse went to the window and drew aside the curtain, but it was so dark she could see nothing. 'Some one is lost in the storm, and old Bruno is straining on his chain,' she said, coming back to the fire, which glowed warmly, and touching with her foot the rocker of the cradle where the child was sleeping.

"Then the mother cried out from her bed that it must be seen to, and sent and had the father waked; and he and the nurse went out, and found in the snow beneath the window an old, old woman, bent and gray and shrivelled, so that the wonder was how she ever got there. She was almost frozen, and they carried her into the house, and into the mother's room, because there was the noblest fire. They laid her near it, and chafed her limbs, and wrapped her in warm clothing, and comforted her with wine. And the mother, from her pillows, looked on and told them what to do. Soon the old woman opened her eyes, and the first thing they beheld was the fire. 'How beautiful!' she muttered, and held out her withered hands; 'so beautiful! so beautiful!' and she went on for many moments murmuring about the beauty of the flames. Presently she espied the infant, and, leaning over the cradle, she scanned him long and earnestly."

Dan paused, his eyes shimmering with mirth.

"Go on! go on!" said the boy, impatiently.

"I know the old witch gave the child red hair," murmured Ella; "but go on."

Mary said nothing, but leaned nearer.

"The poor little thing lay there so pink and still and helpless, with its round bald head on the pillow, and its small hands folded like rose-leaves," continued Dan, "and he looked so innocent and lovely, that the old woman's heart was stirred, and she longed to do something for him. Passing her hand, therefore, over his head, and gazing tenderly on the fire, she said, slowly, 'To the child of the house that has sheltered me and warmed me I give the most beautiful thing in all the world. He shall be crowned with locks that glow and curl like the flames that leap from the heart of the coals. Their color shall rival the ruddy hue of the wine which is warming my frame, and their texture shall be as soft and as fine as the silk in the hands of the spinner.'

"Then the mother cried out against it, for it seemed to her a cruel wrong to put on a little child. 'Not so: it is a blessing,' the old woman said; 'for to those who love him the locks shall glow with warmth and beauty until they think that nothing in all the broad earth can compare with them; while to those who hate him they will seem hideous and suggest many unpleasant images, and all who hate him will speedily depart from him. And that will be good for the boy; because he will always have around him only those who love him.' Then the old woman vanished up the chimney, Ran, in a big puff of smoke; and everything she said came to pass; for the old woman was a fairy."

There was a pause when the tale was done.

Then Ella said, "After this I shall defend red hair from all aspersions. I shall maintain with all my strength that it is the color preferable to all others, and shall call it Titianesque and lovely."

Ran climbed up on the arm of the chair again and rested his soft round cheek upon it. "I love it," he announced: "it warms me all through to my heart, it does, and I think it's more beautifuller than any hair in the world."

There was nothing in the little story to account for it, but that night, when Mary was in her chamber, she took from between the leaves of her Bible a faded photograph of a fair, noble-looking man with eyes like Ran's, and gazed at it long and earnestly. Suddenly she bent her face down on it with a whisper that was almost a wail, "Oh, my dear, my dear! forgive me!"

CHAPTER XIX.

LOUNGING in a comfortable arm-chair on an old wooden porch in the witching light of the August moon, inhaling the breath of the mountains and speculating dreamily over the illusions of moonlight and mist and evening shadows, with a pipe, and a quiet conscience, and the friend of your heart beside you, is a situation that to most minds suggests possibilities of enjoyment, with discourse, tranquil, grave, congenial, or, better still, the silence of perfect companionship, and a soft yielding to the subtle enchantment of moonlight and tobacco. As the smoke rises from the bowl, or floats in tender wreaths from the lips, how limitless become the bounds of thought, how infinite grows its power! The earth is ours, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein; the mystery of eternal darkness, the effulgence of everlasting light; the depths of the inferno, the heights of the empyrean; the illusions of speculation, and the glory of revelation. All things finite, some things infinite, are ours, and we enter upon our heritage untrammelled save by such limitations of time and space as even the divine within us, the power of thought itself, may not altogether lay aside.

How changed is this when, instead of the friend of our heart, the woman of our love is beside us! Tranquillity vanishes with the smoke in which we may not indulge; thought contracts, intensifies, individualizes; our solution becomes a crystal. Even the thought of her, unaided by visible presence, is destructive to that peace of mind and inactivity of conscience so necessary to the full enjoyment of profound, or idle, speculation. One thought dominates all thought, and love is the nebula of a new world.

So Dan Stewart sat on the porch of the small house across the ravine, and thought of Mrs. Beverley, and failed of appreciation of his environment and opportunity, and wofully failed of deriving enjoyment from either. In good sooth, Dan was more than commonly troubled, and his conscience was as restless as a bird whose nest is threatened. His love for Mrs. Beverley (for, like a straightforward gentleman, he acknowledged to himself that he *was* in love with her, and very much in love with her besides) had been a thing of such gradual development that it was only latterly that he had come to full knowledge of its existence and its strength.

A word, a glance, the chance touch of her hand, an inflection of her sweet voice,—who knows how such knowledge comes? Suffice it that it had come: the scales had fallen, and revealed a passion grown to man's estate, imperious, insistent, powerful.

What should he do about it? Manhood as well as passion demanded that no time be lost in making the disclosure, and in seeking happiness, or at least the negative comfort of definite conclusion. Dan had little thought of himself in the matter, or of the downfall of his hopes, which was quite within the range of possibility. He thought himself unworthy of his love, as every man whose love is a thing of value must, for nobility of love is twin-born with humility, and he resolved, in an honest, manly way, that should he prosper in his wooing he would endeavor in all after-life to decrease that unworthiness. He thought also that Mary must be aware of the state of his mind towards her, since woman's intuition in such matters is keener than man's; but he longed to give them both the certainty of spoken words, and to put the issue at once into her hands, where it belonged. To Dan the meanness of indefinite giving was impossible: what he conceived in intention he substantiated in deed, and abided the result as a gentleman should.

The trouble, therefore, was not Mary,—at least not the present trouble. The element of discord which marred the harmony of the present and the anticipations of the future was Ned Anthony. His friend, who was now his rival, had never confided to him his later love, nor even hinted at its existence, but Dan's nature was too sympathetic not to have made the discovery speedily for himself. He had not invited Ned's confidence, as on another subject he would have done, and had it been offered he would have shrunk from and evaded it. But all the same he knew of the existence of Anthony's love for Mary Beverley, just as he suspected at times that Anthony was beginning to be aware of his own passion.

Had she been in truth the "little Mary" of the story he had listened to, and grown tender and sympathetic over, out in the lonely cañon, with the stars overhead, and the camp-fire smouldering down to a bed of embers, and the walls of darkness and solitude shutting them into a sanctuary of confidence, Dan's course would have been as plain as though sign-boarded at every step. He must have gone away at once, leaving the field free to his rival,—ay, and have stayed away, holding down all hope with a strong hand until such time as his rival's fate should be decided beyond all question. This he could and would have done as the natural outcome of honor and manhood; for it would have been an ignoble thing, and a cruel and treacherous one besides, to seek to snatch the solitary flower of a hard and barren life before it was clearly proved that the flower could never deepen its roots, and grow, and flourish into larger life.

But this necessity of abnegation had not arisen. This woman

whom they both loved was free for both to strive for; no past tie bound her to one more than to the other: there was no treachery, no theft, no breach of confidence, involved. They started almost even in the race, moreover; for, if Dan had gifts of mind and manner and position, Anthony had those of person and wealth and priority of acquaintance.

Yet, because of a feeling that he had, that to come to a man's house and partake of his hospitality, and then enter into rivalry with him for what perhaps he valued most in life, was not exactly the thing for an honorable man to do, Dan determined to bring his visit to a close, and to cancel his business engagement and leave the neighborhood as soon as his host should return.

Ned's manner had changed to him of late,—had grown fitful, sometimes almost surly. He would have a talk with Ned and explain exactly how matters stood, what he had done, and what he proposed to do, and how the affair was beyond his control and must be submitted for decision to a higher power. He would be quite open and fair and frank with Ned, as became good men and true who had stood by each other squarely in time of danger. Then, after all things were made straight with his host, he would leave the house before he should seek Mrs. Beverley, which of course he must do before quitting the neighborhood.

Having arranged all this in his mind, Dan felt more in harmony with Nature, more lifted to her level, as it were, and capable of enjoying her. He moved his chair more forward into the moonlight, and opened his cigar-case; then he turned himself so that his face was towards the opposite side of the ravine and his eyes could rest on a tiny point of light which streamed in reality through the nursery window, but which he thought came from Mary's.

He was not very much afraid of Anthony's rivalry, and it had only been the decision in regard to his own conduct towards his host that had occupied his attention. Vanity and himself aside, he felt very sure that Anthony had made no serious inroads on Mrs. Beverley's affections. She was too considerate, too carefully courteous, in her treatment of Anthony, to admit of the suspicion of any large or turbulent emotion. Then, too, Dan had noticed how persistently she had contrived to throw Ned with her cousin, how delicately she had manoeuvred that he should be Ella's escort on their little expeditions, should stand beside her when they sang, walk beside her when they strolled in the evenings, and be associated with her intimately in the thousand ways which have the alchemist's power of converting friendship into love. He had helped along the little comedy, knowing it to be comedy, and

suspecting that Ella shared his knowledge, although she played her part with spirit. He was amused at Mrs. Beverley's absorption in her scheme, and the ingenuity she displayed, and the trouble she took to spread nets and place honey for the bear who never even saw them, and whose whole thought was on the hive.

"I think Mr. Anthony admires Ella very much," she remarked one evening, complacently, after watching him give her pretty kinswoman a banjo-lesson, which seemed to involve proximity and some contact of hands. "He pays her a good deal of attention, and she is very pretty. Don't you consider her uncommonly pretty?"—a little anxiously.

"Quite so," he assented, readily. "She is clever and vivacious, too, and I know she amuses Anthony immensely. He says that she is all around the jolliest girl he knows, and has no nonsense about her."

Mary did not know exactly what this comprehensive form of masculine commendation meant, and to her ear it sounded too free-and-easy to be specially complimentary. To her mind, the phrase "has no nonsense about her" implied the absence of some qualities which she knew very well that men greatly value, and it was not one that she wished to think representative of Anthony's state of mind about her cousin. It was entirely too practical to be suggestive of much romance. Still, Anthony was an eminently practical man, and she refused to loose her hold on hope, in spite of a tolerably extensive acquaintance with masculine nature.

Anthony's position in the matter was summed up by himself in a few words in a subsequent conversation with Stewart, of which the Henderson girls, and particularly Ella, were the theme. Both men agreed that Nan was a lovely little creature, just the sort of woman most men—themselves excepted—would desire for a wife. Of Ella, Anthony said,—

"She's a rattling good sort, that's what she is. Just the woman for a chum, for she's up to everything that you are, and knows how to give and take,—hit you a good square blow straight from the shoulder, and then shake hands. She's got a head for business on her, too, and is as practical and keen as a claim-jumper. But for a wife! Good Lord, deliver us! She knows how to look out for herself far too well. She doesn't give a man a chance."

CHAPTER XX.

THE girls had been gone two days,—long enough for the edge of their departure to be turned a little on the granite of daily routine, but not long enough for the space their going left vacant to be filled with other matter.

As she sat in her softly-lighted, quaint old parlor, Mrs. Beverley greatly missed them. She felt miserable and downcast too, for Ran, although a good child in the main, was subject at times to fits of stubbornness that exhausted his mother and tried her patience and self-control far more than Hector's temper. And he had taken the occasion of the very hottest day in all the year, in the middle of the afternoon, when the thermometer stood at ninety, to get into a tantrum, and to remain in it with a dogged persistence which Mary really thought would be the death of them both before she could subdue it.

The trouble arose out of a dispute between the brothers relative to the proper time for taking the old drake with the wen under his chin (numbered among Ran's possessions) down to the little pond in the ravine for his daily swim. Ran wished to take him at once, because of the heat, and Hector, for the same reason, desired to defer the trip until later in the day. From some cause,—the heat, perhaps,—both children were out of tune, and in the most favorable condition for taking offence, so that an able-bodied quarrel was in progress before either combatant realized whither persistence and temper were leading them. In the course of it, statements were made with force, and as forcibly contradicted, until finally Ran deliberately applied to his brother an insulting epithet composed of four letters, and emphasized the same with a word of strength picked up from intercourse with Ned Anthony, who was careless in his talk; and for rejoinder Hector promptly knocked him down.

Things had reached a crisis before Mary appeared upon the scene and summoned her unruly sons to judgment. With Hector she had little trouble: his disposition was like her own, and she could understand and cope with it. He was fiery of temper and instant in resentment, but he was also generous, sympathetic, and well balanced. There was rarely any difficulty in making him comprehend the moral aspects of his conduct, or in helping him to self-government, which was his mother's aim.

But Ran—poor little Ran, over whom her heart yearned most, because he was most unlike her—was of a totally different type. With depth of nature and many endearing traits he united persistence of will and an unforgiving temper. It was difficult to make Ran abandon a

point, still more difficult to make him express or—worse still—*feel* regret for wrong-doing. His actions were more often the result of deliberate intention than of impulse. "I know it was wrong. I did it on purpose, and I won't say I'm sorry. I'm *not* sorry," he had declared on one occasion. And his disheartened mother knew that the child was speaking the literal truth.

Mary sat thinking of her little son somewhat mournfully. Every struggle with him left her weaker, cost her more in vitality and will, and she was owning sadly to herself that, young as he was, the boy was getting beyond her power of management, that he needed, even now, a stronger hand, a more resolute will, than hers. She felt so helpless, so weary, so powerless to guide aright either herself or her boy.

It was not Ran alone that lay heavy on her mind. Business cares oppressed her,—tenants' quarrels and mismanagement, the knowledge that she was going behindhand, and that the remnant of property on which they all depended was decreasing in value in her hands, and that she was powerless to help it. All this was making the present hard, and the future dark; and when the evening mail brought her a letter from Miss Cornelia announcing her immediate return, and giving manifold directions about preparations for her reception, most of which Mary knew must be carried out by her own hands, she felt that her cup was indeed full to overflowing.

In this mood Dan Stewart found her. He had walked over, partly influenced by the restlessness which oppresses lovers out of sight of the beloved, partly to announce Ned Anthony's return the following morning and to hint at his own intended departure. In coming through the garden, which was the nearest way, he broke off a branch of pale-pink rose-buds of a kind rarely seen save in old-fashioned gardens, and brought them in to her, laying them in her lap with a remark upon their delicacy and beauty.

He did not try to make her talk, or to attract her attention, or to make demands upon her courtesy. He said a few words about her being tired, and not troubling to amuse him, and then he went over to the old piano in the corner, from whose faded, time-worn keys his skilful fingers could still coax sweet music, and played for her a long time all the soft and tender strains he could remember. After a while he sang to her, in his sweet pure tenor, a grand old chant or two,—*"Come unto me,"* and *"I know that my Redeemer liveth,"*—and then a cradle-song that was a mother's crooning over her infant's slumber.

The tears came to Mary's eyes, and overflowed them, falling like bright drops of dew upon the roses in her hands. She did not try to

stanch their flow: they comforted her. He was not looking, only helping her with such tenderness, such delicacy and skill, that somehow all her troubles seemed to be slipping away and a dawn of joy and peace to be drawing near.

When at last he rose to go, and, leaning over her chair, held both her hands in his, perhaps her eyes disclosed more than she was aware of, for he stooped and kissed the hands he held, and whispered that he would come again,—that he had something which he wished to tell her.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN alteration of one's plans, after definite arrangements have been made, cannot always be said to be attended with success, even when time is saved thereby, and inclination or impatience gratified.

In the first place, the haste consequent on any sudden change is injurious to that repose of mind and movement which is the *summum bonum* of rational existence; in the second place, it argues a mutability of purpose which is subversive of character and conduct; and in the third place, it is apt to precipitate the changeful person into the very position least welcome to himself and others. The moral of which short sermon is: if a plan is definitely made, stick to it in its entirety, unless driven from your stronghold by positively overwhelming circumstances.

Ned Anthony telegraphed his friend that he should leave Richmond on the night train and be with him at Repton to breakfast the following morning, and, instead of that, finding, after the message had been despatched, that he could arrange to leave by a much earlier train, he did so, and at the very time that Dan was playing to Mrs. Beverley, instead of being in a Richmond restaurant consuming food and iced drinks, he was removing the dust of travel in his own room across the ravine.

When his outer man was made presentable, Ned opened a small valise standing on the table, and took from it sundry packages, which he stowed in his various pockets. He had thought of them all during his short absence, and had remembered them all in his preparations for his return. He bought confectionery for the young ladies, and two dangerous knives with so many blades and of such wicked keenness that there was no possibility of Mary's allowing him to carry out his intention of presenting them to her little boys. He also bought a book on architecture for Dan, a copy of which had been in that gentleman's

possession for many years, only that Ned did not happen to know it, nor that the work was an old one. This last he laid upon the table, for presentation when they should have smoked their pipes out and discussed his trip in all its business aspects and Dan should have reported building progress. It was a bulky volume, and would not readily accommodate itself to a man's coat-pocket. Last of all he took out an oblong package, wrapped in layers of soft white paper, which he removed with his supple brown hands and laid carefully aside, disclosing a beautiful blue plush case with dainty clasps and a look about it that was unmistakable. Anthony touched the spring, and, lo, in the prosaic lamplight there was a flash and a sparkle as though myriads of fireflies had been caught and pinned to the soft blue satin.

Anthony turned the case in his hands, catching the flash of the jewels and admiring the play of the light and the sparkle of the prismatic colors. Diamonds of the purest water,—thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds,—a necklace and pendant, a pin and ear-rings, bracelets, and ornaments for the hair,—a complete set, even to the ring, and valued at Tiffany's, from whence they came, at two hundred thousand dollars. Anthony's Western training had in no wise eradicated the instincts of his Southern blood towards reckless extravagance.

He lifted first one ornament, then another, and pleased himself with fancying how their sparkle would light up the dusky coils of Mary Beverley's hair and intensify the lustre of her eyes. His thoughts about his love were practical and material, as was his nature. He had made up his mind to marry Mary, just as he had made up his mind to achieve fortune, and his methods of compassing the two ends were precisely similar. Sheer force of will, steadiness of purpose, and absolute disregard of aught that might stand in his path had made him a millionaire; and unconsciously he expected the same forces to make him Mary Beverley's husband. Latterly an occasional thought of Dan as a probable rival had kindled a smoulder of jealousy, but he had stamped it out contemptuously. What had Dan to offer a woman like Mary Beverley in comparison with what *he*, Ned Anthony, could show?

When he had enjoyed the richness and beauty of the gems until the pleasure palled on him, Anthony removed the ring, which he slipped into his vest-pocket, and closed the case, enfolding it once more in its layers of soft paper. There was in the room a heavy sole-leather trunk with brass clamps and a combination lock. This Anthony opened, and deposited the case inside, amid a heterogeneous collection of miner's clothing, specimens of ore, a bowie-knife in a worn sheath,

a lariat in a coil, a broken rifle, a pair of Mexican spurs, and a couple of revolvers. One was an English "bull-dog," the other an ordinary Colt's navy, and both had a look of use and service. Something in the sight of them seemed to stir old memories,—and memories of a wild and reckless sort, to judge from the light that came into his half-shut eyes, and the lingering, almost caressing, way in which he raised and handled them.

When he rose from his stooping position the English pistol was still in his hand, and he held it to the light, and turned it, and polished it with his handkerchief, and examined the chambers to see whether they were loaded. He held it after he had closed and locked the trunk, and finally, obeying some old influence, he slipped it into the breast-pocket of his coat.

It had been months since he had laid aside this pistol, which for years he had worn habitually. During one of his visits to Mrs. Beverley in the weeks subsequent to his return to Virginia, he had allowed little Ran to draw the weapon from his pocket, and was thoughtlessly beginning to explain its mechanism to the child and to instruct him in its use, when Mary, in wild alarm, descended upon the pair and almost snatched the revolver from the boy's hands. She entreated Anthony never to come near her sons again with a pistol in his pocket, as there was no telling what ghastly accident might be the result.

He had been amused at her terror, which he considered superfluous and foolish, but he had been moved by it to lay aside his pistol. To-night, however, the old feeling of comradeship for the weapon, the old liking for the feel of it against his breast, returned with the memories and associations called up by the sight of its familiar stock and barrel, and he slipped it instinctively to its old place.

Leaving the door of the house on the latch, as was his custom, he started briskly across the ravine to the quaint, pretty parlor, where he expected to find the party as he had left it,—the girls at the piano, with Dan, and perhaps the young fellow from Richmond, in attendance, Mrs. Beverley in her favorite low chair near the hearth-rug, and the children mercurially revolving about, as was their wont before the waning of the evening despatched them to the nursery.

The air was still oppressive, although a little fresher than at night-fall: there was no breeze stirring, nor any suggestion that a breeze might spring up later. The moon, a silver bow, rested on the topmost branches of the dark old cedars, its power of illumination feeble still, but on the increase. The silence of nature was so profound that extraneous sounds were intensified and made more penetrating.

As Anthony leaped lightly across the brook at the bottom of the

ravine, the sound of music stole down to him,—soft, slow music, with a tender, hushing cadence, as of a mother wooing slumber to her babe: some one was singing a cradle-song.

Through the garden he went, between the stiff box borders and past the old rose-trees bowed down with a weight of blossoms. He struck at them with his cane as he passed along, sending the pink petals and the little buds to the ground in showers. The gate swung to softly after him, and he crossed the yard with his heart as light as a boy's, his thoughts busy with anticipations. As he neared the window through which he had gazed that evening in November, nine months before, the same impulse seized him to approach and look in on them, himself unseen; and some boyish idea of a practical joke, such as striking suddenly on the window-ledge, or vaulting in among them, presented itself.

The window was wide open, and the long lace curtains hung straight, unswayed by the motionless air. Anthony parted them with his hand and looked in. The room was still, the light clear and soft; the music whose sound had reached him as he crossed the ravine was hushed, and, instead of the gay party he had expected to surprise, there were only two figures in the room,—a man and a woman.

The woman sat in a low chair, and the man bent over her: her head was thrown back, her eyes raised to other eyes which gazed down into them with a look easily enough interpreted. No need to tell him who she was,—who both were: he knew only too surely. The knowledge was burned into his brain with the fire of that bitterer knowledge which came to him like a revelation.

With an oath so savage that it seemed as though the very air must shudder to receive it, he dropped the curtain back into its place and turned away.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN his brute rage it seemed to him that he had been foully dealt with,—that an enemy, in the guise of a friend, had invested his camp and laid it waste,—that he was being stabbed with a knife drawn from his own sheath. This man had listened to his story, had encouraged him in his aspirations, had counselled, sympathized, and suggested, and then, like a thief in the night, had crept in and stolen the treasure.

In the burning heat of wrong and outrage, all possibility of justice, all power of rational discernment, were consumed. His identification of the woman with the child had been so complete that his mind had

no longer power to separate them. He could not think ; he could only feel. All the earth and the air and the spaces of the infinite were pulsing madly with his wrong. His passion made his heart beat like the sledge on burning metal, sent the blood to his brain and oppressed its power of perception, and filled his ears with a dull roaring as of imprisoned waters ere the ice breaks to rush and rend and destroy.

A door opened, and closed quickly ; footsteps sounded on the porch, the steps, the walk in front of the house ; a whistle clear and joyous as that of a school-boy cleft the brooding air. Dan was on his way home now, to the house across the ravine, where the door was on the latch, and the gift on the crowded table. Somehow Anthony drew back under the shadow of the trees, out of sight, and let him pass.

The moon still hung poised above the cedars, but it had won free from the obstruction of their branches, and cast what light was in its gift to the earth ungrudgingly. The path was light enough, but under the trees the shadows lay dense and black. Dan came down the walk whistling : his step was light, as though, in the sense of universal good new-born within him, the touch of earth were pleasant to his feet. He neared the shadow where his friend lay ambushed, passed it, and went on in the pale moonlight. Anthony's hand was in the breast-pocket of his coat, and his eyes gleamed narrow through the drooping lids.

At the gate Dan paused to light a cigar, striking the match against the upper bar : his hands were raised protecting the flame instinctively, although the air was still : his back was towards the shadow. Anthony's hand stole forth with the revolver : his right arm stiffened as he took aim at the bending head : his eye was steady, and his finger on the trigger was as firm as the metal it touched : the moonlight made a little track along the barrel of the pistol.

The arm twitched, the finger on the trigger shook, the eye faltered, and the aim grew unsteady. A thought had flashed through the maddened brain, a recollection powerful enough to balk the deadly purpose, to strike the arm to his side. Was it ruth, or memory of friendship, or compassion for the woman whom he loved, and whose love he was about to slay ? Not one of these things would have moved him. What did, was the simple fact that Dan was unarmed, and that his back was towards him.

He stood and watched his rival pass through the gate and down the path which led across the ravine by the longer way,—the same on which Mary had left him in indignation some months before. A baffled, beaten feeling was growing in his breast, a sense of impotence and failure ; jealousy and brute animosity strained on the leash like blood-

hounds, but rough honor held them back with a strong hand, and the man stood shaking from head to foot, cursing under his breath. He could *not* shoot down an unarmed man from behind.

Turning in the opposite direction, he retraced his steps through the old garden. He was not going home: he had no wish to meet his rival: the sense of impotence was growing. What had come of it all,—the long struggle, the waiting and working, the ambition, and the final success? What had it availed him? Money! a place among men! a monster fortune! Of what use was the money? He wanted love,—this love, no other; and all the wealth of that fabulous mine of his was inadequate for its purchase.

His mind went back to that lonely cañon, the red-wood hut by the snow-fed tarn, the leper driven forth to die, and die alone. Of what use had this gold been to the leper? Could it buy him pity, sympathy, tendance, even tolerance, among his fellows? Had it been powerful to avert misery, loathsomeness, death? He remembered how he himself had sickened at the sight of the scarred visage and had shrunk from the touch of the leprous hands; how the cup of water had been given with averted face, and the vessel afterwards broken to prevent all possibility of its ever touching cleaner lips; how he had fought with disgust in the performance of those last offices for the dying and the dead; how hastily he had fashioned the rude resting-place, how shudderingly he had placed in it the poor defaced thing that had once been human, how he had shovelled in the earth with a sense of relief that from this fair world had been removed a foul blot.

He felt strangely drawn to that lonely grave, strangely akin to its miserable occupant. Was not his case like the leper's? Was not *he* driven forth from the love and sympathy he craved, to dwell for evermore amid the rocks and the awful solitude? The leper's fate was his,—and the leper's gold.

Oh, the mockery of it!—the bitter, bitter mockery! It was his, that store, his to hold and enjoy, his to spend or save or give, and he stood a lonely man beside a tiny grave under the shadow of a dark old cedar, breaking his heart over a broken dream!

CHAPTER XXIII.

DAN STEWART was puzzled. Three days had elapsed since the one appointed by Anthony for his arrival, and there was still no sign of its taking place. He was more than puzzled; he was worried and im-

patient. He wished matters squared between them at once, so that he should be free to speak to Mrs. Beverley, free to drink deep of the cup of happiness standing ready for his lips. And he wished most eagerly to be rid of his business engagement to his host, to be relieved from the irksome position of guest in a house where his welcome was already a thing of the past.

He had plans of his own, too, with which delay interfered,—plans for the future which were growing in importance. He wanted to be up and doing, to be working with all his strength to bring that future nearer. This delay made him restless and ill at ease.

On the morning of the fourth day he telegraphed to Richmond, to Ned himself, at the hotel where he usually stayed, and to the agent at the ticket-office. An answer came promptly from both places, from the clerk of the hotel and from the ticket-agent, and the intelligence they gave was substantially the same: Mr. Anthony had left the city several days before, but by an earlier train than the one appointed; of his subsequent movements they were ignorant.

Then Dan's restlessness increased. He was under no apprehensions about his friend, for he had full confidence in Anthony's ability to take care of himself. What he feared was a complication of business-matters which might detain him from home for weeks, or even months; and Dan was in no mood for waiting. He was sustained in this view by the arrival of the delayed building-materials, and of a couple of skilled mechanics, whose services he had requested Anthony to secure.

He had no doubt that Anthony would communicate with him in a few days, but he chafed under the necessity of inaction, the impossibility of opening communication himself. He felt that he was not acting fairly by Mrs. Beverley, in that he had promised to speak and had not spoken. Altogether, Dan was in a much exercised state of mind.

Under the influence of his restlessness, he went into Anthony's chamber, which he had not entered since Ned's departure. It was in some disorder: a coat lay on a chair, a dark-blue hunting-shirt on the floor at the foot of the bed, and a pair of dusty boots under the table. Dan glanced around curiously, a little oppressed by that feeling of intrusion we all have when entering unauthorized another man's premises while they still retain the stamp of his individuality. His eye fell upon the space beside the bed where the brass-clamped trunk formerly stood. The space was empty. This surprised him, for he remembered that Anthony, having meditated only a short absence, had taken with him a valise. Could the trunk have been stolen, or had it been removed by its owner's orders? The latter appeared unlikely, as, had

he required the trunk, the most natural mode of procedure on Anthony's part would have been to write to him—Dan—to forward it. Then, too, he knew that the doors of the house were seldom secured, even after nightfall, and that he himself was often away.

With this new train of thought uppermost, he walked over to the table, and began moving the things about, searching for some evidence of a nature likely to prove useful in case his conjecture in regard to the missing trunk should prove correct. As he moved the things with which the table was littered, his hand came in contact with a handsomely-bound book on architecture. He pushed it aside without a thought, and in doing so displaced a blotting-pad under which lay a couple of letters. These were addressed in Ned Anthony's bold, thick hand, and one bore the name of the lawyer already mentioned, and the other his own.

With a feeling that there was something here that he did not understand, Dan broke the seal of his at once. It was written on a half-sheet of business paper, and had no form of address at the commencement. A half-dozen lines conveying brusquely the information that Anthony had determined on suspending the building of his house, and that he had placed his Virginia affairs in the hands of his lawyer,—that was all. In it was enclosed a check for the full amount agreed upon between the two men as the sum to be handed over at the completion of the building.

Not a word of his future plans, not a word of his present movements, not a sign of regret for the friendship he was so rudely breaking, or of sorrow for the rupture of old associations. Only those few rough lines, and the long pink slip of paper that represented so many dollars.

Dan stood bewildered, feeling as though he had received a blow in the face, as though his honorable intentions, his consideration and his friendship, had been flung back upon him with a curse. His mind, quickened by a sense of outrage, worked back feverishly and gathered a tolerably correct estimate of the case. He saw the stunned enlightenment, the jealous fury, and the deadly animosity, and, with a swift impulse, he tore the check in fragments and cast them beneath his feet.

* * * * *

But he did *not* see the sinking arm, the trembling hand, the faltering eye, nor the quivering frame lying prone on the ground with its fierce eyes hidden and its burning heart pressed against the unresponsive sod of a little grave.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE weeks and months passed swiftly. Summer deepened into autumn, autumn drooped and faded into winter, and a year had passed since Ned Anthony sat on the fence in the November twilight and trimmed the hickory rod. Within that time many changes had occurred which had afforded the neighbors much delectable gossip and great store of keen enjoyment.

Something was occupying the public attention now that appeared likely to afford endless interest and discussion and to usurp the place occupied in the popular mind by Mrs. Beverley's approaching marriage to Dan Stewart, the New York architect, and Miss Cornelia's unlooked-for pleasure therein.

There had been so much happening to the Beverleys for more than a year that the family had come to occupy a large place in the thoughts and conversation of the neighborhood, and in this last item concerning them the interest culminated. It was an unprecedented happening,—nothing less than the filing in the records of the county court-house by Mr. Meredith, the village lawyer, of a deed of gift wherein it was stated that, “in consideration of benefits received and moneys given by Hector Randolph Beverley, deceased, to Edward Jackson Anthony, said Edward Jackson Anthony conveyed, assigned and deeded to Charles Warwick, of Richmond, and Howard Wilmer, of — County in the State of Virginia, as trustees and assignees, the estate” (fully described) “known as Lower Repton, for the use and benefit of Hector Beverley and Randolph Beverley, infant grandsons of said Hector Randolph Beverley.” The instrument was clear and concise, and the property was to be equally divided between the boys when little Ran should attain his majority.

The neighborhood could not get over it, and Ned Anthony rose in the estimation of his old county to the very pinnacle of popularity. It was a noble thing to do, they said,—quixotic, perhaps, but generous and fine; delicate, too, since, with her boys, Mary would be indirectly benefited. The neighborhood had decided long ago that Mary had refused Ned Anthony, and, in the glamour cast by this deed of his, they were disposed to think that she had acted unwisely. The way in which it had been done appealed to them particularly,—the putting back of the benefits which this gift was said to acknowledge two generations, so that the increase of prosperity to the grandsons might seem the natural outcome of the grandsire's generosity, instead of the bounty of a stranger. The affair in its entirety was worthy of a gentleman and a

Virginian. In that phrase their eulogium culminated. It was the highest encomium they could conceive.

"He's a noble fellow, after all," remarked Mrs. Judge Wilmer, as she took her knitting from its bag, "and Mary might have done worse than marry him. Cornelia never would have consented, it is true, and would have made herself intolerable; but she does that often anyhow, so nobody need have minded. Decidedly, Mary might have done worse than marry him."

"Then you're not satisfied," observed her husband, "and would reverse the decision of the court and move for a new trial, if you were able?"

"No, I would not," contradicted his wife. "I'm fond of Mr. Stewart, and Mary is as happy as possible, and the children are devoted to him, particularly little Ran, who is a difficult child. Still—poor Ned! He has done a noble thing, that we must all allow."

"I do, my dear," replied the judge. "It was a noble thing, and delicately done for the man. He is capable of many noble actions; but there are gaps between, and in these very gaps come the most of daily living. It is far better as it is."

Mrs. Wilmer knitted on in silence. Presently she said, softly, "Poor Anthony! I wonder what his future life will be, and what he will do with it."

The judge laughed in genuine amusement. "You women are so romantic!" quoth he. "I believe you are picturing Anthony to yourself dying slowly of a broken heart, like the hero of a novel, or with a pan of charcoal on the table and a revolver under his pillow. He will do nothing of the sort, if my estimate of his character be a true one. For several years to come he will throw himself into the fever of money-getting; and, as he doesn't need it, success will hang upon his skirts, and his prosperity will increase until his wealth becomes phenomenal, and the Stock Exchange will wait upon his nod, and the money-market will fluctuate with the waving of his hand."

"And then——?" she questioned; for the lot seemed glittering but empty,—the splendor of an inlaid case in which there is no soul of music.

"And then," replied her husband, "he will weary of it all: the sport will grow stale, the excitement lose its zest. And in search of new interest he will probably turn to politics, and go to Congress, where he will hammer 'vital questions' into ponderable and practical shape, and become a 'bulwark' or an 'obstruction,' according to the point from which he is regarded. Party-men and placemen will alternately canonize and crucify him, and lobbyists will speak of him with wailing

and gnashing of teeth. And through sheer force of will and lack of perceptiveness, sheer presence of sense and absence of sentiment, he will become a power in the land ; but whether for good or for evil, is beyond my power of divination."

Mrs. Wilmer folded her beautiful hands together and turned her face towards her husband. "Will he be happy?" she questioned.

And the judge replied, "God knows. Who among us dare affirm that he is happy, or would win belief if he should make the affirmation?"

THE END.

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A DAY WITH THE PRESIDENT.

IT is only in the United States that the subjects are the sovereigns and the ruler is the slave. The President cannot even have office-hours without offending some part of the body politic, who not only expect him to devote his entire time to their interests, but insist that he shall occupy it in doing them favors. Ninety per cent. of those who visit the White House seeking an official audience do so knowing their mission to be a doubtful one. Half of them realize that there is only one chance in a thousand of getting what they are after; yet they will waste their own time, and, what is more serious, that of the President, following a forlorn hope, to gratify their friends or to convince themselves of the accuracy of their own judgment. The ordinary man of business would not tolerate such intrusions; but what is a President for?

Mr. Lincoln, whose boundless humor was a tonic as well as an armor, once asked Surgeon-General Barnes where he could get the smallpox. "For then," he said, "I shall have something I can give to everybody."

President Cleveland is blessed with an enduring constitution, infinite patience, a phlegmatic disposition, tough nerves, and sensitiveness far less acute than that of his immediate predecessor. He can say "No" with composure. Grant was able to dismiss an important bore without the slightest sign of favor or disfavor, and could repeat the operation indefinitely without a quiver of the nerves. His reputation for taciturnity was a great protection. Hayes seemed always to assent to everything. He had a book in which he made, or pretended to make, a note of all that was asked of or suggested to him, and would dismiss a caller with

a promise to give it consideration. The Congressmen and others who saw him frequently regarded this object with suspicion, and called it "The Book of Oblivion." An office-seeker said one day to Judge Kelley,—

"I think the President will appoint me: he listened attentively to what I said, and was so much impressed that he made a memorandum."

"Did he write it in a little red book?"

"Yes: he made full notes of what I told him."

"Then you had better go home," responded the Father of the House of Representatives. "You will not get the office. Hayes keeps that book to write down what he wants to forget."

Garfield never was able to say "No." His sanguine, generous disposition could not recognize the impossible, and he promised bread where he must of necessity give only a stone. He gave every caller encouragement, and then tried to perform the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

Arthur was an intensely sensitive man. He had an abundance of moral courage, a thorough realization of the dignity and responsibility of his office, and a conscientious desire to treat every man with honorable candor. When asked what was impossible to grant, he always tried to explain why, and he wore himself out in the endeavor to satisfy the public craving, or at least to deny it in a courteous manner.

Mr. Cleveland is made of sterner stuff. No one accuses him of deception, but he is charged with being rude, and his blunt frankness does often fall with crushing weight upon intruders. He does not measure words, but endeavors to express his meaning in a manner that is not capable of misconstruction, and cannot be misunderstood. He is brusque, direct, and positive,—does not hesitate to talk of ears in the presence of donkeys, or of ropes in the hearing of those who ought to be hanged. The fear of giving offence does not affect him, and unworthy people are learning from some wholesome examples to keep out of his way. The rebuke administered to an Oregon editor who knowingly endorsed a rascal for the office of judge, and then wrote to warn the President not to appoint him, has been repeated more times than the world knows of, and was not without effect. The story is told of a Western politician who called to urge the President to be more rapid in the distribution of patronage among his party. Mr. Cleveland recognized in his adviser a man who had induced him a few months before to appoint to office a fellow previously convicted of horse-stealing, and, filled with righteous wrath, he bluntly exclaimed,—

"I suppose you would like me to appoint two horse-thieves a day instead of one."

Very few men in private affairs devote so many hours to labor, and so few to rest and recreation, as the President. He is not a rapid man, but by nature and training deliberate. He pays minute attention to details, and takes nothing for granted. Every official paper receives the same attention that he gave to legal documents when he was practising law, and much time is consumed by him with matter that any other President would send to a Cabinet officer or a clerk. Not long ago, one of his ministers went to him with an Executive order drawn in proper form for his signature.

"What is this about?" asked the President.

The Secretary explained that it was purely a formal affair; but Mr. Cleveland required all the papers to be sent to him, and examined them thoroughly before he would sign the document.

A member of Congress from a Southern State called to ask the appointment of a constituent to an office. The President remarked that he should not be in any haste to fill the place, as he wanted to select the best man among the several candidates.

"But I assure you, sir," said the Congressman, "that this is the best man. I know them all, sir, and give you my word, sir, on the honor of a gentleman."

"I'm obliged for your opinion," replied the President, "but I prefer to make an inquiry."

The Congressman was very indignant at what he considered a reflection upon his honor, and, as he left the room, remarked,—

"You will discover by inquiry, sir, that my word is good where I am known."

The President refused to go to the Capitol on the last day of the session to sign bills as fast as Congress passed them, as his predecessors had done, and declined to approve any measure until he had had an opportunity to give it a personal examination. Congress was provoked at this lack of confidence in its honesty and judgment, and several bills failed to become laws that any other man would have signed on faith. The attention he devotes to minor matters is an aggravation to those who have to wait for his conclusions, and causes the wheels of government to move slowly, but, like the mills of God, they "grind exceeding small."

The President's breakfast is served in the private dining-room, just west of the main entrance to the White House, at eight o'clock every morning. He has no valet, and would not know what to do with one. He shaves himself, as he did when he was a private citizen. Ever since the days of Lincoln the same colored man has shaved all the Presidents except Hayes and Garfield, who wore full beards. This man has a

desk in the Treasury, and has done the work of a clerk from the time of Johnson, who took him from a public barber-shop into government employment. His habit has been to stop at the Executive mansion every morning on his way to the Department, to shave the President, who has paid him for the service as he would pay any other barber.

After breakfast, which is always a hearty but a plain meal, for the President is a good eater, and cares little for fancy cooking, he goes to his desk, where his secretary has laid his private mail. These letters are many, and, with the morning papers, furnish him employment until ten o'clock, when the official day begins. Never having acquired the habit of dictation, he seldom uses a stenographer. Not only does he write all his private correspondence and many official letters, but seals and addresses the envelopes himself, and even puts on the postage-stamps. All his messages, his inaugural address, the one hundred and ten vetoes he has sent to Congress, and every published paper from his pen, have been written with his own hand, and many of them after midnight. He loves work, has peculiar methods, and claims that he can accomplish more, and be better satisfied with the results, by doing things unaided and in his own way. Even his wedding-invitations were autographs, and he addressed the boxes of wedding-cake that were sent to friends. He writes a small, feminine hand, and seldom corrects his manuscript.

At ten o'clock in the morning the President receives official callers. Members of the Cabinet, Senators, Representatives in Congress, and other officials have precedence. Strangers are required to present their cards to Charley Loeffler, the official usher, who for many administrations has been a buffer between the Presidents and the bores. Long experience has given him an acquaintance with the public men of the country, and the faculty of acute discernment, so that he can distinguish with almost clairvoyant power between the worthy and the unworthy applicants for Executive attention. The former are admitted at his discretion, or their cards are taken to Mr. Cleveland with an explanation of their errand, while the rest are sent into an anteroom. The seats in the latter apartment are usually occupied by a motley collection of office-seekers, claimants, and cranks, whose patience and powers of endurance are equal to those of the President himself, whom they are seldom able to see.

Until the coming of Arthur, the library was reserved as a private apartment. Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Hayes used it as a family sitting-room, and official visitors were received in the Cabinet chamber, which adjoins it on the east and is connected with it by a wide door. The library is a large oval room, plainly furnished in brown leather, with

dwarf book-cases around the walls, filled with a heterogeneous assemblage of books, the accidental accumulation of years. Most of them are gift-copies from the authors or publishers to the several Presidents, who did not think it worth while to take them away. The shelves were once covered by a well-chosen collection of standard works, but the sets are broken, and many of the most valuable volumes are said to have been carried off by a certain President who claimed them as the perquisites of office.

At the end of the room, in a wide semicircular window which commands one of the most beautiful views in the world, stands a handsomely-carved oaken desk, with a brass plate upon its face to tell its history. It was presented to the President of the United States during the administration of Franklin Pierce, by Queen Victoria, as a souvenir of the rescue by an American whaler of Her Majesty's ship *Resolute*, which had been sent to the Arctic seas in search of Sir John Franklin. The hulk was finally recovered and towed to England, and this desk, among other mementos, was manufactured of its timbers.

While at work the President wears a pair of enormous ox-bow spectacles nearly two inches across the lens, mounted in horn, which were made for him by a Buffalo oculist. Formerly there hung behind him an ordinary bird-cage, in which was imprisoned a beautiful canary hatched on the day he was elected President, and he is very fond of its songs. But since the inauguration of a mistress at the White House the pet has been taken to Mrs. Cleveland's room.

The people who come to see him are seated around the library in the order of their arrival, and the President either invites them one by one to a chair by his side, or goes to them, standing as he talks. Often he asks some to remain after the rest have gone, that he may see them privately, or when he notices some one whose time he knows is precious, he singles him out for an immediate conference. Thus his time is spent till half-past one o'clock, except on Cabinet days, when the interviews close at twelve. Three times a week he goes down-stairs to the great East Room, where he holds a public reception for the benefit of those who have the curiosity to see a President or wish merely to pay their respects. At this hour one can find a gathering of all the tourists who happen to be in the city, and the company is mostly composed of strangers, who are marshalled in line by the doorkeepers and pass in review before him. Usually precedence is given to the ladies and the aged, and a reception seldom occurs without the discovery of some old chap who has shaken hands with all the Chief Magistrates from Washington down. The President enjoys these incidents, and has a pleasant word for every one. There are always bashful girls, who blush at the

gallant remarks he makes, but will remember them to tell to their grandchildren, and a dozen or more brides, with the brand upon them, whom the President has learned to detect with accuracy. To them he always offers his congratulations and a blessing. Next, perhaps, will come a motherly old lady, who tells him that she had an only son killed in the war, or some blooming matron, who has named her baby "Grover" and would like to take some memento home to the child. Then there are half a dozen men who have always supported the Democratic ticket, and would like to vote for Cleveland again. Such people the President dodges with an impatient motion, for fear they will ask him for an office. Lingering at the end of the line will come some conscious beauty to tender the President a bouquet. To children he is always attentive, and to the old ladies who say they pray for him he has a grateful word of thanks; but any one attempting to talk about offices or politics is roughly hurried along.

In the days when the President announced that he would hear no applications for office, there came to Washington from a Western city an Irishman, with his member of Congress, to apply for a consulate. Having failed to reach the President in the regular way, they determined to try one of the public receptions. The applicant was a monstrous fellow, by profession a bridge-tender, but had political influence enough to elect himself to the Legislature, and was now ambitious to serve his country abroad.

"I knowed it was a mane trick to pull a cowl'd deck on him at wan o' thim bloody recieptions," he remarked to me the evening after it happened, "but it wuz Mike—he's me Mumber, y' know—that put up the job. Says he, 'Jerry, y' lunkhead, lave it t' me.' An' he tuk me up to th' Exicutive mansion, a place I wuz niver in afore in me life. Ther' wuz a big crowd there, an' Mike he p'inted thim out to me. 'That man a-sittin' yonways,' says he, 'is Sinator So-an-so, an' the wan fer-ninst 'im is Governor This-an-that,' an' he rattled off the names o' the big-bugs, till I says to meself, says I, 'Jerry O'Toole, ye wuz niver in sich company in all yer life, an' ef th' ould woman wuz here she'd be proud o' ye,' says I, fer ther' wuzn't a man among thim all that I couldn't 'a' throwed over me showlder. By an' by His Nibs comes in, an' as th' crowd wuz gittin' in a row t' go by 'm, Mike he turned t' me, an' says he, 'Jerry.' 'An' what'll ye be havin'?' says I. An' says he, 'Whin we come to the Prsident, an' I introjuce ye as bein' afther a consulate at Dooblin,' says he, 'ye must git in yer work, me boy,' says he. 'Jist watch me,' says I.

"So whin we came up to the Prsident, Mike shpoke up as big as a judge, an' he says, 'Mr. President,' says he, 'I'd loike fer t' introjuce to

yer Honor,' says he, 'the Honorable Jerry O'Toole, late a Riprisintative in the Ligislature of me State,' says he: 'Mr. O'Toole wud loike t' pass a few words wid yer Honor,' says he, 'wid regards t' th' Dooblin mission, fer which he is a ladin' canderdate,' says he. His Nibs looked at Mike, an' thin he looked at me, an' thin he shpoke up, an' he says, says he, 'Oi'm glad to mate ye, Mr. O'Toole, an' ye're a large man, sorr,' says he. 'Ye're no slouch yerself, sorr,' says I, havin' it back at 'im, plisint-loike, ye see, 'an' ye're han'somer than yer picturs, sorr, by a big sight,' says I, by way o' compliment; an' 'Thank ye, sorr, an' good-day t' ye,' says he, as he grabbed th' flipper uv a galoot behind me, an' divil a wurred about the Dooblin consulate.'

"I turned around t' Mike, an' he says, 'Why didn't ye git in yer work?' says he. 'An' how could I,' says I, 'wid it as ivalent as th' nose on yer face,' says I, 'that he didn't mane t' discuss it?'

"'We'll go t' th' State Dapartmint,' says he; an' we wint. Mr. Bayard is a very foine man, an' he lives in a foine room, an' he has a nayger t' take th' tickets at th' door. An' purty soon th' nayger came out, an' he says, wid a bow an' a wave o' his hand, jist as if he owned th' place an' all th' contints, an' he says, says he, 'Mr. Bayard is purty busy this day, but he'll give ye two minits,' says he; and wid that he opened th' door. 'An' what kin we do in two minits,' says I, 'wid the Dooblin mission?' 'Wud ye howld yer tongue?' says Mike; an' in we wint.

"Now, Mr. Bayard is as plisint a shpoken man as iver y' saw, an' whin Mike towld him who I wuz, he said he wuz glad I had done him th' honor t' call. 'Don't mintion it,' says I. Thin Mike he says, 'Mr. Secretary,' says he, 'Mr. O'Toole wud be afther acceptin' th' Dooblin mission, sorr,' says he, an' comminced t' tell him what a shwing I had wid th' boys. Thin Mr. Bayard he looked up, an', in a most gintlemanly way he has, says, 'I regrit, sorr,' says he, 'that the place yeez wuz good enough to mintion wuz filled some time since, before we knowed Mr. O'Toole wuz a canderdate,' says he. 'How's that, Mike?' says I; but, takin' no notice o' me, an' not th' laast bit rattled, he says t' Mr. Bayard, as big as a jedge, says he, 'Mebbe Mr. O'Toole wud accpt some other place,' says he. 'That I wud,' says I, not bein' willin' to lose a p'int in th' game; an', lookin' at me, says Mike, 'Where be thim papers, Jerry?—the recommendations, I mane.' An' whin I fetched frum me pocket the papers the boys got up, he begun ag'in t' tell him what a big man I wuz. Mr. Bayard, sort o' hasty-like, says, 'I suppose what y'd be givin' me is writ down in thim papers,' says he, an' says I, 'It is, an' a hape more too, sorr.' 'Well, thin,' says he, 'av ye'll be lavin' 'em wid me I'll rade 'em at me laisure,' says

he, 'an' communicate wid ye,' says he; an' wid that he bid us good-day, an' I don't think Oi'm goin' t' git th' place."

From his public reception the President always goes to luncheon, at which he entertains Mrs. Cleveland by relating the incidents that daily occur. After luncheon he returns to his desk, attending to official matters, and conferring with his Cabinet on current business. The regular Cabinet meetings are held at noon on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, in the long narrow room in which Lincoln and Grant and a dozen of their predecessors directed the affairs of the nation. The old table around which the ministers sit, if it could talk, would tell stories that have no place in history; for the most interesting events that occur in its presence never reach the public ear. This historical room is always open to visitors when the Cabinet is not in session, and many tourists inspect it every day. The interior is plainly furnished, the walls are painted of a drab tint, and the ceiling is frescoed with a group of cherubs climbing among clusters of gay flowers. The mantel is a simple affair of cinnamon-colored marble, and a fire of hickory logs is usually blazing cheerfully on the hearth in winter-time. On the walls hang portraits of John Hampden, by Vandyke, and of Washington, by Cadena, a South American artist, which was presented to the government in the time of Hayes, and a bird's-eye view of the city. Maps of the Continents hang from a patent rack, and in one corner is a large globe which affords the Cabinet an opportunity to study geography in the intervals of their discussions. In another corner is a revolving book-case, containing a set of the Revised Statutes and the last reports of the Executive Departments. Near the entrance to the library is an old-fashioned secretary, where Colonel Lamont sits when he is called into the conference.

The members of the Cabinet sit around the table in large arm-chairs upholstered in leather, the President at one end, with his back to the window, and the Secretary of the Interior at the other. At the President's right is the Secretary of State, at his left the Secretary of the Treasury, then the Secretary of War and the Postmaster-General on one side, with the Secretary of the Navy and the Attorney-General opposite them. No records of the Cabinet meetings are kept, beyond an occasional memorandum made by the members to remind them of matters to be attended to, and the sessions are not at all formal, being often varied by story-telling, the Attorney-General usually having a yarn to relate. Each member brings a large, old-fashioned portfolio, and some of these have been in use for a century. They contain documents to be submitted, and commissions for the President's signature. When he signs them they are sent to the Executive clerk to be re-

corded, and are then forwarded, with a blank oath of office, to those who have been so fortunate as to draw prizes in the official lottery.

Beginning with the Secretary of State, and following the order of official precedence, each member submits such matters as he desires, and they are informally discussed. No vote is ever taken, but each expresses any views he may have on the subjects under consideration. Memoranda from one are often submitted to another for examination and review, and legal questions are referred to the Attorney-General for an opinion. All the proceedings are supposed to be confidential; but the newspaper correspondents are usually able, by means of their own, to ascertain what has been under consideration, and how it was disposed of.

At half-past four or five o'clock every day the President goes out to drive with Mrs. Cleveland or Colonel Lamont, and is usually absent for an hour and a half or two hours. He uses a victoria if the weather is pleasant, or a coach if it is stormy, drawn by a pair of large seal-brown horses. His coachman is Albert Hawkins, a handsome colored man, who has served seven Presidents in this capacity and is very proud of the fact that no accident ever happened while he was on the box, although he has had all sorts of horses to handle. The official stables are some distance from the White House, hidden in a clump of hemlocks south of the State Department. They belong to the government; but the President is obliged to buy his forage and pay the wages of the coachman and hostlers. Mr. Cleveland has no footman, but if one is needed the steward serves. Usually he drives out to his country-place to watch the work of repair, for he takes great interest in the property, and expects to reside there at the end of his term. In the mean time Mrs. Folsom will occupy it, and the President and Mrs. Cleveland will use the house as a resort when they are weary of the official atmosphere of the Executive mansion.

Returning from his drive, the President dines at seven o'clock, and then, after reading the evening papers, resumes his desk till midnight, Mrs. Cleveland sitting beside him, reading or doing fancy-work, and often assisting him at his labors. Before he was married the President often remained at his desk until two or three o'clock in the morning, as Mr. Arthur did, but now seldom sits up beyond midnight. He has no taste for society, and is more at home at his labors. Mrs. Cleveland's callers never see him. President Arthur ordinarily had a party of friends around him in the evening; but scarcely once a month does his successor leave his work to entertain company.

Mr. Arthur was fond of horseback-riding, and had a thoroughbred on which he enjoyed a rapid canter whenever the weather permitted,

his companion usually being his son Alan, or one of the Senators from South Carolina, both of whom, although they are each minus a leg, are good horsemen. He also had a splendid roadster, which he enjoyed driving to a light wagon, as Grant did, and often he could be seen at the Soldiers' Home making the gravel fly from under his horses' feet. President Grant was once arrested by a green policeman for fast driving, and used to relate the incident with great zest.

From the time of Lincoln to that of Arthur, the Presidents spent the summer months in a cottage at the Soldiers' Home, three miles from the city, driving to town every morning and returning at night; but the latter preferred the Executive mansion, and Mr. Cleveland will occupy his own house another year.

The government provides the furniture for the White House, keeps the building and grounds in order, and pays the salaries of the clerks, the steward, three ushers, five messengers, two doorkeepers, a watchman in charge of the grounds, and an engineer to attend to the heating-apparatus. The fuel- and gas-bills, and the expenses of maintaining the conservatory, are defrayed from the public treasury. The President pays for his food, and for the personal service of the household. The entire appropriation for the expenses of the Executive, including the salaries of the clerks, is about forty thousand dollars a year.

The President's salary is fifty thousand dollars, the same as is paid by the British government to its minister to Washington; and he, as well as the President, has a house to live in. The Chinese minister receives a similar amount. It is impossible for the President, if he lives in a style befitting his exalted office, to save much, if any, money. General Grant spent all his salary, and at times lived ahead of it. President Hayes was a frugal man, and has the reputation of having laid away over a hundred thousand dollars. General Arthur was able to save a little, the most of it during the first year of his term, when he escaped the expense of state dinners, because of the period of mourning for his predecessor. These official entertainments are the most serious attacks upon his purse the President has to meet, as he is expected to give a series every winter, which cost never less than five hundred dollars each, and often more than a thousand. The government ought to pay for these banquets, as they are much more of an official necessity than the conservatory and many other features of the President's life. One dinner is given annually to the Cabinet, another to the Justices of the Supreme Court, a third to the Diplomatic Corps, a fourth to the prominent officers of the army and navy, and every member of Congress expects to receive an invitation at least once during his term. Very few people enjoy the formal and stupid affairs,

and usually the guests as well as the hosts vote them bores. Under the Hayes administration they were abandoned because Mrs. Hayes would not allow wine to be served, and Secretary Evarts insisted that a state dinner without wine was absurd. President Cleveland gave only two during the first year of his term, but in place of them his sister entertained the wives of all the Senators, Representatives, and leading officials at luncheons, or high teas, which were more agreeable.

In addition to dining the notables, the President gives a series of receptions every winter, and two or three public levees, as they have been called since the time of Washington, at which all the world, with their wives and children, have the opportunity to see and clasp the hands of the President and his wife. On Saturday afternoons during the season Mrs. Cleveland receives the public, assisted by the ladies of the Cabinet and such others as she may choose to invite. Two evenings in the week also she is "at home" informally to friends; but no one is expected to call who has not the acquaintance of the lady of the White House.

The etiquette of his position prohibits the President from accepting general hospitality, as it excuses his wife from returning visits. He may dine with the members of his Cabinet, or with the Justices of the Supreme Court, or with General Sheridan, Admiral Porter, Speaker Carlisle, or Mr. Sherman, the President of the Senate; but there he must draw the line. The wife of the President is governed by the same restrictions, except that she may accept private invitations to the houses of friends where no other company is expected.

President Cleveland has been more economical in the expenditure of the contingent fund appropriated for his use than any of his predecessors, and the White House for that reason is beginning to look a little shabby. He is as frugal in his official as in his personal expenditures, and, although by no means penurious, practises the "Jeffersonian simplicity" that he preaches. No man cares less for public opinion in one respect, and none cares more in another. He has an abiding faith in the correctness of his own convictions, and believes in a "guiding hand." His faith is a mixture of the Calvinistic doctrine of foreordination and the fatalism of the Hindoos. The former was inherited from his Presbyterian father, and the latter was born of reflection upon his own remarkable career. He has faith in his own sincerity and in the eternal endurance of the right. He believes the people will sustain him in the policy he has adopted, and that the politicians will have to follow. One of his first acts when he reached the White House was to discharge the "newspaper clerk," whose sole duty was to clip from the papers everything that related to the President, favorable or un-

favorable. The extracts were pasted in scrap-books and laid on the President's table every day. At the end of his term Mr. Hayes took to Fremont several large boxes of these books. Mr. Cleveland is not insensible to the compliments or the criticism of the press, but cares less about either than most men. He reads the leading papers every day, and Colonel Lamont, with the skill of a trained editor, runs over those he does not see, and marks such articles as he thinks the President should read.

The position of private secretary to the President is one of the most important under the government, and the man who holds it has a power second only to that of his chief. He is the keeper of his records, the custodian of his confidence, the guardian of his ear, the bridle of his tongue, and the censor of his correspondence. He stands between the President and the public, and the dependence of both upon him is absolute. It is he that is responsible for the execution of the President's will, and when he speaks it is with the voice of an oracle. Mr. Cleveland is fortunate in having by his side a man in whom he has unlimited confidence and who is entirely worthy of it. Lamont is his *alter ego*. Faithful and judicious, prudent and cool, quick of perception and keen of penetration, he has saved the President from many blunders, and has never led him astray.

Since the President's marriage the daily routine of the White House has been little changed. The mistress of the mansion has no cares except those of a social nature. There is a housekeeper, whom the President brought from Albany, and a colored steward, who has charge of the *cuisine*. During the society season a French *chef* presides in the kitchen, but after the state dinners are over the President employs a colored "auntie," whose cooking he prefers. Mrs. Cleveland spends her time reading, answering her letters,—and she receives a great many, from strangers as well as friends,—going shopping and driving, looking after her own wardrobe, for she has no maid, and entertaining her numerous callers; and when the President is alone she spends as much of her time as she can with him. She conscientiously answers all the letters she receives that are worthy of a reply, and her compositions are in excellent taste. To a lady who addressed her on the temperance question she wrote,—

"The subject to which you refer and ask my advice is one in which your own conscience must dictate the wisest course for you to pursue. You have better opportunities for knowing how you can do the most good, and it seems to me that should be the standard by which we women should settle all great questions in life. It rarely occurs that a woman

needs for herself the restraining influence of a temperance pledge; but if by placing ourselves under the obligations of such an organization we can better help our fathers, brothers, husband, lovers, and friends, I think there should be no hesitation in the matter. I know something of the Good Templars, and that they do good work. It is quite certain you can do no harm by casting your lot on the side of temperance; and you may do much good. I do not consider it a small matter by any means, and am glad you ask the question. It is encouraging to know of every sister who wants to add her strength to the cause which happily some day will rid our land of ruined men and broken families.

"Very truly yours,

"FRANCES CLEVELAND."

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D.C.

To a lady in Kentucky who announced the christening of her baby as "Frankie Cleveland Winter," the President's wife wrote,—

"Many thanks for the kind way in which you remembered me in your little girl's name. May she be blessed through life as I have been. But will you do me the favor not to call her Frankie, but Frances or Frank? I am never called Frankie, and dislike the name very much. With congratulations and best wishes, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"FRANCES CLEVELAND."

In the catalogue of Wells College, where she was educated, Mrs. Cleveland's name appears as "Frank," but since her marriage she has written it "Frances." The Christian women of the country will be glad to know that she is a devout member of the Presbyterian church and without ostentation carries her principles into the conduct of her daily life. She refused to join the President in his journey to Boston because she had conscientious scruples against travelling on Sunday, and is a regular attendant upon the services of the First Presbyterian Church of Washington, with which she united soon after her marriage. Of her beauty and accomplishments much has been said. No woman was ever subjected to a severer test than she, and none could have endured it with more charming grace. A mere girl, just out of school, she was placed in contrast with the social leaders of the land, but thus far has received and deserved nothing but the admiration and affection of the people.

William E. Curtis.

MERE EGOTISM.

THOUGH I had my start from an uncultured, unreading stratum of society, and grew up amid surroundings the least calculated to awaken the literary faculty, yet I early took pleasure in trying to express myself upon paper,—probably in my sixteenth or seventeenth year. Earlier than that, I think, the act of composition had anything but charms for me. I remember that while at school, at the age of about fourteen, I was required, like the other students, to write a “composition” at stated times, but usually evaded the duty in one way or another. On one occasion I copied something from a comic almanac and unblushingly handed it in as my own. But the teacher detected the fraud, and required me to produce something original of not less than twelve lines in length before I again left the school-room. I racked my poor brains in vain: not an idea, no light in any direction. The short winter day was near its close, and school was soon to be dismissed, when one of my school-fellows, who sat in the seat behind me, a bright and favorite scholar, who has since turned out to be the Napoleon of the world of stocks and railroads, wrote twelve lines of doggerel on his slate and passed it slyly over to me. I coolly copied it, handed it to the teacher, and went forth with the rest of my mates when school was dismissed.

A few years later, when I attended the seminary at Ashland and at Cooperstown, though only standing at about the average in general scholarship, I often received the highest marks in composition. I had a “knack” of expression which came easily. My taste in reading took rather an unusual turn for a boy. I was attracted by everything of the essay kind. In the libraries and book-stores I was on the lookout for books of essays. And I wanted the essay to start, not in a casual and inconsequential way, but the first sentence must be a formal enunciation of a principle. I bought the whole of Dr. Johnson’s works at a second-hand book-store in New York, because, on looking into them, I found his essays appeared to be of solid essay-stuff from beginning to end. I passed by Montaigne’s Essays at the same time, because they had a personal and gossipy look. Almost my first literary attempts were moral reflections, somewhat in the Johnsonian style. I lived on the “Rambler” and the “Idler” all one year, and tried to produce something of my own in similar form. As a youth I was a philosopher; as a young man I was an Emersonian; as a middle-aged man I am a literary naturalist; but always have I been an essayist.

It was while I was at school, in my nineteenth year, that I saw my first author; and I distinctly remember with what emotion I gazed upon him, and followed him in the twilight, keeping on the other side of the street. He was of little account,—a man who had failed as a lawyer, and then had written a history of Poland, which I have never heard of since that time; but to me he was the embodiment of the august spirit of authorship, and I looked upon him with more reverence and enthusiasm than I had ever before looked upon any man. I do not think I could have approached and spoken to him on any consideration. I cannot at this date divine why I should have stood in such worshipful fear and awe of this obscure individual, but I suppose it was the instinctive tribute of a timid and imaginative youth to a power which he was just beginning vaguely to see,—the power of letters.

It was at about this time that I first saw my own thoughts in print,—a communication of some kind to a little country paper published in an adjoining town. In my twenty-second or twenty-third year I began to send rude and crude essays to the magazines and to certain New York weekly papers, but they came back again pretty promptly. I wrote on such subjects as "Revolutions," "A Man and his Times," "Genius," "Individuality," etc. At this period of my life I was much indebted to Whipple, whose style as it appears in his earlier essays and in the thin volume of lectures published by Ticknor, Reed & Fields about 1853 is, in my judgment, much better than in his later writings. It was never a good style, not at all magnetic or penetrating, but it was clear and direct, and to my mind, at that period, stimulating. Higginson had just begun to publish his polished essays in the *Atlantic*; and I found much help in them also. They were a little cold, but they had the quality which belongs to the work of a man who looks upon literature as a fine art. My mind had already begun to turn to out-door themes, and Higginson gave me a good send-off in this direction. But the master-enchanter of this period of my life and of many following years was Emerson. While at school, in my nineteenth year, in my search for essays I had carried to my room one volume of his, but I could do nothing with it. What, indeed, could a Johnsonian youth make of Emerson? A year or so later I again opened one of his books in a Chicago book-store, and was so taken with the first taste of it that I then and there purchased the three volumes,—the *Essays* and the *Miscellanies*. All that summer I fed upon them and steeped myself in them: so that when, a year or two afterwards, I wrote an essay on "Expression" and sent it to the *Atlantic*, it was so Emersonian that the editor thought some one was trying to palm off on him an early essay of Emerson's which he had not seen. Satisfying himself

that Emerson had published no such paper, he printed it in the November number of 1860. It had not much merit. I remember this sentence, which may contain some truth aptly put: "Dr. Johnson's periods act like a lever of the third kind: the power applied always exceeds the weight raised."

It was mainly to break the spell of Emerson's influence and get upon ground of my own that I took to writing upon out-door themes. I wrote half a dozen or more sketches upon all sorts of open-air subjects, which were published in the *New York Leader*. The woods, the soil, the waters, helped to draw out the pungent Emersonian flavor and restore me to my proper atmosphere. But to this day I am aware that a suggestion of Emerson's manner often crops out in my writings. His mind was the firmer, harder substance, and was bound to leave its mark upon my own. But, in any case, my debt to him is great. He helped me to better literary expression, he quickened my perception of the beautiful, he stimulated and fertilized my religious nature. Unless one is naturally more or less both of a religious and of a poetic turn, the writings of such men as Emerson and Carlyle are mainly lost upon him. Two-thirds of the force of these writers, at least, is directed into these channels. It is the quality of their genius, rather than the scope and push of their minds, that endears them to us. They quicken the conscience and stimulate the character as well as correct the taste. They are not the spokesmen of science or the reason, but of the soul.

About this period I fell in with Thoreau's "*Walden*;" but I am not conscious of any great debt to Thoreau: I had begun to write upon out-door themes before his books fell into my hands, but he undoubtedly helped confirm me in my own direction. He was the intellectual child of Emerson, but added a certain crispness and pungency, as of wild roots and herbs, to the urbane philosophy of his great neighbor. But Thoreau had one quality which I wish I might have imbibed more of from his books: he was not afraid of men. Here, as in so many other respects, he had greatly the advantage of me. He seems to have been as insensible to people as he was open and hospitable to Nature. It probably gave him as much pleasure to snub a man as it did to open his door to a woodchuck.

Let me confess that I am too conscious of persons,—feel them too much, defer to them too much, and try too hard to adapt myself to them. Emerson says, "A great man is coming to dine with me: I do not wish to please him, I wish that he should wish to please me." I should be sure to overdo the matter in trying to please the great man: more than that, his presence would probably take away my appetite for my dinner.

In speaking of the men who have influenced me, or to whom I owe the greatest debt, let me finish the list here. I was not born out of time, but in good time. The men I seemed to need most were nearly all my contemporaries; the ideas and influences which address themselves to me the most directly and forcibly have been abundantly current in my time. Hence I owe, or seem to owe, more to contemporary authors than to the men of the past. I have lived in the present time, in the present hour, and have invested myself in the objects nearest at hand. Besides the writers I have mentioned, I am conscious of owing a debt to Whitman, Ruskin, Arnold, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Tennyson. To Whitman I owe a certain liberalizing influence, as well as a lesson in patriotism which I could have got in the same measure from no other source. Whitman opens the doors, and opens them wide. He pours a flood of human sympathy which sets the whole world afloat. He is a great humanizing power. There is no other personality in literature that gives me such a sense of breadth and magnitude in the purely human and personal qualities. His poems are dominated by a sense of a living, breathing man as no other poems are. This would not recommend them to some readers; but it recommends them to such as myself, who value in books perennial human qualities above all things. To put a great personality in poetry is to establish a living fountain of power, where the jaded and exhausted race can refresh and renew itself.

To a man in many ways the opposite of Whitman, who stands for an entirely different, almost antagonistic, order of ideas,—to wit, Matthew Arnold,—I am indebted for a lesson in clear thinking and clean expression such as I have got from no other. Arnold's style is probably the most lucid, the least embarrassed by anything false or foreign, of that of any writer living. His page is as clear as science and as vital and flexible as poetry. Indeed, he affords a notable instance of the cool, impartial scientific spirit wedded to, or working through, the finest poetic delicacy and sensibility.

I have not been deeply touched or moved by any English poet of this century save Wordsworth. Nearly all other poetry of nature is tame and insincere compared with his. But my poetic sympathies are probably pretty narrow. I cannot, for instance, read Robert Browning, except here and there a short poem. The sheer mechanical effort of reading him, of leaping and dodging and turning sharp corners to overtake his meaning, is too much for me. It makes my mental bones ache. It is not that he is so subtle and profound, for he is less in both these respects than Shakespeare, but that he is so abrupt and elliptical and plays such fantastic tricks with syntax. His verse is like a springless

wagon on a rough road. He is full of bounce and vigor, but it is of the kind that bruises the flesh and makes one bite his tongue. Swinburne has lilt and flow enough, certainly, and yet I cannot read him. He sickens me from the opposite cause: I am adrift in a sea of melodious words, with never an idea to cling to. There is to me something gruesome and uncanny about Swinburne's poetry, like the clammy and rapidly-growing fungi in nature. It is not health, but disease; it is not inspiration, but a mortal flux. *The Saturday Review*, in noticing my last volume, "Signs and Seasons," intimates that I might have found better specimens of sea-poetry to adorn the chapter called "A Salt Breeze" in Mr. Swinburne than those I have given, and quotes the following stanzas from him as proof:

Hardly we saw the high moon hanging,
 Heard hardly through the windy night
 Far waters ringing, low reefs clanging,
 Under wan skies and waste white light.

With chafe and change of surges chiming,
 The clashing channels rocked and rang
 Large music, wave to wild wave timing,
 And all the choral waters sang.

Words, words, words! and all struck with the leprosy of alliteration. Such poetry would turn my blood to water. "Wan skies and waste white light,"—are there ever any other skies or any other light in Swinburne?

But this last is an ill wind which I fear can blow no good to any one. I have lived long enough to know that my own private likes and dislikes do not always turn out to be the decrees of the Eternal. Some writers confirm one and brace him where he stands; others give him a lift forward. I am not aware that more than two American writers have been of the latter service to me,—Emerson and Whitman. Such a spirit as Bryant is confirmatory. I may say the same of Whittier and Longfellow. I owe to these men solace and encouragement, but no new territory.

Still, the influences that shape one's life are often so subtle and remote, and of such small beginning, that it will not do to be too positive about these matters. At any rate, self-analysis is a sort of back-handed work, and one is lucky if he comes at all near the truth.

As such a paper must of necessity be egotistical, let me not flinch in any part of my task on that account.

What little merit my style has is the result of much study and

discipline. I have taught myself always to get down to the quick of my mind at once, and not fumble about amid the husks at the surface. Unless one can give the sense of vitality in his pages, no mere verbal brightness or scholarly attainments will save him. In the best writing every sentence is filled with the writer's living, breathing quality, just as in the perfected honey-comb every cell is filled with honey. But how much empty comb there is even in the best books! I wish to give an account of a bird, or a flower, or of any open-air scene or incident. My whole effort is to see the thing just as it was. I ask myself, "Exactly how did this thing strike my mind? What was prominent? What was subordinated?" I have been accused of romancing at times. But it is not true. I set down the thing exactly as it fell out. People say, "I do not see what you do when I take a walk." But for the most part they do, but the fact as it lies there in nature is crude and raw: it needs to be brought out, to be passed through the heart and mind and presented in appropriate words. This humanizes it and gives it an added charm and significance. This, I take it, is what is meant by idealizing and interpreting Nature. We do not add to or falsely color the facts: we disentangle them, and invest them with the magic of written words.

To give anything like vitality to one's style, one must divest one's self of any false or accidental or factitious mood or feeling, and get down to his real self, and speak as directly and sincerely as he does about his daily business or affairs, and with as little affectation. One may write from the outside of his mind, as it were, write and write, glibly and learnedly, and make no impression; but when one speaks from real insight and conviction of his own, men are always glad to hear him, whether they agree with him or not. So much writing or speaking is like mere machine-work, as if you turned a crank and the piece or discourse came out. It is not the man's real mind, his real experience. This he does not know how to get at: it has no connection with his speaking or writing faculty. How rare are real poems,—poems that spring from real feeling, a real throb of emotion, and not from a mere surface-itching of the mind for literary expression! The great mass of the poetry of any age is purely artificial, and has no root in real things. It is a kind of masquerading. The stock poetic forms are masks behind which the poetlings hide their real poverty of thought and feeling. In prose one has no such factitious aids: here he must stand upon his own merits: he has not the cloak of Milton, or Tennyson, or Spenser, to hide in.

It is, of course, the young writer who oftenest fails to speak his real mind or to speak from any proper basis of insight and conviction.

He is carried away by a fancy, a love of novelty, or an affectation of originality. The strange things, the novel things, are seldom true. Look for truth under your feet. To be original, Carlyle said, is to be sincere. When one is young, how many discoveries he makes,—real mares'-eggs, which by and by turn out to be nothing but field-pumpkins!

Men who, like myself, are deficient in self-assertion, or whose personalities are flexible and yielding, make a poor show in politics or business, but in certain other fields these defects have their advantages. In action, Renan says, one is weak by his best qualities,—such, I suppose, as tenderness, sympathy, religiousness, etc.,—and strong by his poorer, or at least his less attractive, qualities. But in letters the reverse is probably true. How many of us owe our success in this field to qualities which in a measure disqualified us for an active career! A late writer upon Carlyle seeks to demonstrate that the “open secret of his life” was his desire to take a hand in the actual affairs of English politics; but it is quite certain that the traits and gifts which made him such a power in literature—namely, his tremendous imagination and his burdened prophetic conscience—would have stood in his way in dealing with the coarse affairs of this world.

In my own case, what hinders me with the world helps me with impersonal Nature. I do not stand in my own light. My will, my personality, offer little resistance: they let the shy delicate influences pass. I can surrender myself to Nature without effort, but am more or less restrained and self-conscious in the presence of my fellows. Bird and beast take to me, and I to them. I can look in the eye of an ugly dog and cow or win him, but with an ugly man I have less success.

I have unmistakably the feminine idiosyncrasy. Perhaps this is the reason that my best and most enthusiastic readers appear to be women. In the genesis of all my books feeling goes a long way before intellection. What I feel I can express, and only what I feel. If I had run after the birds only to write about them, I never should have written anything that any one would have cared to read. My talent is a very limited one, and has a pretty short tether. I must write from sympathy and love, or not at all: I have in no sort of measure the gift of the ready writer who can turn his pen to all sorts of themes, or the dramatic, creative gift of the great poets, which enables them to get out of themselves and present vividly and powerfully things entirely beyond the circle of their own lives and experiences. I go to the woods to enjoy myself, and not to report them; and if I succeed, the expedition may by and by bear fruit at my pen. When a writer of my limited range begins to “make believe” or to go outside of his experience, he

betrays himself at once. My success, such as it is, has been in putting my own personal feelings and attractions into subjects of universal interest. I have loved Nature no more than thousands upon thousands of others have, but my aim has been not to tell that love to my reader, but to tell it to the trees and the birds and to let them tell him. I think we all like this indirect way the best. It will not do in literature to compliment Nature and make love to her by open profession and declaration: you must show your love by your deeds or your spirit and by the sincerity of your service to her.

For my part, I can never interview Nature in the reporter fashion: I must camp and tramp with her to get any good, and what I get I absorb through my emotions rather than consciously gather through my intellect. Hence the act of composition with me is a kind of self-exploration to see what hidden stores my mind holds. If I write upon a favorite author, for instance, I do not give my reader something which lay clearly defined in my mind when I began to write: I give him what I find, after closest scrutiny, in the subconscious regions,—a result as unknown to me as to him when I began to write. The same with out-door subjects. I come gradually to have a feeling that I want to write upon a given theme,—rain, for instance, or snow,—but what I may have to say upon it is as vague as the background of one of Millet's pictures: my hope is entirely in the feeling or attraction which draws my mind that way; the subject is congenial, it sticks to me: whenever it recurs to me, it awakens as it were a warm personal response.

Perhaps this is the experience of all other writers: their subjects find them or bring the key to their hidden stores. Great poets, like Milton, however, cast about them and deliberately choose a theme: they are not hampered by their sympathies, nor are they prisoners of their own personalities, like writers who depend upon this pack of unconscious impressions at their back. An experience must lie in my mind a certain time before I can put it upon paper,—say from three to six months. If there is anything in it, it will ripen and mellow in that time. I rarely take any notes, and I have a very poor memory, but rely upon the affinity of my mind for a certain order of truths or observations. What is mine will stick to me, and what is not will drop off. When I returned from England after a three months' visit in the summer of 1882, I was conscious of having brought back with me a few observations that I might expand into two or three short essays. But when I began to open my pack the contents grew so upon my hands that it reached many times the measure I at first proposed. Indeed, when I look back over my seven volumes I wonder where they have all come from. I am like a boy who at the close of the day looks

over his string of fish curiously, not one of which did he know of in the morning, and every one of which came to his hand from depths beyond his ken by luck and skill in fishing. I have often caught my fish when I least expected to, and as often my most determined efforts have been entirely unavailing.

It is a wise injunction, "Know thyself," but how hard to fulfil! This unconscious region in one, this unconscious setting of the currents of his life in certain directions,—how hard to know that! The influences of his family, his race, his times, his environment, are all deeper than the plummet of his self-knowledge can reach. Yet how we admire the ready man, the man who always has complete control of his resources, who can speak the right word instantly! My own wit is always belated. After the crisis is past, the right word or the right sentence is pretty sure to appear and mock me by its tardiness.

There is, no doubt, a great difference in men with reference to this knowledge and command of their own resources. Some writers seem to me to be like those military states wherein every man is numbered, drilled, and equipped, and ready for instant service: the whole male population is a standing army. But men of my type have no standing army. They are absorbed in mere living, and, when the occasion requires, they have to recruit their ideas slowly from the vague, uncertain masses in the background. Hence they never cut a brilliant figure upon paper, though they may be capable of doing real heart-felt work.

John Burroughs.

COUNTERPARTS.

"I CANNOT lure them!—I, who cannot fly!"
 With listless petals on the summer air,
 The drooping flower breathed a quivering sigh
 For dainty butterflies that would not care.

Upon her breast a touch of velvet wings:—
 Even as on the air her sigh arose,
 Had come to her the restless, fluttering things,
 Lured by the loveliness of her repose.

Alice Wellington Rollins.

ROTHENBURG FELICITY.

AFTER THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

IT was Tuesday in Easter week. Those who had been enjoying their holiday among the blossoms of spring were returning to their homes and to the work-day troubles which were to begin on the morrow. The roads were full of pedestrians; the railways, in spite of the extra trains that had been added, were crowded: such delightful and settled Easter weather had not been known for many years.

The evening express, in the Anspach station, bound for Würzburg, although twice as long as usual, seemed overcrowded; a tardy second-class passenger knocked in vain at the door of each carriage, hearing from within a peremptory "No room here!" At last the guard walking at his side grew impatient, opened a first-class carriage, and, pushing his charge into the dim interior, closed the door upon him with a bang, as the train began to move.

A lady, the only occupant of the carriage, lay curled up in an opposite corner asleep. Disturbed by the intruder, she sat upright, and cast at him a glance of haughty displeasure. There was nothing to attract her in the fair-haired young man in very modest attire, with a portfolio under his arm, and a shabby old-fashioned embroidered travelling-bag in his hand. She acknowledged his courteous bow and stammered excuses by a supercilious scarcely-perceptible inclination, and settled herself to resume her interrupted nap as unconcernedly as if her new companion were only a piece of luggage thrust into the carriage.

The young man, who felt himself an intruder, took care not to remind her of his presence by any restlessness: indeed, for the first five minutes, although he had been running fast, he fairly tried to hold his breath, and never stirred from his first uncomfortable position in a corner. He took off his hat and with his handkerchief furtively wiped the moisture from his brow, discreetly looking out of the window the while, as if deprecating his intrusion into this higher sphere. As, however, the sleeper did not stir, and the landscape outside had but little charm, he ventured at last to look around, and, after sufficiently admiring the broad cushion of red plush, and the mirror opposite, he began a cautious survey of his companion, allowing his glance to travel slowly from the tip of the little boot, peeping from beneath her skirt, up to her shoulder, and, last, to what was to be seen of her face.

That she was a lady of rank was beyond all doubt, and a foreigner,

too, from Russia, Poland, or Spain. Everything about her had an aristocratic air,—her dress, the elegant crimson travelling-bag placed so carelessly beneath her feet, and the delicately-gloved hand upon which her cheek was leaning. Moreover, there was perceptible in the carriage a peculiar fragrance, a mingling of Russia leather and cigarettes, and in fact upon the floor there were several little white stumps, with scattered ashes, and grains of Russia tobacco. A book also had fallen there. He could not find it in his heart to let it lie, and as he carefully picked it up and laid it on the seat he saw that it was a French novel. All this filled him with that mysterious and yet not unpleasant sensation of awe which young men of the middle class feel when in the presence of a lady of rank. Woman's natural ascendancy is heightened by the charm which the unfamiliar ease of manner and the surmised intensity of the joys and sorrows of a higher sphere must have for those of a lower one. Indeed, the chasm existing between social spheres does but deepen this charm: it excites in the man a vague audacious desire to vindicate his manhood by boldly leaping across what seems to be an impassable gulf. No such desire, however, possessed our young traveller: when he felt quite certain that the lady's slumber was not feigned, he softly drew from his breast-pocket a small book, bound in gray linen, and stealthily began to sketch, in bold, rapid strokes, the sleeper's delicate and haughty profile.

This was no easy task, smooth as was the motion of the train. He was obliged to steady himself as he sat, and stroke followed stroke with rapid decision. The head was worth the trouble, and as he saw it leaning on the hand, and framed by the soft folds of the hood, he thought he had never seen in any living creature so classic an outline. Apparently she had passed her first youth; even while she slept the delicate lips trembled now and then with an expression of vexation or weariness. The brow was exquisitely beautiful beneath the soft, waving, and abundant hair.

For about ten minutes he worked on eagerly, and the sketch was nearly finished, when the sleeper suddenly sat upright, and in excellent German calmly asked, "Are you not aware, sir, how discourteous it is to sketch a sleeper by stealth?"

The poor fellow, caught thus in the act, dropped his sketch-book in dismay, and, blushing violently, stammered, "Excuse me, madame: I did not think—I supposed—it is only a very slight sketch—only as a remembrance."

"What right have you to remember me, and to assist your memory thus?" the lady rejoined, scanning him coolly, and rather disdainfully, with her keen blue eyes. Meanwhile, as she sat upright her hood fell

back: he saw how fine was the contour of her head, and, despite his embarrassment, continued to look at her with an artist's gaze.

"I must confess that I have played the highwayman," he replied; "but perhaps you will temper justice with mercy if I proffer you my booty, not for your acceptance, but only to show you how little there is of it."

He handed her his open sketch-book: she cast a hasty glance at it and nodded approvingly, declining by a slight gesture to take the book.

"It is like, but idealized," she said. "You are a portrait-painter, sir?"

"No, madame, or I should have made a better sketch. I paint principally architectural pictures; and just because my eye is quick to observe pure lines and exquisite proportions,—so rarely seen in the human countenance——" He became confused, gazed at the tips of his boots, tried to smile, and blushed deeper than ever.

Without noticing his confusion, the stranger said, "Probably there are some of your drawings in your portfolio: may I see them?"

"With pleasure." He took from the portfolio sketch after sketch for her inspection. They were water-color drawings, representing antique buildings, Gothic towers, and high peaked gables, executed with artistic skill and ability. The stranger looked at one after the other, without addressing any further question to the young painter. Now and then she looked at one longer than the others, returning it with some hesitation.

"These are not yet quite finished," he said, apologetically, "but they belong to the same series. I have employed my Easter holidays in negotiating with a Nuremberg publisher with regard to them. I want to publish all these sketches in chromo-lithography. Others have been before me, it is true, in this branch of art, but Rothenburg is not so well known as it should be."

"Rothenburg?"

"Yes. These are all views of Rothenburg. I thought you recognized them, madame, since you did not ask about them."

"Rothenburg? Where is it?"

"Why, on the Tauber, not many miles from here. But do you really not know it? Have you never even heard its name?"

"You must excuse my ignorance of geography," she replied, with a smile: "I am not a German; but I have known many Germans, and I confess I have never heard of Rothenburg on the—what is it?—on the Tiger?"

He laughed, and at once regained his self-possession, as if conscious of his superiority in important matters.

"Excuse me," he said, "for treating you as all Rothenburgers treat strangers, although I was not cradled on the banks of the Tauber. We are so infatuated with our town that we really cannot imagine how any human being lives who knows nothing of Rothenburg. When I went there for the first time, nine years ago, I myself knew little more of the old imperial stronghold than that it stood, like Jerusalem, upon a plateau, above the bed of the river, surrounded by walls and towers built more than five centuries ago, and that it had the honor of numbering my ancestors among its citizens. Allow me to introduce myself: my name is Hans Doppler."

He bowed with a smile, looking at her as if anticipating delighted surprise on her part such as she would have felt if his name had been Hans Columbus, or Hans Gutenberg. But her face did not change.

"Doppler," he went on, a little crestfallen, "is the modern spelling of the name Toppler, and was adopted in the last century by the branch of the family to which I belong. It is an historic fact that the founder of our family was no less a personage than the great Rothenburg burgomaster, Heinrich Toppler, of whom of course you have heard."

She shook her head, evidently amused by his naïve assurance.

"I regret that I am as deficient in historical as in geographical information. But what did your ancestor do to make it disgraceful for me not to know him?"

"Good heavens!" he said, laughing now at his own presumption, "do not be afraid, madame, that my family pride will inflict upon you a long extract from the chronicles of Rothenburg. I have no cause for pride; I hold no official position in the home of my fathers, wherefore I need not fear the fate of my ancestor, or that, after adding to the warlike fame of my good town, I may be thrown into prison and delivered over by my fellow-citizens to death, either by poison or by starvation. Terrible, was it not, madame? Solely on account of a pure calumny. There was not a word of truth in the slander that he had lost the town to a royal prince on the throw of a die. True, Dopeln in old times signified dice, and in our coat of arms——"

He broke off suddenly, for he thought he perceived the lady's delicate nostrils quiver as if she were suppressing a yawn. Slightly disconcerted, he turned to his sketches and began to rearrange them in his portfolio.

"And how did you succeed to the inheritance of the man who was so unjustly sacrificed? Did they wish to atone to you for their sins against your ancestor?"

"You greatly mistake, madame," he replied, "if you suppose that the Rothenburgers thought it any honor to have a Doppler among

them again, or that they were willing to pay for that honor. When I strolled through the Roder-gate, nine years ago, simply curious to see the old town, not a soul in the town knew me, and even when I mentioned my name it produced no effect. But the past, as the poet says, decides the future. The failure of the magistrates of Rothenburg to give me a public reception, and to hand over to me the houses once possessed by the great burgomaster, and to regard my life as one precious to the town, was made up to me by fate or by a kind Providence, whichever you please. I came to Rothenburg merely to make a couple of sketches and to look at an old time-worn stronghold; and I found there the happiness of my life, and a dear home of my own, to which I am now returning."

"Will you tell me how it happened?"

"Assuredly, if it interests you. My parents had sent me to Munich, to the Art-School. They were not rich; but their means were sufficient to maintain me respectably and to enable me to pass through all the classes. I wished to be a landscape-painter, and, after I had gone through the schools, to spend a couple of years in Italy. When I was just twenty-one, before leaving Germany, I was fain to pay a visit to my dear old mother in Nuremberg: my father had died a short time before. 'Hans,' said he, 'before you go to Rome you ought to undertake another pilgrimage,—to the spot where our family tree flourished before it was torn up and transplanted here.' She was a genuine patrician,—my good mother,—and used very grand genealogical expressions. Well, I made no delay; I took my staff in hand, and set out, travelling slowly westward, sketching diligently by the way, for our German landscape was dearer to my heart than any unfamiliar southern scenes. Having looked through my portfolio, you can perhaps understand how immensely I was impressed by our German Jerusalem, and that I had neither eyes nor hands to note down all that I wished. But there was something in Rothenburg that interested me more than all its antiquities. In fact,—I will not bore you with the details of a love-story,—at one of the weekly balls, given by what was called the 'Harmony Society,' I was presented to the young daughter of a wealthy citizen and former town-councillor. She was at least three years younger than I, and—I must say it—the prettiest girl in the whole town. After our second waltz I was but too well aware of the state of my own heart, but unfortunately I knew nothing of hers, nor of the sentiments of her Herr Papa. And so there might have ensued a woful story, and the descendant of the great Toppler, like his ancestor, might have lain languishing in chains in the old imperial town, had not the fate of which I spoke interfered with a lucky throw of the dice. After three

days I was sure that the girl cared for me, and after three weeks I knew that the father would shut his eyes to my youth and inexperience, since he had—heaven only knows why—taken a great fancy to me. His Rothenburg heart warmed towards me because of my name, Doppler, and because I could sketch in color all the interesting old corners of the ancient town, its gray ruined towers, its walls, and its curious fountains. After a short year of probation, he gave me the hand of his only child, upon condition that while he lived I should not take her from beneath his roof, and that I should exercise my art chiefly to the glory of his beloved town. You can understand, madame, how cheerfully I agreed. My father-in-law was not only a well-to-do man, with a house and vineyard, a garden and some meadow-land, but he was the best of men, and never angry except when other ancient towns were extolled extravagantly, and Nuremberg, or Augsburg, perhaps, admired more than the ‘Pearl of the Tauber Valley.’ He lived with us after our marriage for four years, and whenever I sold one of my pictures at some exhibition in another town he would fetch from the cellar a flask of a particular Tauber vintage, in which to drink my health. When he died I was too much at home in our odd old house to wish to leave it, and I had, besides, orders and work in plenty. If the old man could only have lived to see these sketches of mine printed in color, I believe he would have gone almost crazy with delight.”

After this long story he paused, and, lost in the emotions which it had awakened, sat looking out of the window at the fleeting landscape, now rapidly darkening. At last it occurred to him that the stranger had not uttered a syllable of reply, although he felt her eyes steadily gazing at him from the dim corner where she sat.

“I am afraid I have bored you with this village tale,” he said, “but you are to blame; and if you only knew——”

“You are quite mistaken,” she interrupted him. “If I am silent, it is because I am puzzling over a problem.”

“A problem? One suggested by me?”

“Yes, by you, Herr Doppler. I am asking myself how the artist whom I know from that portfolio, and the home-keeping father of a family, can—— You have children, I suppose?”

“Four, madame,—two boys, and two little girls.”

“Well, then, how to reconcile such an artist with the young husband and father who, buried in his Rothenburg felicity, cannot leave it except for an excursion,—to Nuremberg at the farthest. For your sketches show an uncommon degree of talent, I assure you. I have seen Hildebrandt’s and Werner’s drawings, and I am familiar with the work of the Water-Color Club at Rome, and I can state positively that

your drawings would create a sensation there; they show such freedom of execution, such feeling for landscape. And to think that this rare talent is to be employed for the next thirty or forty years upon nothing but an endless variety of the towers, archways, and gables of a mediæval stronghold, that bears much the same relation to the world of to-day as does excavated Pompeii—— But pardon me for criticising your scheme of life in this perfectly unjustifiable manner. You wished to know what I was thinking of: it was this problem: Can the soul of a genuine artist be content with so prosaic an existence? Possibly. But I, accustomed as I am to absolute freedom, to boundless liberty of action, cannot conceive how you, barely thirty years old——”

“You are right,” he interrupted, and a shade suddenly appeared upon his frank, fresh face. “You give expression to what I used to say frequently to myself, but always thrust away from my mind. Do you really think that I give promise of something greater and higher? Good heavens! is there stuff in me for a great artist? You know Schiller’s poem, ‘Pegasus in Harness.’ A horse, of noble birth though he be, that allows himself to be yoked to the plough, and endures the yoke, proves by such endurance that he has no wings. Still, he might be fit for something better than a mere plough-horse. But if you knew—if you could see my Christel, and the little ones——”

“I do not for one instant doubt that you have a dear, good wife and charming children, Herr Doppler, and far be it from me to suspect that your domestic bliss is not perfect. But that, young as you are, you should consider it as your settled state of existence, not to be interrupted, even for a while, in pursuit of higher aims,—you, who were actually on your way to the land of Art, and had seen and heard enough to know what joys awaited you there,—that you still could——”

“Oh, madame,” he exclaimed, rising from his seat, as if the railway-carriage had suddenly become too close and stifling for him, “you are uttering my very thoughts! How often in the night when I wake—especially in clear spring nights—and hear my dear wife’s quiet breathing beside me, with the children sleeping in the next room, and the moonlight flickering dim and ghost-like on the walls, and the clock which the old man used to wind up so regularly, and which dates from the Thirty Years’ War, ticking so sleepily, I cannot stay quiet in my bed: I spring from it and gaze through the small round panes of the little window, down into the valley. And when I see the Tauber there, running swiftly along its winding bed, as if it could hardly wait for the time when it shall emerge from its narrow bounds and rush into the Main, and with it into the Rhine, and at last into the open sea,—ah, I cannot tell you how I feel, as I creep back at last to my bed, weary and

heart-sick. I have never told a human being of this! It seemed to me such rank ingratitude for the kindly lot that has fallen to me. But the next day I cannot, for the life of me, touch a brush, and if I see the word Rome, or Naples, in a newspaper, the blood rushes to my head, and I feel like a deserter who has been caught and is being carried back to prison handcuffed."

He ran his hand through his curly hair, and sank down again in his seat. She had observed him keenly: for the first time his face seemed to her interesting. Its expression had lost its immaturity; the clear eyes flashed, and the slender figure, in spite of the oddly-cut coat, took on an air of strength that was almost heroic, and that well beseeemed the descendant of the great burgomaster.

"I understand your emotion," said the stranger, as she took a cigarette from a little silver case and calmly lighted it with a wax vesta; "but all the more impossible is it for me to understand your mode of life. To be sure, I have been used from my youth to do only what was in harmony with the requirements of my nature. I recognize no fetters. If they are weak, I sunder them; if they are too strong, let them strangle me. I cannot live in chains.—Do you smoke? Do not hesitate to do so. You see my example."

He thanked her, but shook his head, and continued his gaze at her, eagerly listening.

"As I said before," the lady continued, letting the smoke curl slowly from her beautiful lips, "I have no right to criticise your plan of existence. But you must permit me to wonder how a man can bewail his fate when to alter it would be so very easy. Perhaps you are afraid that, while absent from home in the interest of your art, your Christel might prove faithless."

"Christel?—Faithless to me?" He could not help laughing, in spite of his melancholy.

"Beg pardon," she said, calmly. "I forgot that she is a German, and a Rothenburger besides. It makes it all the harder for me to understand why you should condemn yourself to spend your life in portraying the St. James's Church, and the Klinker-gate,—or whatever it is called——"

"Klingen-gate, madame."

"I mean these commonplace walls and Gothic rubbish, as if the Coliseum, the Forum, and the Baths of Caracalla did not exist. And such luxuriance of vegetation among the sacred old ruins! such pines and cypresses, with the sea and the mountains on the horizon! Believe me, I myself, although I am not yet an old woman, should have been dead and buried long ago, had I not made my escape from an environ-

ment that was paralyzing to the mind,—my escape to a land of beauty and freedom."

"Madame is not married?"

She threw the glimmering stump of her cigarette out of the window, bit her full lip, and then said, in a tone of indescribable indifference,—

"My husband, the general, is governor of a tolerably large fortress in the interior of Russia, and could not, of course, accompany me. Besides, at his age, he would sadly miss his home comforts. So we agreed to have a meeting every two years somewhere on the Russian border, and since then each has led a much more contented life.

"I am well aware," she continued, as he looked at her in some surprise, "that this view of matrimonial content is in direct opposition to sentimental German prejudices. But, believe me, in some respects we barbarians are in advance of your boasted civilization, and what we deny ourselves in the matter of political freedom we make up for in a greater measure of social liberty. If you were a Russian you would have emancipated yourself long ago, and have followed the example of your Tauber, only in an opposite direction. And what would you have lost by it? When, after a year or so, you returned, a finished artist, would you not find your house in the same place, your wife as domestic and as virtuous as ever, your children, grown, perhaps, but just as good, and with faces as well washed, as when you left them?"

"You are right! You are only too right!" he stammered, running his hands through his hair. "Oh, if I had only considered this long ago!"

"Long ago! why, you are scarcely over thirty now! But I see plainly you are hopelessly given over to the flesh-pots of Rothenburg. All right; stay where you are, and make an honest living. The plan which it was on the tip of my tongue to propose would strike you as scarcely more sensible than if I were to ask you to go into a desert in search of tigers and crocodiles, instead of subjects for landscapes."

She shot this arrow at him with so much quiet grace that he felt wounded and attracted at the same time.

"No, madame," he exclaimed, "you must tell me what plan you were thinking of. Short as the time has been during which I have had the happiness of knowing you, I can assure you that your looks, your every word, have made a deep, an ineffaceable impression. It actually seems as if I were being transformed, and this hour with you——"

He paused and blushed. She saw it, although apparently not looking at him, and came to his relief. "My proposal," she said, "was not intended to transform you, but only to help what there is in you to

burst its bounds. I am going to Würzburg, to visit an invalid friend there. After spending two days with her, I shall return by the same route, not stopping until I reach Genoa, where I shall take a steamer for Palermo: I am not yet familiar with Sicily. Now, I have always been filled with envy by what Goethe says in his 'Italian Journey' of his travelling-companion the artist Kneip, whom he engaged to perpetuate in a sketch every place that pleased him. I am not a great poet, nor a wealthy princess: my means are not so limited, however, that I need deny myself a like travelling-companion. To be sure, we now have photography; but I need not tell you, of all men, how much more satisfactory it is to have at one's disposal an artist's pencil than a photographic camera. What I thought was that it could not harm you to be conducted into this paradise by one who is familiar with the language, and who is, besides, no novice in travelling. You would be free to remain with me as long or as short a time as you pleased. Perfect liberty of action would be the foundation of our contract. And if upon your return you should like to pass a little time in Rome or Florence, the means to do so shall not——"

"Oh, madame," he interrupted, eagerly, "under no circumstances could I take advantage of your generosity. My means are quite sufficient to enable me to pass a year in the South, and if your proposal seems to me providential it is only because the prospect of seeing all these glories with you makes my departure from home so much easier for me. For this I am eternally grateful. It is really as you say: my wife, my children, would miss me much less than I have imagined. Christel is so sensible, so self-reliant, that if I explain everything to her,—or, better still, if you, madame, would say to her just what you have said to me—— But of course you must go on to Würzburg,—I could not ask you to take the branch-line to Rothenburg: to any one who has seen the Baths of Caracalla our modest mediæval village must——"

A whistle from the engine interrupted him. The train moved more slowly, and lanterns gleamed along the track.

"Steinach," said the artist, as he rose and took up his travelling-bag and portfolio: "here our ways separate; you go farther north, and I take the little branch-line that will carry me to my home in half an hour. Oh, madame, if you could only stop for a day on your return——"

"Do you know," she said, suddenly, "I have been thinking"—and she looked at her watch—"it would be wiser to stop to-night in Rothenburg and continue my journey to-morrow? I should arrive in Würzburg too late to-night to see my friend. Instead of which, I can

improve my knowledge of geography and history and take a look at your Jerusalem on the Tauber. To-morrow, if Frau Christel has no objection, you will kindly act as my guide."

"Oh, madame," he exclaimed, delightedly, "I never should have dared to ask so much! How happy you make me! How shall I ever——"

The train stopped, the door of the carriage was opened, the young painter respectfully helped his newly-won patroness to alight, and then accompanied her to the door of a second-class carriage, where she called out a few words in Russian. A queer little personage in a hat and feathers, and carrying a multitude of bundles, bags, and baskets, scrambled out from the overcrowded interior, and scanned her mistress's fair-haired conductor with a look by no means friendly out of her little Calmuck eyes. The lady seemed to explain the change in her plans, without receiving from this much-burdened individual a word in reply. She then took her young companion's arm and walked up and down the platform with him, conversing in the liveliest manner about Italy, Russia, and the German states with which she was familiar, all so easily, and with so graceful a hint of malice now and then, that her companion thought that he had never been better entertained in his life, and that he could never be weary of listening to this irresistible Scheherazade.

Was it not like a fairy-tale that this beautiful woman, whom he had seen for the first time an hour before, should now be leaning on his arm and be going with him to his humble out-of-the-way home? And then there was everything delightful to look forward to in the future. He was known in the little railway-station, but never had he been greeted so respectfully as to-day, when he appeared in such distinguished company. By the flickering light of the lanterns her fair face looked more than ever like that of the princess in a fairy-tale. She wore an oddly-shaped cap of black velvet, trimmed with reddish fur, and her short cloak with its hood had the same trimming. She had taken off her gloves, and a large sapphire sparkled on the little finger of the hand upon which her companion glanced down from time to time as it rested upon his arm. He thought he had scarcely ever seen so slender and snow-white a hand: each finger seemed to have an eloquent expression of its own. But when they had got into the little way-train, which consisted only of an engine and two small cars, he began to have misgivings. They all three sat alone in the little second-class carriage,—since there was no first-class,—and glided slowly through the dim moonlit night. The maid had squeezed herself into the darkest corner, and sat there, buried, as it were, beneath a mountain of packages. The

full light of the lamp above fell upon the face of her mistress, and the young artist gazed with increasing admiration upon the noble features, which corresponded almost exactly with the ideal of beauty formed in his mind from the casts which he had studied at the Art-School. But the nearer the train approached its destination, the more embarrassed he became at the thought of how the nooks and corners of his old Rothenburg would appear to those glorious eyes which had seen half the wonders of the world. Suddenly everything with which he had been familiar for years, and which he had admired so much, seemed to him sordid and mean, and he thought with terror of the contempt that would appear upon her exquisite features the next morning, on beholding all the antique glories in which he had taken such pride. His terrified fancy took refuge in his own home. Even there, alas! he found but small comfort. How would his little wife, who had never been outside of her native town, conduct herself towards this cosmopolitan? And his boys with their tumbled curls, and his little girls, all untrained as they were!

He repented bitterly having thus committed himself with this distinguished stranger: she suddenly ceased to suggest a fairy-tale. There was no need to force himself to talk: the lady had closed her eyes, and seemed to be really asleep. The Mogul orbs of her Calmuck attendant did indeed stare at him fixedly from her corner, but she uttered no word.

The train drew up at the station. The sleeper sat upright, seemed to have some difficulty in recollecting where she was, and then asked if there was a tolerable hotel in Rothenburg. Her companion, whose pride was irritated by the contemptuous tone of her voice, recommended to her the "Golden Stag," the omnibus from which was at the station. Would not his wife be waiting there to receive him? No; the hour—it was ten o'clock—was too late, and she did not like to leave the children alone. To-morrow he hoped to have the pleasure of presenting his family to Madame.

To this the Russian made no reply; her former good humor seemed to have vanished, and perhaps she, too, privately repented her hasty change of plans.

All three, without another word, drove in the hotel omnibus through the dark gate-way, and were soon jolting over the uneven stones of the sleeping town. When they reached the market-place, however, and the moon emerged from the clouds, the stranger cast a glance through the window, and expressed her admiration of the noble proportions of the Rathhaus, which showed to great advantage in the silver light. This reanimated the drooping courage of her companion. He began to talk

of this building, the pride of Rothenburg, and of its erection after a great fire. It was in the best style of the Renaissance, and in summer, when the broad balcony that extended along the entire front was filled with fresh flowers, nothing could be imagined more beautiful and stately.

He was still talking when they stopped at the door of the "Golden Stag." Hans Doppler sprang out, and lent his aid to the stranger, while he bade the host good-evening, and whispered to him to prepare his best rooms.

"Numbers fifteen and sixteen are unoccupied," the host replied, with kindly familiarity.

"You will have a beautiful view of the Tauber valley, madame," said the artist, "when the moon rises a little higher. You will be really pleased with the double-arched bridge, and the Gothic church. I shall have the pleasure of calling to-morrow to ask how you have slept, and when you would like to begin your inspection of the town."

She noticed that he was a little cool and embarrassed: she instantly held out her hand to him, and, as he respectfully touched the slender fingers with his lips, she said,—

"*Au revoir*, then, my friend. Do not come too early: I am a bird of the night, and your Rothenburg moonlight and the Nixies of your Tauber will not let me sleep very soon."

With these words she followed the host into the house, and her maid, whom the porter had relieved of some of her packages, tripped after her.

Hans Doppler turned away, and walked towards his home, not so quickly as was his wont after a short absence, but with the slow step of a very weary man who does not know what his reception is to be. His house stood near the principal gate of the old walled town, and looked towards the northwest, while the windows of the inn which he had just left opened on the southwest. As he walked he pondered deeply upon whether it would be best to make a full confession to-night, or to wait until to-morrow. Now that he was no longer under the spell of the seductive stranger, the whole affair seemed to him absurd, and even wrong. But he had gone too far to withdraw without disgrace. The next day must be gone through with, and then he could plead pressing engagements which made it impossible for him to leave: nothing should induce him to accompany her.

After he had thus quieted his conscience with regard to his unsuspecting young wife, he felt rather easier. He walked up the steep street, past the market-place, and then turned to the left, still with some hesitation, until he reached the tower of the city gate. But upon turn-

ing to the right in the narrow street that led to his home he saw in the distance a dark figure standing beneath the archway of the high garden-wall, and he had scarcely time to recognize it as his little wife, before two soft plump arms were thrown around his neck, and a pair of warm lips sought his own in the darkness.

As he was carrying his bag and portfolio, he could neither return the embrace nor avoid it; the latter he was rather inclined to do, for he saw several of the neighbors' windows open, and he was afraid lest this tender meeting might be observed. His wife, perceiving his embarrassment, soothed it by telling him that they could be seen only by old friends, who knew perfectly that they two, after seven years of marriage, still loved each other dearly. Then, talking softly and merrily of a hundred trifling matters, she drew him into the house, where all were asleep. It was an ancient dwelling, the walls of which had withstood many a tempest and warlike shock. Within, its age was still more evident; all the wood-work was black and cracked, the staircases were steep and worn, and the floors were uneven. But to repair it the entire structure would have to be rebuilt from the very foundation, and this its former possessor could never have found it in his Rothenburg heart to do; nor could his daughter's young husband, in whose veins rolled the blood of the great burgomaster.

To-day, for the first time, Hans Doppler, as he mounted the steep narrow staircase, saw defects in this historic dwelling, although he prudently kept them to himself. The sitting-room, as he entered it, with its low raftered ceiling, its very old-fashioned furniture, and the family portraits on the walls, seemed to him for the first time poor and rude, in spite of the pretty brass lamp lighting up the table, with its snowy cloth and shining plates and glasses, where was set out his frugal supper. He was wont upon a return home to be full of gay talk: to-night he was quite silent, although he smiled frequently, a little constrainedly indeed, and stroked his pretty wife's cheeks with so paternal an air that she was privately a little surprised at his manner. But in the room where the children were sleeping, his heart and his lips were freed from restraint for the first time, and when the younger boy, his favorite, because he so resembled the mother, awoke, and, with a cry of joy, jumped up in bed in his little night-dress and threw his arms about his father's neck, Hans immediately produced a toy that he had bought for him in Nuremberg, and a big cake. These delights were enjoyed but for a moment, however, for the lamp was immediately carried out of the room. Then he sat down opposite Christel on the old sofa, the hair-cloth covering of which had never before seemed to him so cold and hard, ate a little, and drank some red Tauber wine

from his own vineyard, while he told his wife, sitting opposite, leaning on her elbows, of the favorable result of his trip.

And in the Anspach train he had accidentally travelled with the wife of a Russian general, the commander of a fortress on the borders, and the lady wished to see Rothenburg, and was lodging at the "Stag." Unfortunately, he could not help being her guide on the morrow; indeed, he wondered whether it would not be best to ask her to dinner.

"You know, Hans," said the young wife, "that our Marie does not understand much about cooking, and that I myself cannot work miracles without some notice beforehand. And why do you want to ask this perfectly strange old lady to dinner immediately? She has never been to see us. Is there any reason for paying her special attention? Is she an old acquaintance from your Munich days? If so, I will do everything that I can."

"No," he said, with his eyes fixed upon his plate, "she is not a former acquaintance; nor is she so very old. And you are right, my child: she must come to see us. She certainly will do so, for I have told her so much about you and the children. Oh, you will find her very interesting, very artistic: she may be able to say a good word for me sometime, for she knows half the world."

"Well, I shall be glad to see her," replied his wife. "Moreover, that even Russians should want to see Rothenburg——"

He blushed, for he knew well enough what had been the cause of this Russian's interest. "My child," he said, "go to bed now: you ought to have been there an hour ago. I am still restless from my journey, but I will soon follow you."

"You are right," she replied, yawning, and revealing a large but very sweet mouth, filled with white even teeth. "I see you are not quite yourself: your eyes have a restless look. Open the window and sit in the cool air for a while. Good-night."

She gave him a hasty kiss, and went into the adjoining room, leaving the door open. He arose, went to the window, and opened the casement with its little round panes. The night-wind had scattered all the mists below the moon; the winding valley, with its feathery trees and freshly-ploughed fields, lay at his feet, bathed in silver sheen, and in the profound stillness he could hear the whisper of the Tauber, as its swift waters rushed past beneath the little tower which his ancestor had built. Peace and content possessed him; at present his thoughts did not follow the course of the stream, as they had so often done before; he could fancy that he heard the breathing of his sleeping children in the room to his right, and in that on his left the soft footfall of his wife, as she busied herself about this and that before going to bed.

The Russian episode seemed to him like a dream : to-night at least it should not disturb his slumbers.

When Hans Doppler waked early the next morning, and found his little wife, who had long been in her nursery, absent from his side, his first thought was of all that was expected of him with regard to his distinguished patroness.

By the light of day his dwelling, his historic furniture,—nay, even his own dear wife and his red-cheeked children,—no longer seemed to him as soul-satisfying as upon the previous night of his return. He found his Christel's fresh morning-dress much too countrified in cut, and he discovered for the first time that the patches upon little Heintz's trousers did not, either in material or in color, quite match the stuff of which they were made. His own costume of the day before fairly disgusted him. It was of as venerable a black as the coat of a theological student : it had been the young artist's aim to impress the Nuremberg publisher with his extreme respectability. In his own town he dressed as did all his fellow-citizens ; as he was here the only one of his profession, a picturesque garb would have been too conspicuous. Still, he did not wish to appear again before his fashionable friend looking like a bagman, and so he brought from the depths of his wardrobe a velvet coat,—the very one that he had worn when he made his first appearance in Rothenburg,—and a broad-brimmed hat, and a pair of light-colored trousers. Christel opened her eyes wide when she saw him thus transformed, and he remarked that it was a great pity to leave such a good coat to be eaten by moths. And, besides, now that his fellow-citizens were to learn that through his art their fame was to be spread far and wide, he need no longer shrink from proclaiming his profession. To this his prudent young wife made no reply, but observed him from time to time with calm, searching eyes. She had better be prepared, he remarked, casually, as he left the house : it was impossible to say when the Russian lady might make her appearance. She should be welcome, Christel replied. She herself was always ready to receive a visitor, and so were the children. Whoever did not think them pretty enough in their every-day clothes could have but little taste. In Russia, she had read, the children of very well-to-do people ran about like mere little animals, ragged and unwashed. As she spoke, she lifted up little Lena in her arms and stroked back the curls from the child's forehead with gentle pride, kissing it on its blue eyes,—eyes like its father's. Her own were brown.

Hans Doppler suppressed a sigh, tried to smile upon his little flock, and then quickly took his way to the "Golden Stag."

He thought he should arrive there too early, but his evil conscience gave him no peace in his home. He meant to saunter about a little before presenting himself to the fair Russian.

But when he reached the market-place, and glanced down the street leading to the inn, he saw the lady standing there opposite the church, studying attentively through an eye-glass its Gothic windows, and its ancient bas-reliefs, among which a black St. Christopher was especially prominent.

He feared that he was very late; but when she saw him hastening towards her she nodded gayly, and called out,—

“You see, my dear friend, Rothenburg has infected me: I am filled with admiration for the good old times. I was too impatient to sleep later than seven: to Sascha’s horror,—she is a perfect sloth,—I sprang out of bed and ran to the window in my bare feet, to admire, in the morning light, the Cablezeller—no, the Cadolzeller Church, and the double-arched bridge which enchanted me down in the valley by moonlight last night. Your Tauber Nixie is a maiden of excellent taste. And I have been learning the Rothenburg proverbs and legends. When I praised the bread at breakfast the head-waiter quoted to me the old saw,—

‘In Rothenburg the Tauber’s flow
Makes bread and biscuit white as snow.’

And when I stepped out of the house to look about a little, the host remarked that this was the famous Smith Street, and that in the Peasant War, when sixty of the rebel leaders were beheaded by a certain margrave in the square before the Rathhaus, the blood flowed in streams down this steep street. If I should stay here three days I believe I should become a perfect Rothenburger. For really everything that I see pleases me. Even you please me much better than you did yesterday. Do you know that your artist costume is extremely becoming? But now come, we must not stay so long in one spot. You must show me not only the common sights here, but all the out-of-the-way corners, not mentioned in Baedeker. And, as I am the wife of a general, I will first inspect the walls and towers, in case Russia should lay siege to Rothenburg in revenge for its conquest of me.”

He had been gazing at her steadily while all this came trippingly from her tongue. She wore the same travelling-dress, but it seemed to fit her more jauntily than before, and the little fur cap was cocked coquettishly upon one side of her head. He offered her his arm and led her through side-streets to the city wall, which, in excellent preservation, ran quite round the town, and on the way he told her that there

were as many towers here as there were weeks in the year, that most of them were still perfect, and that for centuries they had served as retreats for both friends and foes. She listened to what he told her, looking attentively at everything, and only interrupting him at times by exclamations of pleasure when they passed some fine old structure, some picturesque hut nestling between the buttresses of a tower, or a street which opened a vista through which there was a view of the curious old town. She climbed the ancient gray steps leading to the top of the wall, and pursued her way under the old shed beneath which so many a brave burgher had crouched to return the fire of the foe. Now and then she paused opposite a loop-hole, peeped through, and asked the names of various points in the landscape, and of the roads that intersected the outlying country. Thus they passed from the Faul Tower through the Roder-gate to the White Tower, where she declared herself at last satisfied with her studies in fortification, and wished to return to the town. She still lingered, however, before the statue of the holy St. Wolfgang, standing with an air of such meekness and patience in his niche in the front of his church, resting one hand upon the model of it, and holding his broken crosier aloft in the other. "If I were to stay in Rothenburg," said she, "I should find this holy man perilously tempting. Only look what a dear face he has! so innocent, and yet so tempting! I always wanted to meet with a living saint, that I might play the temptress a little. Do you think that this one could have withstood me if I had tried to snare his soul?"

He stammered some foolish reply to her jest. In fact, he felt as if neither saint nor sinner could resist this charming woman if she chose to spread her nets. As he saw her slender figure tripping up and down the moss-grown steps and along the shady paths on the wall, her face now and then illuminated by a fitting sunbeam, his heart beat with a strange sensation, which he took for the stirring of his artist blood. It surprised and almost offended him that she never referred to yesterday's plan for the Sicilian journey. And, his firm resolve of the previous night notwithstanding, he now saw himself in fancy standing beside her on the steps of the amphitheatre of Taormina, and heard her express a rapture very different from any called forth by the old watch-towers of Rothenburg.

She took his arm again, as they retraced their steps, and he conducted her directly to the venerable St. James's Church, the minster of the place. She surveyed the beautiful Gothic structure, however, with much less interest than he had expected; and even the famous altars, with their excellent carvings, left her quite indifferent. She gazed for some time at the crystal case that held the sacred blood, and crossed

herself. He thought to interest her by telling her that the high altar was the gift of Heinrich Toppler, as were the pictures by Michael Wohlgemuth, and by showing her the scutcheon of the great burgo-master, with the two dice. But she suppressed a slight yawn, and asked to go out into the open air again. There she was interested in the huge black spot on the vaulted roof of the passage by which the street runs directly through the church. A peasant, he told her, who cursed his horses as he drove through here, was seized by the devil and hurled against the vaulted roof: his body had fallen down, but his poor soul still stuck fast.

She laughed, showing her glistening white teeth. "You are infatuated antiquarians, you people of Rothenburg!" she exclaimed. "And now let me see your Rathhaus, and then enough for to-day."

"Do you know," she said, as they took the short cut to the market-place, "that it seems to me as if this German Pompeii were inhabited only by really good men, whose faith and honesty had been buried, like their old stones, for a couple of centuries, and were just now being brought to light? I have not seen one bad face here yet. Every one bows: it is like some large well-bred family, where each one behaves himself well because he knows that the others are observing him. You yourself must once have led a freer, more adventurous life, but now you too have the same meek, pious look. Don't be vexed at what I say."

He assured her eagerly that, on the contrary, he was delighted with her frank appreciation of everything. She proceeded to put him to the test in the great hall of the Rathhaus. When the custodian told the story of the extraordinary feat of old Burgomaster Nusch, how he obtained clemency at the hands of the ferocious Tilly for the inhabitants of the town, and the lives of the principal citizens, by performing the incredible feat of draining at one draught a goblet holding thirteen quarts of Bavarian beer, the inconsiderate lady burst out laughing. She excused herself afterwards by declaring that it was not on account of the pretty story, but because of the touching and solemn manner in which this exploit was exalted into a deed of the loftiest heroism. And it had occurred to her that this legend was the mate to that of the Roman knight Quintus Curtius, who to save his city plunged into a gulf, while the Rothenburg Curtius made a gulf of himself,—which was, to say the least, an irreverent jest.

Hans Doppler was obliged to admit to himself that this woman, in other respects a creature of rare perfection, seemed entirely devoid of a sense of the dignity of history.

"Would you like to go on the tower?" he asked. "It is a little

terrifying, but perfectly safe. The masonry is held together from the bottom to the very top by iron clamps, keeping the square stones firmly in place: sometimes, however, the whole structure rocks to and fro like a tree."

"What a pity that the air is so still to-day!" she replied. "Of course we will go up."

He climbed up the steep wooden staircase before her, until they reached the top, where, at a knock, a trap-door opened, and a little gray-headed old man, whose office it was to keep watch, received them with a smile.

She looked curiously about the airy room, through the four small windows of which streamed in the bright noonday light, and, seating herself upon the stool which the old man had vacated, began a conversation in which the solitary watchman took part with great zeal.

On the table were sewing-materials, and a half-finished waistcoat, for the watchman was a tailor by trade, and, being clothed with office by his fellow-citizens, clothed them with garments in return. She put on the steel thimble, in which her delicate finger was fairly buried, took a few stitches, and asked whether he would resign his office in her favor. He was the only man in the world whom she envied, as, in spite of his high position, he could not be besieged by petitioners, and if he were struck by lightning he would be so much nearer heaven than other people. The little man then told her that he had a wife and several children, and that his salary was only sixty groschen a day, so that his life was not entirely free from care. He showed her the signalling-apparatus for fires, and complained of the fright he sometimes underwent during storms, when the tower rocked so that the water in his basin was spilled. She asked whether there was no way of getting outside upon the gallery that ran around the top of the tower. The watchman let down a little ladder fastened to the ceiling, and crept up it to open a metal trap which closed a small triangular hole. Would Madame venture to slip through there? Certainly she would: she was still slender enough; only the gentlemen must precede her.

Hans Doppler, who had never been able to induce his little wife to squeeze through this small aperture, expressed his admiration by an ardent look, and climbed lightly up after the watchman. The next moment he saw the fair lady appear, and he held out his hand to help her up. There they stood, shoulder to shoulder, breathless, upon the narrow space beside the belfry, separated only by a slight balustrade from the giddy depth below. The town lay at their feet, as trim and neat as a Nuremberg toy-village; the tower of St. James's Church, around which the swallows were flying, was below them; they saw the

silver Tauber winding through the country, and the smoke from a hundred chimneys wreathing upward in slender spirals. It was noon, and the streets were deserted.

Suddenly she turned to her companion. "If two people were to kiss each other up here, could it be seen from below?" she asked.

His face flushed crimson. "That would depend upon the sharpness of the eyes looking up," he said. "As far as I know, no one has ever seen anything of the kind."

"No, really?" she said, with a light laugh. "Do no lovers ever come up here,—or others whom the lofty situation tempts to commit such a slight indiscretion? Fancy how the worthy citizens below there would be scandalized if on some sleepy afternoon, happening to glance up here, they should behold such a jolly piece of fun! Perhaps the mayor would put up a notice here, forbidding kissing under penalty of a fine of three marks."

He laughed, but the laugh was forced.

"I once went up into the dome of St. Peter's," she continued, "with a young Frenchman, who insisted, as we sat together in the great copper ball, that he must kiss me, arguing that it was a time-honored custom. But I would not hear of it: the security there from prying eyes is so perfect that the risk of being seen, which alone could have tempted me, was entirely absent. We must have the courage of our follies, or they are mere follies. Don't you agree with me?"

He assented hastily, growing more and more confused and uncomfortable, while becoming more and more conscious of the power that this woman was gaining over him.

"You are born for the lofty places of this world," he stammered. "I feel so free, so happy, when I am with you; I could fancy that if I stood awhile here beside you, wings would grow from my shoulders, and bear me far away from this commonplace existence."

She shot a sharp, sidelong glance at him. "Well, then, why not let yourself be so borne away?"

He looked in confusion into the depths below them. At this moment twelve struck from the tower of St. James's, and instantly the little watchman struck twelve strokes upon the large bell behind them.

The lady shrugged her shoulders and turned away. "Come," she said, coldly, "it is late. Your wife will be waiting dinner for you." Then she smoothed her gown down about her hips, that she might gather it tightly around her knees and ankles, and then slipped through the narrow hole, carefully feeling with her little feet for the rounds of the ladder.

He was too late with his offer of assistance: when he reached the little room she was standing before the tailor's tiny mirror, arranging her hair.

She seemed to have lost some of her gay humor, and he confessed to himself that he was to blame. He was vexed at having been such a blockhead, for not having snatched his chance. Not that there was anything sinful in his heart, any lack of fidelity towards his little wife. But there had been an opportunity for an audacious jest, as at a game of forfeits, and he had played the spoil-sport. What must she think of his Rothenburg boorishness? And would she have anything further to do with such a dunderhead?

She bade the watchman good-by, leaving him quite paralyzed by the thaler that she slipped into his hand. They did not speak as they descended the stairs. He now walked beside her in silence in the broad quiet street where, a little while before, he surely would have pointed out to her the tablets on the houses, telling when and how long this or that monarch had stayed in the old imperial town. She saw that vexation and regret sealed his lips, and, as she liked him well in his embarrassment, she began to talk again in her old familiar tone. When, passing through the castle gate, they emerged upon the small terrace, planted with trees and flowering shrubs, where centuries before the original Rothenburg fortress had stood, she expressed her admiration of the foliage, although it was but scanty as yet, and of the ancient Pharamond's tower, and of the distant view. Then he too grew more cheerful, pointed out to her the little tower by the water-side in the valley, that Heinrich Toppler had built and within its modest walls had hospitably entertained King Wenzel; "and up there," he said, "where you see four little windows,—the wall of the house forms part of the wall of the town,—there I live, and if you would so far honor me——"

"Not now," she said, quickly. "I have been dragging you about too long. I am going back to the inn alone now: I could find my way about the town easily in the darkest night; and if I should lose it, so much the better. *La recherche de l'inconnu* has always been a favorite pastime of mine. Therefore you go home: I invite myself to take a cup of coffee with you this afternoon, but you must not come for me: do you hear? Adieu."

She held out her hand to him, and he took it; but he could not make up his mind to bestow upon her glove the kiss that he might have bestowed upon her lips, and, strangely agitated, he left her.

When Hans Doppler reached home he found that Christel had not waited dinner for him, but had put some aside in case he should be

hungry. For the first time in his life he did not relish his simple meal. While he partook of it she sat opposite again, chatting merrily about things which, after he had been enjoying such elevated sensations, seemed to him very stale and uninteresting. The children were playing in the garden, all but the eldest, who had gone to school, and they were not dressed in their best clothes.

"Dear child," he said, "you might as well put another ribbon in your hair and put on Lena's blue dress: the general's wife is coming to take a cup of coffee with us."

"Does not the ribbon look fresh enough to you?" she asked, looking at herself in the glass. "I bought it only a week ago. Why should we dress ourselves up when an old Russian comes to see us?"

"H'm!" said he, "I told you before that she is not so very old,—somewhere between thirty and forty,—and very elegant. Since we are well off, why should we appear poorer than is necessary? We can do nothing, of course, with the old furniture, but you might at least put away these worn old spoons and get out the new ones; and if you do not want to put on your best gown——"

He paused: although she had uttered no word to interrupt him, the look with which she seemed to read his very soul made him hesitate.

"See here, Hans," she said, "you seem to me in a strange humor. Did you not use to think everything here dear and good, and have you not often said that you never would part with that old sofa, where we sat when our betrothal was celebrated? And were not these coffee-spoons good enough for you when I made my first preserved cherries and gave you some in one of them? The new ones, you know, belong to Heintz: his godfather gives him one every year, until the whole dozen shall be complete. Must I borrow from our boy to make a show before a strange lady? My coffee is famous all through the town, and Marie shall run to the baker's for fresh biscuit: if your Russian is not pleased, I am sorry for her. And you seem to have acquired more exact information to-day with regard to her age: I am glad she is not such an old thing. Tell me, has she any children?"

"I think not: she did not mention them."

"No matter. Her silver spoons may be finer than mine; as for our children, they, I think, may hold up their heads beside the children of all the Russian generals in the world. I will just wash their hands: they have been digging in their gardens. And earth is not really dirt."

She went into the garden, whilst he, glad to be alone, looked round the room to see if there was anything to clear up or to be more artistically arranged. He brought down from his garret-room, which he had

converted into a studio by half covering a north window, a couple of water-color sketches, and hung them on the wall, instead of the pastel portrait of a deceased great-aunt. He put an easel in the corner by the window, and placed an oil-sketch upon it. He would gladly have got rid entirely of a small glass cupboard, containing pieces of china, bouquets of artificial flowers, and alabaster figures, even if he had to throw it out of the window, but he knew that this museum of tasteless trifles was too dear to his wife's heart to allow of her ever forgiving such a sin. With a sigh he finally contemplated his work: the room was not much changed; he could not but confess that the stamp of provincial respectability was too deeply impressed upon his life to be effaced in a moment.

This cage was too confined for an artistic flight. He must travel, if the veil that had hitherto hidden from his eyes all that was commonplace here were not to obscure his sight forever.

When Christel came in she glanced in some surprise at the easel and the pictures on the wall, and smiled slightly, but said not a word. She spread a pretty cloth on the table, and took from the cupboard her best coffee-cups, which were, however, rather old and decorated after the fashion of a by-gone day. The pride of her modest store of silver, a little sugar-bowl, on the cover of which a swan was spreading his wings, was placed between the two plates which the maid filled with biscuit. The little woman did not appear to find it extraordinary that her Hans sat silent beside her work-table at the window, with a book which he seemed to be reading. She soon left him alone again, smiling gently to herself, which made her pretty mouth still prettier; but this he did not see.

A short hour passed; he heard her moving about the kitchen, talking with the maid, and her calm sweet voice, which he used to love so, troubled him now,—why he could not tell. Suddenly the house door below opened; he started and rushed out into the hall. There Christel met him.

"Must you really receive her on the stairs, like a princess?" she asked, calmly. "We are not such very insignificant people."

"You are right," he said, in confusion. "I only wanted to see if you were there."

She preceded him into the room, and immediately the stranger appeared. Christel received her with easy courtesy; the young husband bowed silently. The lady seemed almost to overlook him, and to turn exclusively to his little wife, who asked her to take a seat beside her on the hard sofa, and thanked her for finding time during so short a stay to visit them. "Our house is not one of the shows of Rothenburg,"

she said : " we have no wainscoting as fine as in some other houses, and although everything here is old it is not therefore beautiful. Of course it pleases me, because I have known it from childhood, and have seen people whom I love sitting upon these poor chairs. But my husband" —she glanced towards him archly—" would without a pang see all our furniture sent to auction, or even put into the fire. Our best possessions belong equally to each of us, and may be seen from the window. You must look at our prospect, madame, and then you will understand how even an artist can be satisfied with this ancient nest,—for how long, who can tell?"

Again she looked saucily at her Hans, who now moved the work-table aside to allow the stranger to observe the view ; but the lady sat still, saying that she had already studied the view of the Tauber valley from the tower, and that she had come here now only on Christel's account. Evidently she had intended to be very gracious and condescending, and to encourage the timid young wife in every way. When she perceived that there was no need of this, she herself grew rather uncertain in her demeanor, was more silent than was her wont, and listened to the artless talk to which the husband added only a word now and then. The maid brought in the coffee, and Christel quietly handed a cup to her guest. As she did so she scanned the countenance of the stranger, and as a result of her investigation she grew gayer and more self-possessed, asking the Russian lady various questions about her travels, and her husband, and inquiring if she had any children. When the stranger quickly shook her head in answer to this last question, Christel changed the subject. But immediately afterwards the three eldest children came running up-stairs and into the room, the biggest boy carrying in his arms his little two-year-old sister : all four looked blooming and pretty, and were only a little shy when their mother told them to come and shake hands with the lady. She looked at them with apparent approval through her eye-glass, but evidently did not know how to talk to them. Then, glancing towards a little old-fashioned piano standing in a corner, she asked whether Frau Christel played upon it.

As a girl she had been fond of playing ; now her housekeeping gave her too much to do, and she opened the old instrument only when the children wished her to accompany them in their songs.

Of course the guest begged that she might have the pleasure of hearing one of these songs, and, although the father remarked that it was a very modest entertainment, the young wife did not wait to be asked twice. She gently placed in the corner of the sofa the youngest child, who had clambered into her lap, then opened the piano, struck a few chords with an unskilled but musical touch, and played the melody of

the song "Within a cool green valley." The two boys and little Lena ranged themselves behind her, and began to sing, a little timidly at first, but at the second verse the young voices sounded fresh and strong, and the mother then joined in with a fine clear contralto, that lent an unusual force and intensity to the sweet, tender air.

Hans sat at the window, glancing from time to time at the stranger, whose face as she listened grew dark and sad. When the song ended she did not speak. Christel rose and whispered something to the children, whereupon they nodded farewell and went out of the room. She then took up the youngest, who had fallen asleep, and carried it out to the maid. When she returned, she found her husband and the stranger still plunged in silent reverie.

"Do you not wish to show Madame your studio?" she said, gayly. "There is more to see up there than down here."

He rose at once, and the stranger also. "You do not know how well you sing," she said, holding out her hand to Christel. "Music always makes me melancholy; not the loud, stirring music of operas and concerts, but that of a pure human voice. And now let us visit the workshop of art."

Hans led the way up a dark, narrow staircase, and opened the door of his studio. The whitewashed walls of the spacious garret were covered with sketches and studies from his academic days, a table stood close to the window where he worked at his water-colors, and upon a couple of easels he had placed a finished and an unfinished painting in oil,—of views taken from Rothenburg, of course.

She seemed to take but little interest in his work to-day, scarcely remarking upon the sketches that he showed her, and she soon turned to the window, through which, across the slopes of the plateau, the Tauber could be seen as far as the village whose spire soared aloft in the misty spring air through trees not yet in full leaf.

"There is nothing remarkable in these colors and lines," he said, "but they make a tolerable frame for the picture of the antique town. How different it must be to stand upon the Capitol, and, with Cæsar's palaces and the Forum in the foreground, to contemplate the classic outline of the Albanian Hills! I, indeed, know it only from pictures," he concluded, with a sigh.

"You will see the reality one of these days, and much else that is beautiful besides. Meanwhile, this is not to be despised: each has its charm."

Then she changed the subject. It was enough for Hans that for the first time during the entire day she had alluded to his journey south. He was pondering how to resume the subject, when she abruptly

asked him to conduct her down-stairs. She had several letters to write before leaving town, and would rather write them here than at Würzburg, it was so much quieter. When did the train leave in the evening?

"At eight," he replied.

"Very good. We shall see each other again at the station. Now I must go home."

In the room below they did not find Christel: the mistress was in the garden, they were told by the maid, who blushed scarlet, and utterly refused to accept what the stranger lady tried to put into her hand. In the garden Christel came towards them with her hands full of hyacinths and spring flowers which she had just cut and tied together.

"Pray accept them," she said. "My roses, of which I am very proud, I cannot offer you yet. But these yellow hyacinths with the green calyxes I have raised myself, and it would be difficult to find any finer. I have good luck with children and flowers: it is my only talent."

The stranger took the flowers and kissed the giver on both cheeks. She walked about the garden, which was surrounded by high walls and at this season of the year was not entirely free from damp. But a luxuriant ivy had taken compassion on the black walls, and had covered them with a dark tapestry that contrasted well with the tender green of the fruit-trees, and with the beds of primroses, crocuses, and hyacinths. The children went on playing in a corner where they had a little garden of their own, without heeding the visitor.

"I must now bid you good-by," said the stranger. "Unfortunately, I cannot invite you to return my visit in what is called my home. In our fortress it does not look green and smiling as it does here, and I have never tried my luck with raising either children or flowers. But I thank you for a pleasant hour; I shall never forget it. You have given me more pleasure and—pain than I have had for a long time. Farewell."

She embraced Christel, and kissed her again,—this time upon the lips,—and, nodding to the young husband, with a scarcely audible "*Au revoir*," she hastily left the garden by the gray arched gate-way.

It was just eight o'clock, and the sun had hardly set, when the omnibus of the "Golden Stag" rolled through the eastern gate of the little town and drew up behind the station. Even before the porter could open the door, the young man in the picturesque hat, who had been waiting there, sprang forward to help out, first the Russian lady, and then the bundle-burdened Calmuck maid.

He himself had on a light paletot, from the pocket of which protruded a large package, and he held under his arm a thick sketch-book. His face was rather flushed, and his look distraught and excited. He asked if the tickets were taken, and then hurried to the office, whence he quickly returned. Two little cards he handed to the lady, and a third he slipped into his own pocket.

"Are you going too?" asked the stranger, pausing on the platform while Sascha took her various bundles to the waiting-room.

He only nodded assent, looking surprised and not a little dismayed.

"Whither are you going? You only returned to your home yesterday."

"Whither? I hoped to learn that from you, madame."

She looked at him for a moment as if she had been addressed by a lunatic.

"Did you not prove to me beyond doubt," he said, his heart beating fast, "that I owed it to myself to see a little of the world before I settled down in this small nest for the rest of my life? And were you not so kind as to wish me to be your travelling-companion, that I might take sketches everywhere of the views that pleased you? I have thought it all over, and I find I have no time to lose in making up for lost opportunities: therefore here I am at your service."

She did not speak for a moment, but looked past him into the western sky, where Venus shone with a mild silvery light.

"Does your wife know of this resolve of yours, and does she approve of it?" she asked.

"My wife? I told her only that I was going to the station to bid you farewell. I mean to telegraph to her from Steinach not to expect me home, as I am about to make a little sketching-tour. I will write to her in detail from Würzburg, and explain to her my reasons for leaving thus. A leave-taking would have distressed us both uselessly, and at the end of a year we shall meet again, God willing, well and happy. She is a very sensible creature, much more quick and certain in her resolves than I, and she loves me too much not to be willing to do anything for my good. During the last twenty-four hours I have represented all this to myself. Have you changed your mind in the mean while? I have with me only two or three articles: I did not wish to arouse curiosity. I have money enough, and I will buy a trunk on the way. But why do you look at me so strangely, madame?"

"My dear friend," she said, calmly, "do you not know that if I am not far more prudent than you, you will inevitably commit a folly, —nay, a sin against yourself, imperilling the happiness of your whole life?"

"For heaven's sake, madame——"

"Hush! do not speak, but listen to me. First, however, answer me one question, honestly and truly: Are you not a little in love with me?"

"Madame!" he stammered, in extreme confusion. He dropped his sketch-book, stooped to get it, and was a long time dusting it off, after he had picked it up.

"You are right," she said, without smiling, "it is an embarrassing question, to which indeed you need make no reply: I know it already. Of course I am not angry with you for it: you are not the first. The same thing has sometimes happened to me when I had less reason to be vain. But what did you think could come of it?"

He was silent, and she gave him a sidelong glance, in some enjoyment of his dismay and perplexity.

"I will tell you," she went on. "It seemed to you quite romantic to be carried off to play a 'Sentimental Journey' in easy chapters, and to illustrate it with pretty Italian views. And you, I confess, pleased me enough to make me think your society desirable: I am a lonely person, apt to be discontented, and not quite resigned to my lot. Yes, I am willing you should know,—for I do not wish to assume a virtue I do not possess,—I took some pains—it did not need much—to turn your head a little. You really did seem to me too good for a petty provincial life in dressing-gown and slippers beside a worthy little goose such as I imagined your wife to be. Yes, I even fancied it to be my mission, as it were, to rescue an artistic nature from the curse of mediocrity. I have been put to cruel shame."

"My wife——" he began.

"Do not speak of her," she quickly interrupted him. "Do you know that you are not worthy of that wife? After the way in which you spoke of her, I expected to see an excellent, insignificant creature, and instead—why, your famous Rothenburg has nothing to show more remarkable than that little woman! And you would have left her, to run after an absolute stranger! I do not mean to wound you, but you are about to make a perfect fool of yourself; and I am not vain enough to find any satisfaction in the fact that it is for my sake."

Her voice sounded harsh and hard: she evidently felt deeply what she was saying. He tried to collect himself, and said, as he took her hand and pressed it slightly,—

"I thank you, madame, for all the kind and unkind words that you have just said to me. I will be no less frank than yourself. Yes, you have turned my head, but not at all in the ordinary sense of the phrase: you have given me a glimpse of the heights of life, and of art, upon

which I turned my back long ago to find my happiness in a modest mediocrity. I have found it there, and I am not so blind and ungrateful as to regard it lightly. But ought not a man to strive after higher things? Ought he, when he has devoted himself to art, to be contented with Rothenburg felicity—you called it so yourself—instead of seeking the Unknown?"

"‘Strive after higher things!’" she interrupted him, "‘the Unknown!’ Be thankful that you have had nothing hitherto to do with these fine words. They are will-o'-the-wisps, luring to swamps and abysses. Shall I tell you a story? There was once a young girl, the daughter of a serf, a peasant: a good young fellow was in love with her, the tutor in the house of the lord of the estate: he looked a little like you, except that his hair and beard were less artistically cut. He wanted to marry the young girl, and, as he had some little property of his own, it would have been a very good match for her. But the foolish chit strove after ‘higher things,’ and, although she did not quite understand French, felt a desire for the ‘*recherche de l’inconnu*.’ A certain general visiting the estate found the young person extremely pretty, paid court to her, and finally offered to marry her. Here was the higher sphere of which she had dreamed, and the ‘Unknown’ besides, for the great world of St. Petersburg would be opened to her. And so she forsook her faithful lover and became the wife of a general; and when she had a nearer view of the ‘higher sphere’ she found it was poor and mean, and when she came to know the ‘Unknown’ it was poor and commonplace. Perhaps she never would have been satisfied by the side of a simple tutor, but she could not have felt so wretched nor have made others so unhappy as she did. Of course she tried to help others, hoping thus to atone for her fault, and one among these she might have made happier, only, unfortunately, the general was a perfect pistol-shot, and thought nothing of giving one of his young officers a lesson that degraded the poor fellow from the ranks of the living. The wife—fool that she is—has been restless ever since, and runs about the world still in search of the ‘Unknown,’ or, when she feels particularly capable of self-deceit, after ‘higher things.’ Do you know that she has found nothing ‘higher’ hitherto than the sweet, calm look of your little wife, the peace of her old-fashioned room, and that good luck in raising children and flowers that brings out their colors so finely?"

"There! I have nothing more to say. If you still think that you cannot be happy without portraying the ruins of the Forum, instead of your White Tower,—although you are scarcely the stuff of which a Raffaello is made,—get in and come with me. The road is open to all, and perhaps long enough to allow my extremely unselfish mood to pass

away. But, if you are wise, postpone your tour until your children are old enough to be left with strangers for three months, and then take your Christel under your arm and go across the Alps with her, and I'll engage that, Rothenburger child as she is, she will not disgrace you upon the Monte Pincio,—always supposing that you yourself do not undervalue her, but let her have her share in your life and in your art. For when we are good we are what you make us. Otherwise, we are what we make ourselves, and neither good nor happy. And now enough of this! Adieu. My remembrances to Frau Christel. When your work on Rothenburg is out, send it to me to Rome, to the care of the Russian embassy: I subscribe for three copies. I will make converts to the German Pompeii."

She held out her hand, which he, deeply touched, pressed to his lips. Then she drew her veil down over her face, and hurried into the train, which was ready to start. She nodded once more from the window. The little engine whistled, and the black serpent slowly glided away from the station. The stranger had nestled into a corner, whence she stared into vacancy for a long time. Suddenly she opened one of her leather bags, rummaged among its contents, and took out a morocco case. "There, take it," she said to the sullen maid. "You always admired this bracelet, Sascha: I will give it to you. I am in a generous mood. I only wish that my generosity never cost me anything more than a trinket like this."

Sascha fell on her knees before her, kissed her hand, and then withdrew to her corner again, playing with her gift. She thought she heard her mistress sobbing softly behind her veil: she did not dare to ask why.

Just about this time, Hans Doppler had returned to his little wife. The children had gone to bed. He seemed unusually gentle and tender; two or three times he stroked the soft brown hair that waved so prettily above the delicate ears. He told her of the stranger's farewell, without saying much of the departure. Several times during the evening meal he was tempted to make a serious confession. At last he merely said, "Do you know, my darling, that the general's wife seriously contemplated carrying me away on a sketching-tour, all through Italy and Sicily? What should you have said if she had carried out her plan?"

"Well, Hans," she replied, "I would not have tried to keep you, if you had wished to go. I do not know, indeed, how I could have borne it. I cannot imagine life without you; but if your happiness depended upon it——"

"My happiness? that depends upon you alone," the rogue assured

her, trying to conceal his blushes. "You ought to have heard the lady expatiate upon my good luck and your merits. But you—were you not a very little jealous?"

"Of whom? Of that old Russian?"

"Old? With that hair and that complexion?"

"Oh, you blind-eyes!" she cried, and laughed merrily, giving his hair a little twitch. "Did you not see that this dangerous Muscovite was thickly powdered, and wore a big, false braid? And if everything about her had been real I should not have been afraid of her. The Tiber may be very beautiful, but surely it cannot compare with the Tauber."

Mrs. A. L. Wister.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

MY love and I laugh o'er the page
That tells the varied story
How love ran in the Golden Age,—
We care not for its glory.

Idly we read how Grecian maids
Entangled Jove, the mighty,
Or how Adonis in the glades
Played with fair Aphrodite.

Pan the coy river-nymph may woo;
Pygmalion, Galatea:
Our love is just as sweet and true
As theirs by blue Ægea.

Nor lacks it the enchanting power
That blends divine with human:
My dear will change at any hour
To goddess or to woman!

Thus Love's eternal heritage
Doth gild our modern portals:
Cupid and Psyche know not age,
And we, too, are immortals!

C. H. Crandall.

OUR ACTORS AND THEIR PREFERENCES.

THE favorite plays and favorite lines of the stage are viewed almost exclusively from the audience's stand-point. Very few regard the "Hamlet" or the "Richelieu," the "Spartacus" or the "Adonis," in any other light than that which reflects from the portrayal on the stage back into their own minds. They say without hesitation of this actor, "His best part is Romeo," and of that artist, "He ought always to play Othello," never turning their attention to the preferences of the impersonator himself. For all they know, the very part which they think is made perfection by a certain actor may be the part above all others that he least likes to play. Who can say but that the ideal Iago when he so subtly carries out his plot is at heart bound to the thoughtful moods of Prince Hamlet? Who knows but that the fair Juliet while pouring forth the words of love with such poetic beauty and passion that all who hear must say, "A very Juliet indeed,"—who knows but that she is yearning to change this character for the one more congenial to her mind,—Lady Teazle, perhaps?

We would like to know what characters the elder Booth, Macready, Kean, Forrest, and the other famous actors of the past most liked to assume, and what lines thrilled them more than any others did, when they declaimed to admiring audiences. That, however, is impossible, except in a few cases where an actor may have expressed his preference in conversation. Yet even this reported statement is not as satisfying as a declaration written by the actor's own hand.

In order that the preferences of the present generation of leading players might be secured and placed on record for the interest of those who now witness their acting, and of those who in the future will read their histories, the writer has obtained from the eight actors and actresses ranking highest in America and in England their expressions on these two points:

1. Their favorite character on the stage.
2. Their favorite lines, either for the sentiment that is in the lines or for their dramatic effect on the audience.

EDWIN BOOTH.

Edwin Booth, the genius of the American stage, had some hesitation in declaring without any qualification his preference among the host of famous characters he has essayed. He had to choose from his shrewd Cardinal Richelieu, from his wily Iago and his fierce Othello,

from his Shylock with all the effective action of that part, from his soul-stirring Lear, his vigorous Brutus of Payne's tragedy, his deformed and ugly yet artistic Bertuccio of "The Fool's Revenge," his strong-lined Richard III., his mysterious Hamlet, and even the graceful and gallant Romeo, Don Cæsar de Bazan, and Claude Melnotte, parts now of the past. Sir Giles Overreach, Sir Edward Mortimer, Petruchio, St. Pierre, David Garrick, The Stranger, Pescara,—the list is innumerable. His friends would probably agree on Hamlet as their favorite. Mr. Booth does not so unreservedly assert his preference. He writes :

"DEAR SIR,—

"I have no preference for any one character, as a whole, but for the quieter passages of 'Hamlet,' 'Lear,' and 'Macbeth.'

"The lines, 'If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all. Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?' of 'Hamlet,' are my favorite ones.

"Truly yours,

"EDWIN BOOTH."

These favorite lines of Mr. Booth are uttered by Hamlet to Horatio, in Act V. Scene 2, just after having signified his willingness to contest with Laertes on the wager.

HENRY IRVING.

The leading tragedian of England is placed in a quandary. Mr. Irving, with a *répertoire* equalling that of Mr. Booth and in many respects similar, feels for all his characters an attachment that is indiscriminating. He has his Louis XI., his Hamlet, his Iago, Othello, Shylock, Romeo, Richelieu, Macbeth, Richard III.; and in the latter rôle during the great Shakespearian revival in England many critics considered that he had reached his best. He has his leading rôles in "The Lyons Mail," "The Lady of Lyons," "The Corsican Brothers," "Eugene Aram," "The Bells," and his less attractive though fully as artistic conceptions of Malvolio and Mephistopheles. With this list under consideration Mr. Irving writes :

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"Please do not think me in any way remiss if I do not answer your questions directly. It is no easy matter to indicate any such preference as you suggest, for my interest in all the characters I have essayed is so

strong that I cannot separate one from its fellows and say, 'This holds all my mind and sympathies.'

"I am in the same difficulty with regard to the choice of a particular speech; but I have no doubt that your own taste and judgment will supply your readers with ample material for deciding what impersonation and utterance they will chiefly associate with

"Yours very faithfully,

"HENRY IRVING."

LAWRENCE BARRETT.

Lawrence Barrett, the student of the American stage, chooses at once his favorite character and favorite lines. His decision will be of especial interest, since, as a rule, all his impersonations are equally admired by his friends. He has his Shakespearian characters, Hamlet, Shylock, Lear, and Cassius. He has his Richelieu, his artistic creation James Harebell of "The Man o' Airlie," his Rienzi, his Garrick, and his star rôles in "Yorick's Love" and "Francesca da Rimini." From these and others on his list he selects quickly:

"DEAR SIR,—

"My favorite character is Caius Cassius; my favorite lines are in the speech beginning—

'Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he;'

etc., etc., in the first act of 'Julius Cæsar.'

"Yours truly,

"LAWRENCE BARRETT."

The favorite lines quoted by Mr. Barrett are from Act I. Scene 2 of "Julius Cæsar," being part of the address of Cassius to Brutus when he seeks to lead the friend of Cæsar from his allegiance to the emperor.

WILSON BARRETT.

Wilson Barrett, the talented young actor of England, whose tour of the United States this year has made him well known in this country, has a *répertoire* of leading plays divided essentially into two very different classes. He has the melodramatic rôles which at his theatre

have served to push the "sensation" plays into renewed prominence, but which have not been given by him in America, his Harold Armytage in "Lights o' London," Jack Hearne, the gypsy lover, in "Romany Rye," Wilfred Denver in "The Silver King," and Jack Yeulett in "Hoodman Blind." Then he has the characters of the classical school, Hamlet, Claudian, Clito, besides the lighter rôles, as Rev. Richard Capel in the touching sketch "A Clerical Error," and Chatterton, the young poet. Mr. Barrett, with the same enthusiasm that has characterized his acting, writes briefly but to the point:

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"Hamlet is my favorite character.

"I love no special lines, but the whole glorious creation.

"Faithfully yours,

"WILSON BARRETT."

CLARA MORRIS.

Clara Morris (Mrs. F. C. Harriott) has made her sad plays familiar everywhere by the power of her emotional acting. Her tearful Miss Multon, her plaintive Magdalen, her pathetic Camille, her determined Cora, are all of that type which, when acted as Miss Morris acts them, stir the mind even while they seem less useful to humanity than rôles of purer nature would prove. Miss Morris, using the pen of her husband, responds:

"DEAR SIR,—

"In reply to yours concerning two questions:

"1. (The favorite character,) Magdalen.

"2. (The favorite lines,) 'Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.'

"For the articulatory processes there is not another sentence or sentiment in the English like it.

"Respectfully,

"F. C. HARRIOTT,

"for MRS. HARRIOTT (CLARA MORRIS)."

The favorite lines, that come originally from the Sacred Scriptures, are repeated by Mercy Merrick in Act I. of "The New Magdalen," when conversing with her chance acquaintance in the army hospital.

HELENA MODJESKA.

No one who has studied the impersonations of Helena Modjeska (Countess Bozenta) would hesitate to agree with her expression of

favoritism. The dainty acting of this artiste is shown, indeed, in many parts,—in her Rosalind of "As You Like It," her Viola of "Twelfth Night," her Julia of "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and her Donna Diana in the play of the same name. Besides these rôles, she has essayed the heroine of "Camille," "Mary Stuart," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Odette," "Frou-Frou," and again has been a Juliet on one occasion and a Cleopatra on another. Mme. Modjeska writes:

"DEAR SIR,—

"In reply to your request, I will say that my favorite part, at present, is Rosalind.

"My favorite sentence, 'Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try.'

"Yours sincerely,

"HELENA MODJESKA."

The quoted phrase calls up to mind the mock Ganymede, in Act IV. Scene I. of "As You Like It," bantering the love-sick Orlando, but with a serious under-tone all the while for fear he might fail to keep his appointment.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

The versatile Mrs. D. P. Bowers (Elizabeth McCollom) presents an elaborate list of plays from which to choose. She has many rôles that in the past have been made famous by her talent, and now on her return to the stage as a star she again presents a number of these for admiration. Among the rôles that she now essays are Mary Stuart, Queen Elizabeth, Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Oakley in "The Jealous Wife," Lucretia Borgia, and the heroine of "Lady Audley's Secret." Mrs. Bowers writes:

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"You set me a most difficult task,—I have played so many favorite parts. I think in the near past Julia in 'The Hunchback' was my favorite rôle; and perhaps I enjoy acting Elizabeth now the best.

"But to think over the category of favorite or effective speeches or lines! Think how short is life. I like to say, in 'Mary, Queen of Scots,' 'Tis not the diadem that makes the queen;' and it is very effective, too. In 'Elizabeth,' 'A most unspotted lily shall she pass to the ground, and all the world shall mourn her,' or 'I am not a woman: I am a king.'

"For the sentiment, what shall I say? My favorite plays are so full of exquisite sentiment. Viola's lines, 'Make me a willow cabin

at your gate, and call upon my soul within the house,' etc., are among the choicest; or Julia's 'Oh, Clifford! while you are here, I'm like a bark distressed and compassless that by a beacon steers; when you're away, that bark alone and tossing miles at sea.'

"Yours sincerely,

"ELIZABETH MCCOLLOM (MRS. D. P. BOWERS)."

FANNIE DAVENPORT.

Fannie Davenport, the daughter of her father,—she would not ask for any higher praise,—made an impression last year by her strong interpretation of *Fedora*. This year she does not confine herself to that one part, but plays in "*School for Scandal*," "*London Assurance*," "*Oliver Twist*," "*As You Like It*," and "*Much Ado about Nothing*." Her other rôles are familiar. Miss Davenport's letter, like every other article that she pens, breathes out a tribute of devotion to the honored father whose memory to her never grows dim. She writes:

"DEAR SIR,—

"With pleasure in answer to your request. My favorite rôle is, at present, *Rosalind*. Perhaps I may transfer my affections after I play *Beatrice*.

"My favorite speech is, 'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players,' etc., being the last one I ever heard spoken upon the stage by my father. For the sentiment I like this.

"For dramatic expression, Juliet's speech:

'Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging: such a waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen,' etc., etc.

"For beauty and consistency of character, *Imogen* in '*Cymbeline*.'

"FANNIE DAVENPORT."

Both these selections are well known,—the one, Jaques's soliloquy in "*As You Like It*," Act II. Scene 7, the other, Juliet's impassioned words, Act III. Scene 2, when waiting for Romeo.

It is not wonderful that we find so many expressions of affection for the characters and lines of the great master dramatist, but it is an instructive point, especially when connected with the names of the leaders of the stage.

Charles E. L. Wingate.

TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

A DRAMATIC DIALOGUE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOHN ROBBINS, a writer of realistic novels.

HARRY BELKNAP, a writer of idealistic novels.

SCENE.—*A sitting-room with table arranged for breakfast. John Robbins and Harry Belknap come out simultaneously from bedrooms on either side of the stage which open into the sitting-room, advance towards each other, and shake hands.*

ROBBSINS. Good-morning, Belknap.

Belknap. Good-morning. Do you feel in a writing mood to-day, Robbins?

Robbins. I'm no believer in moods, you know. I can compose at one time as well as another. The idea of a man's being unable to write until he feels inspired is all nonsense, to my mind. A merchant or lawyer doesn't need inspiration to transact business; and why should a writer? I sit down at my desk directly after breakfast every morning and write, no matter how I feel.

Belknap. I couldn't do that. I have to wait until I feel in the humor for it, which is frequently after midnight. I can very often write best in the "dead vast and middle of the night."

Robbins. I suppose so.

Belknap (gayly). However, I'm all on fire this morning. As soon as I have had my coffee, I shall be ready to begin.

(They sit down at the table and help themselves.)

Belknap (munching). I've got the plot all worked out: I finished it in my sleep.

Robbins. Humph! The plot is the last thing I usually think of.

Belknap. Why, one must have a plot. Otherwise there would be no story.

Robbins. I let the story take care of itself. The characters are what interest me.

Belknap. There can't be a plot without characters. So it comes to the same thing.

Robbins. Excuse me, I don't think it does.

Belknap. Well, we won't quarrel until you've heard the plot. Shall I tell it to you?

Robbins. If you like.

Belknap. The scene is laid in a tenement-house in New York city. I thought you would prefer low life, Robbins.

Robbins. Art is art, my dear fellow, whether the phase of life it seeks to reproduce be high or low. Go on.

Belknap. The heroine, Henrietta Golden——

Robbins. Stop there! Henrietta? Golden?—You wouldn't find a Henrietta Golden in a tenement-house.

Belknap. You might.

Robbins. Pshaw!

Belknap (*fiercely*). Lizzie Black, then. Will that suit you?

Robbins. Admirably. I couldn't have picked out a more appropriate name myself.

Belknap. The heroine, Lizzie Black, and her old grandfather, Ralph Black——

Robbins. Humph! No matter. Let Ralph pass.

Belknap. Are living together. He is a rag-picker by trade, but is now in his eightieth year and so feeble that he cannot work. She is nineteen, and employed in a large cloak-making establishment, where she earns just enough to keep them from want. She is very beautiful——

Robbins. Pooh! Cut that last.

Belknap. Would you have her ugly?

Robbins. Not ugly, necessarily, but she wouldn't be likely to be a beauty. She might have a pretty face, but the chances are that her teeth and voice and——

Belknap. Oh, well, we'll decide about her appearance later. Both her parents are dead.

Robbins. I see. Old man's wife drank herself to death, and neglected daughter, who went to the bad and left Lizzie a baby on the grandfather's hands. That's the situation, I suppose?

Belknap (*doubtfully*). Yes. There's no objection to that, if you wish.

Robbins (*decidedly*). That's the most natural. (*Musing*) Chance for good work there. I can see the whole surroundings. Squalid tenement. Dirty children playing on door-steps: one is eating water-melon-rind. Rickety staircase. Drunken couple up two flights opposite the Blacks. Forlorn apartment. Old man lolling out of window to catch a breath of air. Girl comes in with a greasy package under her arm and a cheap flashy bonnet on her head. "How late you are

again, Lizzie!"—"Always complainin' about somethin', ain't yer, grandfather?"

Belknap (interrupting). That's not my idea at all.

Robbins (surlily). What's the matter with it?

Belknap. I can't see the use of mentioning all those disagreeable details. I had pictured Lizzie and her grandfather living in a room, small but neat, in a garret above the city's "rout and noise and humming." Lizzie's corner is hidden by a screen, from behind which she loves to peep in the early morning and watch the sunbeams kiss her geraniums growing in a rough deal box on the window-sill.

(Robbins groans.)

Belknap. That deal box ought to please you. I put it in solely on your account. But for you, I should have had it painted.

Robbins. Oh, go on!

Belknap (sentimentally). There she lies, waiting for a step on the stairs,—a well-known step. It comes at last, and the voice of Will Somers, the milkman, whispers, "Liz,—Liz,—time to get up, Liz." Her cheek flushes. She springs lightly from her bed, and, throwing a cloak over her graceful shoulders, steps to the door. She opens it a crack, and takes from the hand of the strapping, handsome young fellow with the bronzed complexion, who is waiting outside, the can of milk which she and her grandfather are to drink for breakfast.

"Thank you, Will," she murmurs, sweetly, whereat his eyes sparkle and his cheeks flush too, in spite of their bronze.

"These are for you, Liz," he says, holding out to her a bunch of wild flowers. "I picked them this morning."

"They are lovely," she answers, shyly. "I love flowers."

Then the door closes, and Will goes down the stairs with the remembrance of her voice to keep him diligent and happy for another twenty-four hours. For Will Somers is in love with Lizzie,—has been in love with her ever since she was fifteen,—and it is love that sends him flying up the stairs to knock at the door of her garret at peep of day every morning.

Robbins (who has listened with a scornful expression). That might be made a strong scene. This is how I should treat it. At six o'clock in the morning, as was his invariable custom, a tall, gaunt young fellow with a white-and-red complexion, who wore a greasy cap and a Cardigan jacket, came swinging along Blind Alley. He whistled as he went, and now and again banged the can which he carried in his hand against the area-railings and the sides of the houses. When he reached No. 5 he emitted a vociferous war-whoop, by way of terrifying an emaciated

cat reposing on the threshold, and climbed the rickety staircase two steps at a time. He thumped at the garret door.

"Hit her up inside there, now!" he shouted.

While waiting for some response to his summons, the young fellow proceeded to execute a double-shuffle in the passage-way with whistling accompaniment, in which occupation he was discovered by Lizzie Black, who, putting her head outside the door, surveyed him with a complacent giggle. As he brought down his right foot with a final bang and looked up for her approbation, she exclaimed, saucily,—

"Quit your fooling, now, and give me that milk. I can't stand here wasting time over you all day."

"What's riled yer, Liz, this morning? Old man at his tricks again?" he inquired, with a grin.

"Give me that milk, Will Somers," the girl repeated, tossing towards him the empty can which she held. It struck the floor with a clinking sound and rolled across the passage.

"What's the hurry, Liz? I want to look at yer," he said, as he picked up the can, and, seating himself leisurely on the top stair, chewed at a straw. "Who was that feller I see you walking with last Sunday night?" he inquired.

Lizzie tossed her head. "What's that to you?" Somers scowled, and examined his finger-nails. Presently she gave a laugh. She had closed the door, and was leaning with her back against it. "Say," she exclaimed, with a giggle, "you're real mad, ain't yer?"

He made no answer.

Lizzie sauntered across the entry, and, leaning on the balustrade, looked down mockingly at him. A hair-pin fell from her head to the ground, at which Somers grabbed eagerly, but only to have his fingers trodden on. He sprang to his feet. As though she divined his purpose, Lizzie rushed for the door. He seized her in his arms.

"Let go, Will Somers, or I'll never——"

Her words were stifled by a smacking kiss, which resounded loudly. With another war-whoop, the victor let her free from his embrace, and, picking up the empty can, scurried down two or three stairs. Then he turned and looked back at her. She stood pouting and trying to re-compose her disordered hair.

"I suppose you think yourself real smart," she exclaimed. Whereupon she re-entered the room and slammed the door behind her.

Belknap. Disgusting, that's what I call it.

Robbins. That's because it is strong and true. One should paint life as it is. That's the way in which people of their class make love. But let me hear what you mean to do with them.

Belknap. Will Somers has been saving up his earnings for several years in order to marry Lizzie. The old grandfather has nothing except his bed.

Robbins. His bed!

Belknap. Yes. He has often told Lizzie that he would leave his bed to her when he died. The bed is a shabby, ramshackle affair, but Ralph has always insisted on making it himself every morning, ever since Lizzie can remember.

Robbins. Some mystery, I see. I hate mysteries.

Belknap. Will Somers has saved three hundred dollars, so he and Lizzie decide to get married. The money is in the bank, and Will goes down town to draw it. The ceremony is to take place the next day. On his way home with the three hundred dollars a young fellow comes up and claims acquaintance. Will doesn't recognize him, but the stranger—to whom Will tells his own name and business—insists that he used to work for a farmer near where Will lives. He tells Will that he has just drawn a prize at a lottery,—a splendid copy of Longfellow's poems,—and he persuades Will to go with him to—

Robbins. Bunko, of course. Not a bad scheme. Only it wants to be carefully worked up.

Belknap. I meant to describe that part merely in a few sentences, just to show that Will accompanied the young man, and found himself at a gaming-table, was induced to try his luck by the sudden idea of making his fortune, and lost the whole three hundred dollars.

Robbins (with animation). Oh, but think of the chance for character-conversations! The whole scene stands out before one. I can see the bunko sharp, who of course has watched Somers come out of the bank, go up to him, clap him on the shoulder, and hold out his hand.

"Wrong man, I guess, mister," says Will, staring at him.

"Oh, come off. Nothing wrong about me. Ain't forgotten me, have yer?"

"What's yer name, anyway?"

"That's a good one. Maybe you've forgotten yer own name."

"My name's Somers. Where have I ever seen you on my route? Are you that slim chap as used to drive for old man Powers?"

"That's about the size of it. Shake."

Belknap (despairingly). I don't see the use of all that.

Robbins. Use? You couldn't have a bunko scene without it.

Belknap. Then cut out the bunko scene. I merely wanted to have Somers lose the money in gambling, or some such way, with a view to what follows. You'll see presently.

Robbins. Bah! The bunko idea is first-rate. He would have been

likely to lose the money in just that way, no matter what is to follow. It would spoil the story to cut it out.

Belknap. Will goes in the evening in a dreadful state of mind to see Lizzie. She opens the door for him in tears. Old Ralph has died suddenly only an hour before.

Robbins (scowling). What's the good of that?

Belknap. It belongs to the story. You can't say it isn't natural for him to die. Every man must die at some time.

Robbins (with a sneer). It is so extremely likely that he would die just then. Clap-trap!

Belknap (angrily). I suppose you are disappointed at not having a realistic death-bed scene.

Robbins. Oh, go on. You weary me. Our methods are so entirely different.

Belknap. Entirely. (*With a gulp*) Well, as I was saying, Will finds the grandfather dead. He takes Lizzie in his arms and tries to comfort her. "I have only you now, Will," she murmurs. What is he to say? What can he say? He vows never to leave her. She leans her head upon his shoulder. Then—he tells her all.

Robbins. They go to the dogs, of course.

Belknap. Hold on a minute. (*Continuing*) Lizzie bears up bravely. "We will wait," she whispers. "In another three years you will have earned it back. Besides, I can save a little." The undertakers enter.

Robbins. Humph! One might get in a few good touches there. I suppose they say they'll be blowed if they lug a coffin up all those stairs.

Belknap (thoughtfully). That might help us out. Yes, that will do capitally. The undertakers ask permission to carry Ralph's body down to the door on a mattress. They take that on his bed, and in lifting it one of them feels something hard below the surface where it touches his hand. He calls Lizzie and Will. The mattress is cut open, and they find——

Robbins (springing up). This is too much! A *deus ex machina*! Bah!

Belknap. They find a purse of money——

Robbins. You needn't go on. I understand. Sentimental rubbish!

Belknap. Give us your version, then.

Robbins. The natural thing, of course, would be for them to drift apart. Lizzie gets into debt on account of the funeral expenses. She takes to drinking,—you remember her mother and grandmother, so the chances according to the laws of heredity would be all that way: she and Will quarrel. Or let them marry on nothing and come to grief

gradually. Let them have half a dozen children, let Will's health break down, or let him be crippled by an accident, and finish them up in that way. It's perfectly easy to manage. But this purse-business! Bah!

Belknap. You don't seem to see the idea I wish to express. The point of the story is the contrast between the prodigal expenditure of Will and the miserly saving of old Ralph. The one risks his savings on a single cast. You can realize the other hoarding bit by bit from year to year with miserly stealth.

Robbins. I hate a moral. Give me real life.

Belknap. Why isn't that real life?

Robbins. Do you mean to tell me that the logical consequences of Will Somers's losing his money are that a purse would be found in old Ralph's bed?

Belknap. You are incorrigible, Robbins. You want to blot all the poetry out of the world.

Robbins. No, sir; I am merely protesting against false sentiment. When we agreed to write a story together I knew how it would end.

Belknap. So did I.

Robbins. Humph!

Belknap. Pish!

(They walk up and down disgustedly.)

Robbins (stopping short). Will you cut that purse out?

Belknap. Never! It's the key-note of the whole business. But if you don't want to ruin our chance of success you will omit that vulgar first interview between Lizzie and Will.

Robbins. Indeed! That is one of the few artistic touches in the entire story.

Belknap. Despicable photography!

Robbins. Romantic nonsense!

(They exit savagely by doors of respective bedrooms.)

CURTAIN.

Robert Grant.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THERE is a story told of an English lawyer who, finding the superior tone of the judge to himself and his client hard to bear, begged finally to inform his honor that "We too are vertebrates, and the manner of your lordship would be inadmissible from God Almighty to a black beetle!" There are times when the attitude of certain critics and writers towards the common mass makes one echo this vigorous protest. We all remember Camille Desmoulin's conception of democracy,—*"No superiors!"* It is crude, but it touches the weak spot in humanity which, above all things, hates condescension, or what it thinks such. That based on geographical lines is always hard to bear, and from Boswell down every man of spirit resents it. It is not infallible proof of superiority to be born in a literary centre, though a good many so born seem to think it. Yet the geographical is sometimes less trying than that other assumption, property, it is but fair to add, of a small number, who seem to take seriously the saying that God has created men, women, and Herveys, themselves being the Herveys. To them there are two worlds,—one small, blameless in culture, rich in ancestry, but not always equally rich in personal achievement, a world which never needs to consider vulgar problems, and has no ideal, because nothing can be above it; a world where cross-lights are avoided, and disagreeable odors unknown. And besides this there is another, the broader realm of the bourgeois and the Philistine, only these are not all its inhabitants; a world anxious often as to money, but anxious also for things better than money; a world in which besides ignoble strife there is plenty of young enthusiasm and keen study and brave endeavor. And the curious feature is that, existing side by side, there is so little fellow-feeling between them. The upper world thinks of the lower as a vulgar majority,—majorities are necessarily vulgar in its creed,—a *Barbaria* to be viewed at a distance through a photographic glass, and whose mission in art and literature is chiefly to amuse their cultured brethren. It is to this end that a recent review of Silas Lapham expressed a grateful surprise that his author, having made him so humorously vulgar, so apt to waken our laughter, did not rest content with having amused his select audience of the best society, but went farther, and showed us that this common fellow struggling with his gloves, uncertain as to his clothes, his house, and all those details of life which, to the Brahmin, make it worth living, had yet a soul of honor and honesty in him, made a brave fight against temptation, and was worthy even of a Brahmin's respect. When young Corey defines the plane of vulgarity on which the Laphams live by saying, "They are the sort of people who take ice-water and coffee"—instead of wine—"for dinner," his father has a sympathetic shudder at his son's fate, allied with such a family; and the author lightly points his meaning by adding, farther on, "It is certain that our manners and customs count for more in life than our qualities."

One would like fairness and tolerance everywhere; but the ignorant and awkward who resents a superiority he does not understand is more excusable than his more fortunate brother, whom the world of life and books should have

trained to toleration. And since literature has ceased to depict the Herveys, since it concerns itself now with the average, struggling, failing man, since, in short, democracy is in, the question of sympathetic treatment is of importance. Lack of sympathy may not be fatal to comprehension, but it is to the noblest art. We are past taking up these common folk as a spectacle, amusing ourselves with their awkwardness and mistakes, their narrowness and superstition. But to an aristocratic exclusiveness has succeeded, with some writers, an aristocratic inclusiveness, whose graceful condescension is nearly as hard to bear. The tone is everything, and the critic's measure of these common folk is, after all, the measure of himself. If one thinks that manners, always and chiefly manners, are the bond of society, the indispensable of all life worth living, he will inevitably condescend to people who haven't them. Only in their quality of human beings, with hearts and souls like ours, can we get any genuine or noble satisfaction from their experiences. It is the real, average, sinning and repenting vertebrates that we need to know,—to know them so that, in George Eliot's words, we may "tolerate, pity, and love" them. And it is the fault of the new school of literary photography that just this we do *not* do. Some one has defined the photograph as "justice without mercy;" and the definition would suit much modern realism. But the photograph is not a portrait, and the portrait's superiority is partly due to the artist's "mercy," which softens asperities and brings out the best of a man. The portrait, too, in the hands of a Raphael, aims not, indeed, to "improve nature," but, in representing her, "not as she is, but as she would be," permits a degree of idealization. It takes account of soul as well as outside, and is truer, because it is the whole man. When in his Silas Lapham Howells makes his lack of manners, his crudeness, and his external vulgarity so overshadow his real force and goodness that our first and last impression of the man is of this outside, he is guilty of just this fault. We do not learn to "pity and love" him in his trials; we hardly learn to tolerate his faults for his virtues' sake. We part from the whole family with the feeling that in real life we should have as little as possible to do with these "coffee-for-dinner" people. No greater tenderness to our common failing humanity has been awakened in us. So we endure, but never love, those vulgar Bostonians to whom Mr. James has lately introduced us. And one asks, seeing how hard he has tried to be just to Olive Chancellor and Verena Tarrant, and how he has failed to touch our sympathy, what a George Eliot would have made of these unique products of modern life. After all, justice without sympathy is only a finer condescension, since always our superiority is implied. Too often also the new school is fatal to romance. If one studies chiefly the outside, if one spends most of his time "verifying the externals of life," one may easily end by doubting the presence of the deeper things, and, doubting the soul, becoming sceptical as to all action whose motives pass the common tests of expediency or environment. Reviewing the "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," Howells says of Kelsey's final sacrifice that "if voluntary it was romantic, which is worse than uninteresting." If so, the worse for the New Departure.

When one considers it seriously, there is something almost appalling in this condescension, this apparent belief in the saying as to men, women, and Herveys. They are the remnant who shall be saved in the coming deluge of democracy. Nay, good friends, one feels like answering, we be brethren in a deeper sense than that of political equality. These, too, are vertebrates, these, too, have hearts and souls like yours, and the tragedy or comedy of their lives should be

matter of more than photographic observation. Without sympathy you will not get the best even of their comedy; and the tragedy will leave you untouched if you think of them chiefly as "coffee-for-dinner people." Like it or not, democracy has got into literature, and it has not got here simply to afford you matter of infinite jest. It is here because these, too, are of our common clay, and, one must repeat, condescension to it as literary material is not far removed from the behavior of the offending judge. Lincoln is reported as saying, "I think God must like common people, he has made so many of them." Perhaps, also, it is meant that we shall like them even against our taste. But we must like them for the best that is in them; not with a mocking echo of Browning's line,—

"The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul can be discerned."

The more honor, then, to him who discovers this forgotten conscience and spiritual force, who sees the best even in the clod, and makes us feel all that dimly moves in the breasts of our lowest brethren.

E. F. W.

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK has thousands of admirers: is it possible that he has not one friend? Is there nobody to remonstrate with him against his misuse and abuse of language, the excess of his adjectives, the extravagance of his epithets, and his occasional trips in taste? The greater the enthusiasm for his genius, the deeper must be the regret for the affectations, exaggerations, and other faults of style which disfigure his writing. It would seem as if mere gratitude for the pleasure he gives should prompt somebody to point out the flaws which are making headway in his pages so fast that people are beginning to say they cannot read him any more. Such people are to be pitied, certainly: it is a misfortune to be so much more alive to the blemishes than to the beauties of a great work, to lose the enjoyment of a noble composition through inability to overlook defects in its execution. But there is another side to the case: readers have their rights, and if a work of the imagination, the prime object of which is to give pleasure, displeases through breach of the laws of style, the public has just cause of complaint. In these cases the critic is counsel for the plaintiff, but that implies a hostile attitude towards the author; and there is a position which I would much rather fill, if I might, when the writer in question is concerned. It has long been a favorite notion of mine that every author should have his private critic, like his groom or valet, or like the familiar of a mediæval wizard, or the dæmon of Socrates,—a disinterested spirit, devoted to his master's service and possessing his entire trust. Let Charles Egbert Craddock accept me for once in that capacity, and forgive my telling him some harsh truths for the sake of the pride I have in his splendid gifts as a fellow-countryman, and the desire I have that he should make the very best of them.

In the first place, his fondness for unusual words leads him out of the way to look for an expression which has no advantage over the common one, except that it is less used,—if that be an advantage. Having found it, he repeats it again and again until he impresses a hasty reader not with the wealth, but with the poverty, of his vocabulary. To take an example from his latest book,—"*In the Clouds*,"—*luculent* is to be met with repeatedly in one number, and in another the word *glister* occurs five times, being applied to the dew, sunshine, starlight, moonbeams, and to a woman's hair. If the more ordinary word *glitter* does not give the author's full meaning in relation to these various objects, neither can *glister*, which, moreover, has an ordinary signification that makes it an unlucky

choice for the euphuist. Elsewhere we are told of Mink's having "*exploited his mission*,"—an expression to be found in the dictionary from Dr. Johnson to Worcester, but justified by a single quotation only, and that from no more modern writer than Camden. When "*the experimental baby brought down the churn with a crash*," the lexicographers probably turned in their graves, as they define experimental "*Built upon experiment; formed on experience or trial*," and the Jessup baby was not undergoing but trying experiments. There are terms of the author's invention, too,—glamorous, murmurous,—not good in themselves nor supplying any need hitherto felt in the language. Even when the words are unobjectionable they are often so out of place and unfitting that they grate on the ear through the understanding: "The lowing of the homeward-bound cows had fugue-like communings with their echoes;" "there were pensive intimations in the reduced splendors" of the sunset. The following passage is full of them: "The morning dawned with a radiant disdain of mists. . . . The air was no insipid fluid: . . . it seemed the subtle distillation of all the fruitage of the year, enriched with the bouquet of the summer and reminiscent of the delicate languors of the spring. The sky had lifted itself to empyreal heights luminously blue: . . . the white summits of the mountains were imposed against it with a distinctness that nullified distance: . . . down their slopes the polychromatic vestiges of autumn were visible," etc., etc. Fifty years ago this sort of writing was known as the Laura Matilda style; but Laura Matilda never knew half so many fine words. The worst of this inflated description is that it has no business at all where it is. There are twenty-five lines of it at the opening of a chapter which relates a jury-trial, and they should be struck out, for the chapter really begins with the sentence, "Within the court-house great blocks of sunshine fell upon the dirty floor." Twenty-five lines follow which depict a country court-house in Tennessee, a suitable and graphic introduction to the trial-scene; but even this is spoiled by hackneyed allegorical allusions to flies and spiders' webs. There is a great deal more about those court-house windows: they are busy by and by casting dim squares of sunlight through their dirty panes; later, they themselves have become "indefinite gray squares;" then the moon rises, and "the windows, each with its great white image upon the floor below," again stop the judicial proceedings and claim the attention of the impatient reader. The windows of the prison are duly noticed in their turn, with moonbeams "slanting through the bars," and the windows of the hotel, with "light slanting out in broad shafts," and the window of a log cabin, through which "the moonlight lay in glittering rhomboids on the puncheon floor."

If there were any connection between these common phenomena and the course of events or the state of men's minds in the story, there would be an excuse for mentioning them, but in most instances there is none. They are not only often irrelevant, but impertinent, alien to the spirit of the occasion. Take for instance the long dialogue between the herder and farmer "trading." It opens thus: "'Ye 'lowed day 'fore yestiddy ye wanted ter sell yer steer.' There was now no sound from the cove. The burnished glisters of the sunshine hung above it almost materially visible, holding in suspense a gauzy haze, through which the mountains were glamorous and darkly vague. . . . 'Yes, yes,' said Jacob, hastily. 'Buck, ye know. Yander he be.'" What on earth have glisters of sunshine and glamorous mountains to do with their "trade"? The untimely intrusion of similar details is of such perpetual recurrence that it ends by rasping the nerves like the constant slamming of a shutter or creaking of a weathercock during

a high wind: the brain is in a state of irritated expectation. It is still more annoying when the author imputes his own modes of thought and speech to the simple mountaineers. "Put the jug in the hollow tree, then, like we promised, an' let's go. Mos' day, ennyhow," says Mink as he starts on the drunken frolic which is to get him into a bad scrape. When the mischief is done, and he is fleeing from justice, his reflections are rendered in these words: "Ah, should he ever again see Chilhowee thus receive the slant of the sunrise and stand revealed in definite purple heights against the pale blue of the far west? Should he ever again mark that joyous matutinal impulse of nature as the dawn expanded into day?" Mink should not be made to talk in one lingo and think in another. The inimitably comical child "Gustus Tom" comes upon the stage, "a scapegrace three feet high, clad in a suit of cotton check of light blue. His trousers reached to his shoulder-blades, and were sustained by a single suspender. A ragged old black hat was perched on the back of his tow head. He had the clothes-line tied to the hind leg of a pig he was driving." His address to his little sister, "Look a-hyar! what ails ye ter let yer tongue break loose that-a-way? Shet up!" is perfectly consistent with this disregard for appearances; yet within the same hour he is made to tell his tale after a very different fashion. "It was very still," Gustus Tom said. The frogs by the water had ceased their croaking: . . . he heard only the surging monotone of the gleaming cascade." A nocturnal rider comes in sight, galloping furiously, dismounts, lays a snare for an unwary foe, gets into the saddle again, "and away he went along the grassy margin of the road, noiseless, swift, dark, like some black shadow, some noisome exhalation of the night. 'Gustus Tom explained at this point, with tears and many anxious twistings of the button on his shirt-front," etc., etc.

Mr. Craddock's fine intuitive perception of the mental processes of men, women, children, and beasts ought to keep him from putting words into his personages' minds so dissonant with those he puts into their mouths. Even for the sake of probability he cannot forego the cumbersome description and the man fitting away like a shadow. He has long been haunted by shadows: in this book they take up almost as much space as their solid doubles. The sheriff's hat and its shadow are like "some double-headed monster," and, directly, "the double-headed monster, chewing as he went, the action reproduced in frightful pantomime, slowly withdrew." "A double file of horsemen and their mounted shadows . . . passed slowly along." There are shadows of vine-leaves and tendrils, of dogs on the hearth: "one, . . . with his muzzle stretched flat on the floor between his paws, had saurian suggestions,—he was like an alligator." Worst of all are those of Judge Gwinnan and the lawyer Harshaw, "pacing along in the plate-glass windows, as if their doubles were stalking without in the snow," "the (judge's) reflection in the plate-glass duplicating the posture on the snowy sidewalk, as if that other self, . . . now meditated, and now spoke, and now *lifted a fiery glance!*" The realistic fancy pushed beyond its due limits becomes totally false to reality.

Unfortunately, when Mr. Craddock gets hold of a word or a "suggestion," or when it gets hold of him, there is no hope of their parting until they have worn each other out; and meanwhile what becomes of the reader? If our author has no eudæmon to caution him, let him take warning by Mr. William Black not to indulge in this "damnable iteration," and not to interrupt his narrative or clog the dramatic energy of his scenes with descriptions and pictures. Mr. Black, whose "Princess of Thule" set the fashion of summer cruises to the

Hebrides, and whose "Adventures of a Phaeton" started Americans off posting through England as before the days of railroads, is now among the novelists of whom many people say, "I can't read him any more: his tricks have grown too tiresome." Mr. Craddock's descriptions of scenery are as fine as Mr. Black's, and carry their truthfulness home to lovers of nature. The aspects of Thunderhead, the Great Smoky, Piomingo Bald, are familiar to every one who has read "The Prophet," or "In the Clouds," even though he has never seen the Tennessee mountains. The author's enchanting pictures of those heights and depths, those wide horizons and narrow gorges, by sunrise, noontide, sunset, moonlight, in storm, in fog, in snow, at all times and seasons, arouse somewhat of the rapture which Nature herself inspires when beheld in her most chosen solitudes and at her divinest moments. But he is not always true to her or to his own instinct, as may be noted in the extracts already given, and the fatal tendency to overload and overdo robs not his word-paintings alone, but some of his finest scenes, of their full effect. There is a description of a moonrise crammed into a description of the crowd waiting outside of the court-house, and another equally out of place in the stirring account of an attack on a jail, in "In the Clouds," which damage them very much. In the next chapter, when the story should march on without let or hinderance, it is brought to a stop while we are told that "It was a day of doubtful moods, of sibilant gusts of wind," etc., etc., for half a column, the weather having no more to do with the business in hand than the moon of next year's Rhamadan.

Beautiful passages of natural feeling and deep emotion are marred by the same false touch. The reader's eyes are moistening for poor Alethea, alone in the roof-room with her bitter grief, when the sympathetic dimness is checked by the following sentence: "An isolated star blazing in the vast solitudes of the sky burst suddenly into a dazzling constellation before her eyes as she felt the hot tears dropping one by one on her hand." Yet this might have been a touching detail if it had been simply told. We are jarred in the same way, as if by an unfeeling tone, in the pathetic episode of the moonshiner's wife lamenting over her deserted cabin:—" 'Ar, I had to leave my home and the three graves o' my dead chill'n yander on th' rise, ez lonesome and ez meagre-lookin' ez ef they war three pertater hills.' She burst into a tumult of tears. *The smoke wafted down, obscuring her,—there was commotion in its midst, for the wind was astir,—and her sobs sounded from out the invisibility that had usurped the earth, as if some spirit of grief were abroad in it.* 'Shet up, M'ria! Ye talk like ye hed no mo' sense than a sheep. The chill'n ain't in them graves,' Marvin said, *with the consolations of a sturdy orthodoxy.* 'Thar leetle bones is,' said *the spirit of grief from the density of the clouds.*" How bad this is! how good it would have been without the smoke and the wind and the cloud and the spirit of grief!

And so it goes, until some readers throw the story aside in weariness, while wiser ones surrender themselves to the charm, the humor, the power, the intense human interest of the story, which lift them as on a flood-tide over the shoals. Some of this class, however, complain that Mr. Craddock spins out the tense and critical situations of his narrative, such as Mink's trial, or Harshaw's visit to the moonshiners. Long as they are, it would be a pity to cut out anything except the inopportune descriptions and needless repetitions: let these go, and the story will not drag.

Enough and more than enough has been said to convince Mr. Craddock that

his mannerisms are likely to cost him his popularity just as he has achieved fame. It would be impudence, even in the *dæmon*, to urge his author to aim at perfection,—every writer hears that, in one form or another, from the days of his copy-book maxims,—but the editor, the critic, and the public have a right to protest against his aiming at imperfection.

BOOK-TALK.

SOME months ago a lady recited a poem called "Ostler Joe" before a Washington audience. It was not a familiar selection, and the audience seem to have been prejudiced beforehand by misapprehending the name of the author, which they understood to be Swinburne instead of Simms. Before the poem had been finished, a number of ladies rose and left the room in real or affected disgust. The reading broke up in confusion. Next morning nearly all the newspapers in the country denounced the lady who had read so wicked a poem, and the leaders in the blame were certain journals whose columns had only a few days before been filled with nauseous nastiness cabled over from England. The poem acquired a sudden celebrity. The book-stores were besieged with applications for the volume of Swinburne which contained "Ostler Joe," and even the good editors sent their reporters to ransack the libraries in search of it. At last the poem was found, and the good editors published it, many of them in the Sunday editions of their papers, to let every one see what a very wicked thing it was, and how thoroughly unfit to be laid before pure-minded women and girls.

Yet in spite of all this hubbub the poem is not immoral. It merely tells the old story of woman's fall from purity,—a story so old that the penny-a-liner is used to emphasize its age by calling it the old, old story,—and it tells it without any attempt at making vice attractive. It does not even aim, like "The Bridge of Sighs" or "Beautiful Snow," to excite sympathy for the sinner. The woman suffers as she deserves, and all the real pathos centres upon the poor wronged husband, the rude, uncouth, true-hearted Ostler Joe, who shelters his dying wife when all her lovers have abandoned her. If the poem is unfit for a miscellaneous audience, then some of the greatest and some of the most popular of modern dramas, novels, and poems are equally unfit, and no pure-minded woman should read "David Copperfield," "Anna Karénina," or "Spring Floods," or witness a performance of "Faust," "Camille," or "La Traviata." In fact, the whole episode is amusing for its rampant hypocrisy.

In "My Recitations," by Cora Urquhart Potter (J. B. Lippincott Co.), the lady of whom we have been speaking has made a collection of the pieces which compose her *répertoire*, and she has shown courage and good sense in including among them the obnoxious "Ostler Joe." The other selections comprise much, of course, that is familiar to every amateur elocutionist, but he ought to be grateful to find so many old favorites bound together in so compact, convenient, and handsome a form. For the rest, what is comparatively new and un-

hackneyed seems to be well adapted for purposes of recitation, and there is a comfort in knowing that all have been successfully recited by the compiler herself.

Henry James's new book, "The Princess Casamassima" (Macmillan & Co.), contains six hundred closely-printed pages,—a statement which may seem all the more alarming when it is added that there is hardly any story. The pages are filled out with conversations and descriptions, so clever—so brilliant, indeed—that you are exasperated with yourself for taking only a languid interest in them. Perhaps this is because the characters are so realistically unreal. Mr. James concerns himself only with the actual world of to-day: he carefully eschews the ideal characters, the romantic incidents, which the finer art of the modern novelist has taught him to abandon. He banishes from his stage Harlequin and Columbine, Prince Charming and the Fairy Godmother; he lays his scene in modern London, attends carefully to all the accessories, and sustains the local color with admirable art. Yet the illusion is incomplete. Hyacinth Robinson, Paul Muniment, Lady Aurora, the Princess herself,—all these characters who talk so much and do so little and are so cleverly manipulated,—strike you not as real men and women, but as ingenious manikins who excite curiosity by the closeness with which they simulate life. You are never really deceived by them, but you feel as if at any moment you might be deceived. When their creator lays bare their inner selves and explains the motives of their actions, he does not appear in the light of a social philosopher probing the secret springs of human action, but rather of an inventor explaining the mechanism by which his puppets are made to play their appointed parts. The book makes one sigh for the methods of those great masters whom Mr. Howells has told us are of the past,—for the confidential attitude of Thackeray or the mannerism of Dickens. Here is a novel which glances at some of the most important and far-reaching problems of the present, whose chief characters are conspirators plotting against the existing social order and discussing the wrongs of the oppressed,—material enough, one would think, for stirring incident, and ample opportunity for pointing a moral, expressing a conviction, or delivering a warning. Yet the author's attitude is that of a mere observer: he preserves throughout the calm, superior air of one who has outgrown emotion and enthusiasm; he looks upon his fellow-beings only as available literary material. What does he believe? Does he hate? Does he love? If you prick him does he bleed? These questions cannot be answered from his work. It is a comfort to turn from "The Princess Casamassima" to such a book as "The Old Order Changes," which covers somewhat similar ground, which has the same fault of brilliant unreadableness, but in which you can at least hear the beating of a human heart.

Mr. Howells takes a more humane interest in his fellows than Mr. James, for he is essentially a humorist, and humor in its higher forms is always kindly and sympathetic. Mr. James, who has plenty of wit, is almost devoid of humor. But "The Minister's Charge; or, The Apprenticeship of Lemuel Barker" (Ticknor & Co.) is lit up with the most pervasive yet most delicate and elusive spirit of fun. Even that awful nightmare, the New England conscience, loses all its grimness in the person of Mr. Sewell, and becomes conscious of its own incongruity, despite the monitions of the self-constituted guardian angel, Mr. Sewell's wife. It is this spirit of humor that makes it possible to preserve the friendli-

ness of the reader towards such every-day characters as 'Manda Grier and Statira, and makes one follow with interest all the scenes in the police court, in the Wayfarer's Lodge, and in the street-cars, which have excited the ire of more than one critic. But the best character in the book is that of Lemuel Barker himself. The author has, to be sure, forsworn his own literary tenets even when he seems most anxious to conform to them, for Lemuel is quite as much an ideal, an improbability, as if he had been drawn less awkward and countrified. It is a sort of accepted convention to praise the homely virtues of the country at the expense of the city; but people who know their world would not look very confidently towards the rural districts for any marked examples of purity and simplicity.

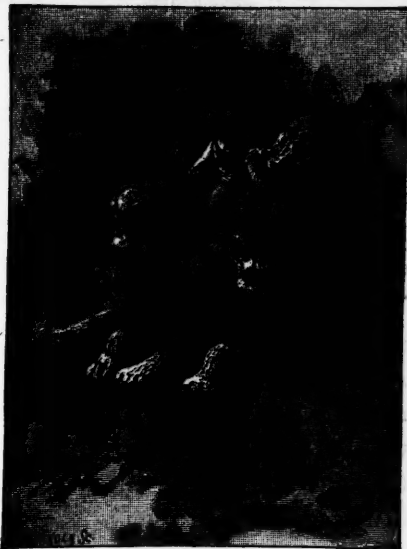
Many of us, however, can find it in our hearts to pardon Mr. Howells for cherishing old ideals, and he certainly has succeeded in presenting a very captivating picture of young, unspoiled, untrained manhood, strong and upright, yet painfully conscious of its own *gaucherie*. And one of the most admirable effects is produced by the way in which the character of Lemuel defines itself in the reader's mind not so much by what he himself says and does, as by the impression he makes upon others. It recalls that famous picture exhibited some years ago in London, where a gladiatorial combat is represented, not by a direct scene in the arena, but by its reflection in the faces of the spectators.

The following lines occur in the Envoi which Austin Dobson has contributed to the edition of "She Stoops to Conquer" which Edwin A. Abbey has illustrated and the Harpers publish:

Ah, Goldsmith! if we who, with pencil and pen,
Have here sought to praise you, most kindly of men,
Could have hoped but a touch of that humor to find
Which you lavished so freely on careless mankind,—
But a touch of your genial, your innocent laughter,—
She Stoops would need nothing to grace it hereafter,
And the critics, delighted, would all make admission
That this was the only—the final edition!

Mr. Dobson's hope has been gratified. This is altogether one of those books which are disheartening to the critic because he can say nothing novel or striking about them, but can merely exhaust the commonplaces of admiration. Mr. Dobson's own share in the work, consisting of a short Envoi and a rhymed introduction, has been gracefully and pleasantly performed. Mr. Alfred Parsons has done the "decorations," which probably include the binder's stamp, whose design is remarkable for quiet elegance. The binding itself is of strong leather, stamped with gold. The typography and press-work are excellent. But after one has said these good words he has not touched the crowning glory of the whole,—the illustrations by Mr. Abbey. Here, indeed, we have all the kindly humor of Goldsmith reproduced for us in artistic form. Here we have the real Tony Lumpkin,—the author's Tony, not the stage Tony,—and Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle, full of all the cheery life of the original, and young Marlowe in his alternations of bashfulness and forwardness, and Miss Hardcastle, by turns the fine young lady and the pert little bar-maid, and all the varied crowd of friends, neighbors, followers, servants, and supernumeraries, drawn with a loving pencil.

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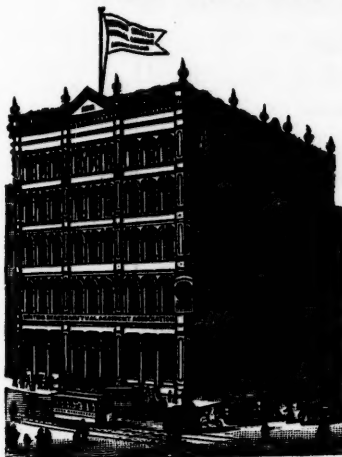
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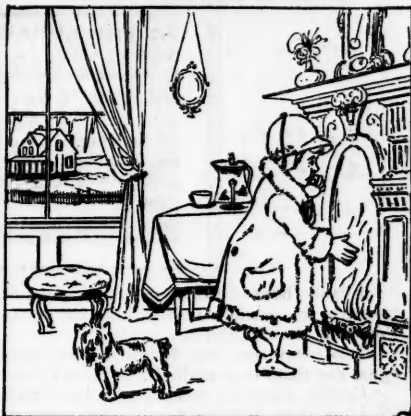
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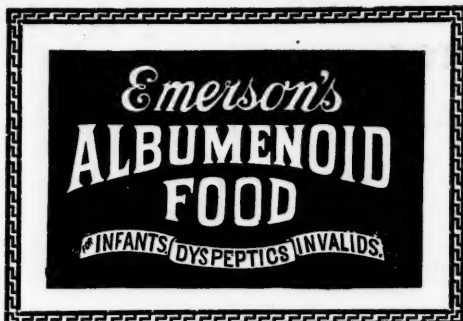
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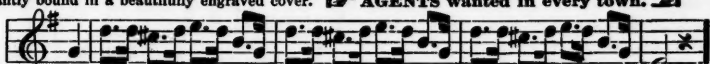
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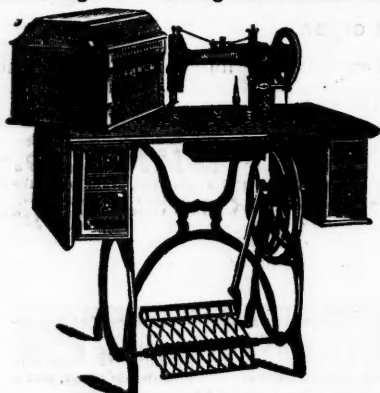
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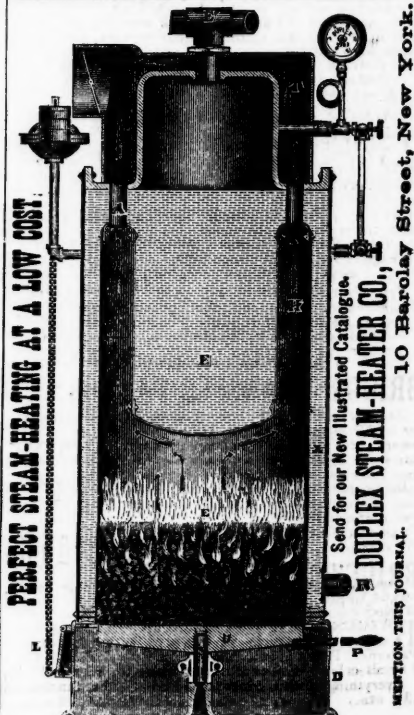
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Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail, Circulars free. **EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.**

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RESIN OF PINE NEEDLES

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It cures Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Bronchitis,

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YOU CAN SAVE MONEY

By doing your own Stamping—By doing it for your friends. Our New 1887 Outfit for Stamping is guaranteed to give satisfaction, and contains all the following designs—

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| 1 Chicken | 1 Bequest Daisies and Forget-me-nots for Tidy | 1 new vine of Roses, 2 inches wide |
| 1 Half Wreath | 1 Easter Design in Violets, 5 in. | 2 Braiding Patten. us, narrow design |
| 1 Wild Rose, 2 1/2 | 1 Branch of Roses and Buds, 15 in. | 1 Little Butterly with closed wings |
| 1 Horse's Head, 4 1/2 | 1 Pond Lily's Buds and Leaves, 3 1/2 | 1 new scallop design for Crazy Patchwork |
| 1 Tinsel Design, 7 in. | 1 Bequest of Full-blown Pansies, 15 in. high | 1 vine of Roses and Buds, 5 inches |
| 1 bunch of Fuschias | 1 Crying Baby for Tidy, in Outline, 10 in. | 1 Butterfly on spray of Rosebuds |
| 1 bunch of Strawberries | 1 Alphabet, 1 1/2 in. high, with Sprig of Ferns | 1 Butterly with wide open wings |
| 1 growing design of Violets, for Lambrequins | 1 outline design, Boy and Girl Skating, 7 inches high | 1 bunch of Forget-me-nots, 4 1/2 in. |
| 1 sprig of Daisies, 4 in. high | 2 beautiful scallop designs with Vine, 2 1/2 inches wide | 1 sprig Daisies and Buds |
| 1 sprig of Barberries, 5 in. high | 1 elegant Saw-tooth design for Crazy Patchwork | |
| 1 single Rose and Bud, 2 1/2 in. | 1 superb vine of Point Rusee Stitches, 1 1/2 inches wide | |
| 1 bouquet of Daisies and Forget-me-nots, 3 1/2 inches | 1 Complete Design of Crying Child for Tidy, in outline | |
| 1 sprig of Batchelor's Button, 3 1/2 in. high | 1 strip of Scallop for Skirts, 4 in. high | |
| 1 scallop with sprig of Lily of the Valley | | |
| 1 vine of Daisies and Ferns, 5 1/2 inches wide | | |
| 1 sprig of Daisies, 4 in. high | | |
| 1 sprig of Barberries, 5 in. high | | |
| 1 single Rose and Bud, 2 1/2 in. | | |
| 1 vine with Scallop, 2 1/2 in. wide | | |
| 1 design, Two Owls on branch | | |
| 1 sprig of Golden Rod, 4 in. high | | |
| 1 bunch of Roses and Buds, 3 1/2 in. | | |
| 1 cluster of Strawberries, 3 1/2 in. | | |
| 1 sprig of Forget-me-nots, 3 1/2 in. | | |
| 1 Peacock Feather | | |
| 1 Cat | | |
| 1 Flap | | |
| 1 Daisy | | |
| 1 Stars | | |
| 1 Pansy | | |
| 1 Arrow | | |
| 1 Sparrows | | |
| 1 Buttercup | | |
| 1 Tulip, 5 in. | | |
| 1 Little Bird | | |
| 1 Sprig Pink | | |
| 1 Golden Rod | | |
| 1 Sprig Violets | | |
| 1 Girl for Tidy | | |
| 1 Sprig Wheat | | |
| 1 large Anchor | | |
| 1 small Anchor | | |
| 1 bunch Violets | | |
| 1 Staff of Minerva | | |
| 1 Bird, 4 1/2 inches | | |
| 1 Owl on branch | | |
| 1 Flying Swallow | | |
| 1 Little Butterfly | | |
| 3 Vines of Daisies | | |
| 2 Owls on a branch | | |
| 1 Flying Bird, 5 in. | | |
| 1 Kitten, 3 1/2 in. high | | |
| 1 Full-blown Daisies | | |
| 1 Little Girl, 5 in. high | | |
| 1 large bunch Daisies | | |
| 1 Batchelor's Button | | |
| 1 Star and Anchor | | |
| 1 Wild Rose and Buds | | |
| 1 Vine of Flowers, 5 in. | | |
| 1 Bird on Branch, 4 in. | | |
| 1 Half Moon with Face | | |
| 1 branch of Roses, 9 in. | | |
| 1 large spray of Wheat | | |
| 1 Sprig Forget-me-not | | |
| 1 large Butterly | | |
| 1 Spray of Leaves | | |
| 1 Sprig of Daisies | | |
| 1 Full-blown Rose | | |
| 1 small Butterflies | | |
| 1 Star and Anchor | | |
| 1 Hen and Chickens | | |
| 1 Spray Jessamine | | |
| 1 Sprig Buttercups | | |
| 1 Hand holding Hat | | |
| 1 Pretty Girl's Face | | |
| 1 Snowflake design | | |
| 1 Odd Fellow design | | |
| 1 new vine of Roses, 2 inches wide | | |
| 2 Braiding Patten. us, narrow design | | |
| 1 Little Butterly with closed wings | | |
| 1 new scallop design for Crazy Patchwork | | |
| 1 vine of Roses and Buds, 5 inches | | |
| 1 Butterfly on spray of Rosebuds | | |
| 1 Butterly with wide open wings | | |
| 1 bunch of Forget-me-nots, 4 1/2 in. | | |
| 8 or 10 Crazy Patchwork Designs | | |
| 1 Wide Braiding Pattern for Tinsel | | |
| 1 large Butterly | | |
| 1 Spray of Leaves | | |
| 1 Sprig of Daisies | | |
| 1 Full-blown Rose | | |
| 1 small Butterflies | | |
| 1 Star and Anchor | | |
| 1 Hen and Chickens | | |
| 1 Spray Jessamine | | |
| 1 Sprig Buttercups | | |
| 1 Hand holding Hat | | |
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| 1 Hen and Chickens | | |
| 1 Spray Jessamine | | |
| 1 Sprig Buttercups | | |
| 1 Hand holding Hat | | |
| 1 Pretty Girl's Face | | |
| 1 Snowflake design | | |
| 1 Odd Fellow design | | |

In addition to the above 136 PATTERNS we include Book of Instructions, 1 Box White Powder, 1 Box Black Powder, 2 Best Pads, 1 Piece Stamped Felt with Needle and Silk to work it, also

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The patterns contained in this outfit are all useful and desirable for stamping Hatbands, Lamp and Table Mats, Ties, Doilies, Towel Racks, Lambrequins, Splashes, &c. Plain and concise directions are given for doing Kensington and Outline Embroidery, Artistic Needlework, Painting on Silk, Velvet and Satin, China Decorating, Darned Lace, Knitted Lace, Crazy Patchwork, Macramé Crochet, Java Canvas Work, Feather Work, Point Rusee, Cross Stitch, Indian Work, and Turkish Drapery, &c. Aside from the fascination of "doing Fancy Work," MONEY CAN BE MADE by selling the articles to Fancy Goods and Dry Goods Stores, or by teaching others how to make them. All orders made beautiful at a small cost.

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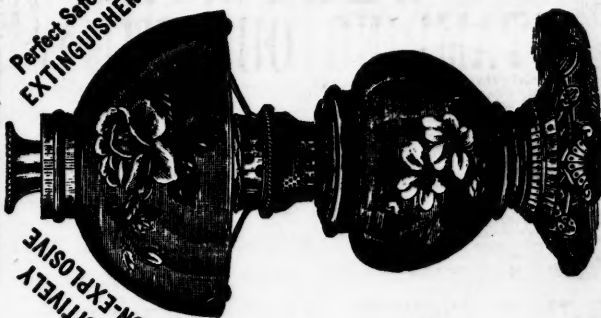
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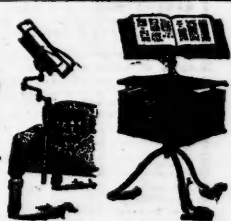
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ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. **FERD. T. HOPKINS**, Manager, 48 Bond St., N. Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada, and Europe. Beware of base imitations. \$1000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

TWENTY YEARS ago, when a comparatively unknown minister announced that he could positively cure catarrh, his announcement was met by many with sneers and scorn, but by many more with expressions of delight; and his own simple statement of his sufferings and his cure impressed others with his honesty of purpose as well as his belief in his ability to cure.

In reply to his announcement through the press, over 125,000 catarrh sufferers have applied to him for relief, and it would be impossible to realize to what extent he has benefited our generation.

Imitators have sprung up in every direction, advertising their nostrums, and adding catarrh to the long list of diseases they claim to cure; but the simple-minded old clergyman has gone on, and seen them rise and fall, so that to-day he stands almost entirely alone, announcing, as of old, his still honest belief that he can cure catarrh. His statement is now backed by so many thousands of people in all parts of the country that it is not difficult for Mr. Childs to refer parties, who may not be fully satisfied, to neighbors or friends in their own locality, who will speak for themselves what this treatment has done in their cases.

Many people annually visit Troy, O., and they realize that their first impression of the Rev. T. P. Childs was correct: that he is not a doctor, nor a charlatan, nor a seller of nostrums; but a simple-hearted old gentleman, whose faith in his own ability to cure catarrh is unlimited.

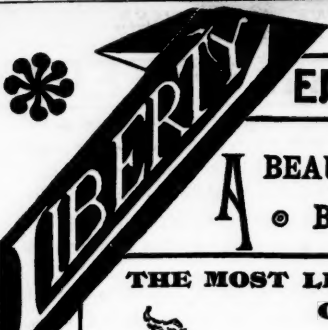
With their own consent, Mr. Childs publishes what a few of the writers say of their own cure. One of the most interesting cases is that of Chas. E. Baker, residing at No. 59 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. His case was very sad, though not an unusual one, as many can testify. He says, "I had dyspepsia, a constant headache, ulcers in the nasal and posterior passages, ringing in the ears; in fact, nasal and bronchial catarrh affected all the passages of the head and throat. Added to this was the usual accompaniment of a severe case of catarrh, viz., physical disability unfitting me for my regular business. Such was my condition when I commenced your treatment. I experienced immediate relief. The terrible pressure in my head relaxed; the bronchial tubes and nasal passages were soothed by the medicines. I continued to use the medicines until the ulcers subsided and healed, the bronchial tubes recovered their wonted vigor, dyspepsia gave place to appetite, and the ringing in my ears ceased. I humbly thank God that he has blessed your remedy in my case."

Among other well-known people in the South who know something about catarrh and its treatment is the Rev. R. E. Melvin, of Camden, Miss., who, in a letter published in the *Baptist Herald*, of Austin, Texas, says, "I see others besides Brother Childs are advertising to cure catarrh. Of the merits of their treatment I know nothing, but I do know that Brother Childs cures catarrh, because he cured me. In January I was brought very low with it, as Elder M. T. Martin and many others will remember well. For my present marvellous health I am indebted alone to the remedy offered by Rev. T. P. Childs, of Troy, O., and I feel it a religious duty I owe the afflicted to speak of it on all proper occasions."

Perhaps there are few people who have suffered more from catarrh than the Rev. T. P. Childs himself, whose experience was more severe than the average catarrh sufferer, though not altogether exceptional. He says, "For nineteen years I suffered with terrible headache, disgusting nasal discharges, dryness of the throat, acute bronchitis, coughing, soreness of the lungs, raising of bloody mucus, night-sweats, incapacitating me for my professional duties, and bringing me to the verge of the grave: all were caused by, and the result of, nasal catarrh. The physicians said that catarrh could not be cured, but I did cure myself, and have succeeded in curing thousands and thousands of others. The cure is certain, thorough, and perfect, and is now endorsed by every physician who has examined it."

Catarrh is frequently mistaken for consumption, the symptoms in each being much alike, especially in the earlier stages. No one who recognizes in his own system, or who should see in his friends or relatives, any of the symptoms, should neglect to send a statement of the case to Mr. Childs; there may be hope in even very desperate cases. Catarrh is generally many years in gaining a foothold in the system, and attacks so many parts of the body that it cannot be cured by any one remedy, or by a single application. It requires medicines that will meet the disease wherever it is located, and fight it, inch by inch, until a complete victory has been obtained.

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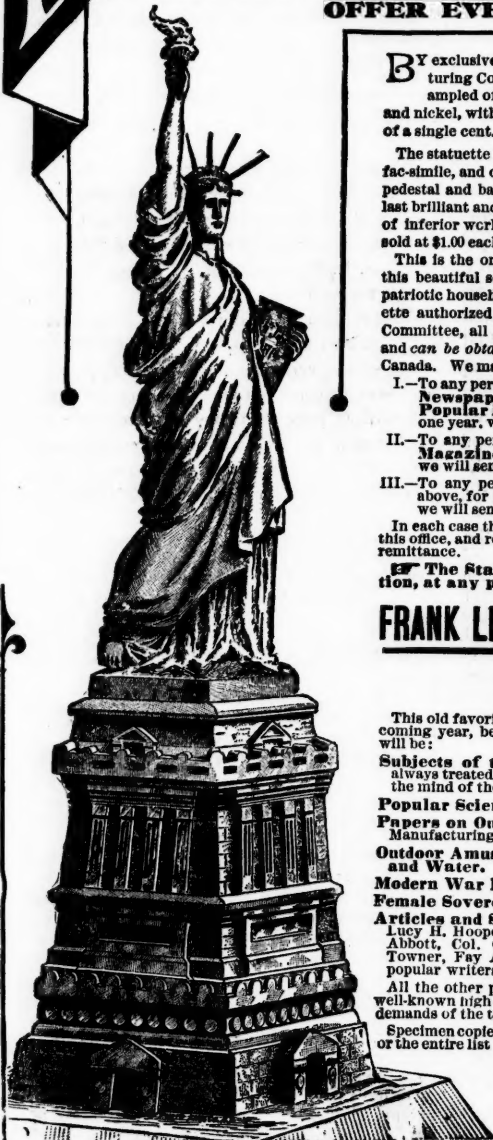


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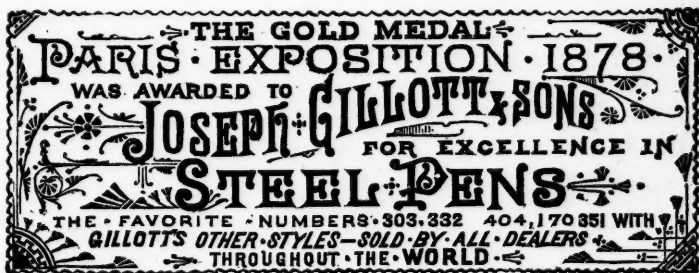
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